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SAMUEL BUTLER:

AN ANALYTICAL STUDY

A Thesis submitted for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy

by

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I.

". . . external historical conditions, of whatever kind, are only occasions, jumping-off grounds for the real dangers that threaten our lives."

C.J. Jung, Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 23.

"It seems to me that I can say things which not another man in England except myself will venture to say, and yet which are crying to be said.!"

Samuel Butler, The Way of All Flesh, chap. lxxxiv.

I.

When Samuel Butler was asked to suggest, for the purposes of the British Museum catalogue, some description of himself which should distinguish him from his namesake the poet and his namesake the bishop, he chose to be defined as a "philosophical writer". Yet neither in his lifetime nor since his death has he enjoyed a reputation as a philosopher. When he died in 1902, he was known chiefly as an "enfant terrible" of literature, or, in the words of Arthur Platt which he himself quoted with a rueful relish, "the Galileo of mare's-nests".(1) Since then, public opinion has on occasion coincided with certain of his theories which he declared were too advanced for his own generation: "What is the good of addressing people who will not listen? I have addressed the next generation and have therefore said many things which want time before they become palatable."(2) He has enjoyed brief periods of popularity, notably in the years immediately following the First World War; but these have faded, as his outspoken comments have faded, in an age which has become surfeited with iconoclastic crudity. He is known to-day, if he is known at all, as the author of "Erewhon", and possibly of "The Way of All Flesh"; a satirical novelist, with amusing anticipations of the more enlightened age which succeeded his Victorian world, an age which does not subjugate the child to its parents, which is prepared to treat its invalids as criminals and its criminals as invalids, and which accepts

luck as one of the great principles of the universe.

It is perhaps not a matter for great regret that Butler's polemics against the established Church, against the Darwinian interpretation of evolution, and against the accepted traditions of scholarship, should be forgotten. These questions troubled the mind of his age, but in themselves they have ceased to confront men with the imperative choice between the certainty of past belief and the challenge of future revelation. In Butler, too, there is a continuity of thought, a consistency in inconsistence, so that "Erewhon" and "Erewhon Revisited" reveal the same gospel which was more deliberately and specifically preached in the intervening heterogeneous mass of parody and argument and satire, on such apparently diverse subjects as the Resurrection, the principle of evolution, the authorship of the Odyssey, and the identity of an obscure mediaeval artist. It is a comparatively simple matter to quote Butler's opinions; he quoted them himself on every possible occasion, with a calculated irony of expression which compels, and may even convince, by its very cleverness. "Arguments," he said, "are not so good as assertion."(3) Neither is it very difficult to relate certain, if not all, of these opinions to his personal, and particularly his childhood, experiences; and this, too, is equally valid, and yet equally superficial. For there remains the contradiction of a man who claimed that the life man has known in his ancestors is more important than the individual life, and yet repudiated his parents in order to

preserve his own individuality; who fought against "the Christian superstition",[4] and yet commended Hans Placch to the care of God, in some of the most sincere lines he ever wrote;[5] who was "not a poetically minded man",[6] and yet devoted ten years of his life to studying and translating the Odyssey. Evolution may be no longer a vital issue, and there is now no need to choose between geology and Genesis, fact and faith; Homer is of interest to very few, and the Homeric Question to even fewer; but the importance of these controversies to Butler remains. He has provided his critics with such an abundance of material that it is only too easy to become selective, and take from him only what is necessary to fill out a portrait of a misunderstood prophet, or a misguided crank; yet it is only from this abundance that there emerges the philosophy of a "philosophical writer", whose elusive mockery still serves as his best defence against self-exposure and the subsequent condescension of pity.

"I try," wrote Butler, "to make my work belong to the youth of a public opinion."[7] He consoled himself for his lack of literary success with the not unjustified prediction that he would be vindicated by later generations, who would be wiser than his own. Many of his ideas were in fact adopted and developed in the years following his death. Some of his disciples, it is true, were for a time regarded with as much suspicion as Butler himself, notably Bernard Shaw, who complained that "it drives one almost to despair of English

literature when one sees so extraordinary a study of English life as Butler's posthumous "Way of All Flesh" making so little impression that when, some years later, I produce plays in which Butler's extraordinarily fresh, free and future-piercing suggestions have an obvious share, I am met with nothing but vague cacklings about Ibsen and Nietzsche."[8] Ten years later, in 1915, Gilbert Cannan could attribute a wider influence to Butler. "The younger generation," he wrote, "finds itself out of sympathy with socialism, syndicalism, feminism and those other movements towards regeneration which were gathering strength about the time they were born ... However, as their desire is very strong, they turn to Butler and the unofficial account of the nineteenth century ... and find the encouragement and sympathy they need."[9] In 1924, C.E.M. Joad showed that Butler was even more to the taste of the post-war generation, who felt that the sins of the fathers had indeed been visited upon the children, and that the world was too much subject to the control of "vested interests": "daughters who are expected to waste their virgin lives in attendance upon sick and elderly relatives adopt an Erewhonian view of illness, and sons anxious to establish their claim to a latchkey obtain ammunition from The Way of All Flesh."[10]

Such ammunition was plentifully supplied by a writer so versed in literary skirmishing. Yet Butler's claim to anticipate, if not to develop, the more enlightened views which he felt sure would ensue in the future does not rest

entirely upon his ability to give neat utterance to what others wished to have said for them. The subjects upon which he chose to write were the centre of heated controversies whose violence seems now difficult to understand; but their importance was based upon conflicts deeper even than some of the protagonists were aware. The Homeric Question was not merely an academic argument to relieve the tedium of a branch of scholarship which had had nothing exciting to debate since Porson's discovery of the digamma. It was, as Andrew Lang saw it, a struggle between the poets and the professors, between the artistic and the logical, the letter which killeth and the spirit which giveth life. The comparison of the different gospel accounts of the Resurrection was not merely a search after historical truth; it was an attempt to escape from the paradox of the duality of Christ, the Son of God, and the Son of Man, and to substitute the rationalism of historical investigation for the now weakened symbolism of the crucified and risen Christ. So, too, with the question of evolution. Here, too, the truth of tradition was queried, and the little cloud of doubt, no bigger than a man's hand, soon overshadowed the entire horizon of belief. Once, the world had rested securely in the hand of God; with the Renaissance, however, man began to look toward his inheritance, and to claim for himself the guidance of his own affairs, with an articulate impetuosity which in this country gave its exuberance to the literature of the Elizabethans. Yet the growth of humanism is

not merely a literary trend, or even a philosophical fashion. It is a symptom of the dissolution of the old dependence upon the will of God, and the substitution of human judgment as the criterion of human life. It is not an empty phrase to call the Reformation the northern Renaissance, for it is an extension of the same spirit, the same endeavour to comprehend the universe, both earth and heaven, within the scope of human understanding. To do this, it was necessary to find as logical a basis as possible for the relationship between man and God, and to subject the once infinite and inconceivable to the scrutiny of devout but reasoned criticism. Nevertheless, it was still God's world, and man remained God's creature, created in his image, the highest and best of all his works, and alone destined to share the glory of his creator. The acceptance of the principle of evolution, in the Darwinian sense, destroyed at once the alpha and omega of human existence. As Butler forcibly pointed out, natural selection left chance as the sole arbiter of survival. Instead of the crown of creation, man became merely the most successful accident, owing his success to his adaptibility, and possibly destined to become merely another of nature's abandoned experiments. The fact of evolution was not difficult to accept; the implications were the stumbling-block. Man had usurped God's place at the centre of things; and now he was confronted with a rival ruler in the shape of chance, which seemed to hold the reality while humouring him with the shadow of power. In such circumstances,

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the old saving symbols of religion provided salvation for some, but for many they had become mere signs, weakened and atrophied, and those had recourse to the sole alternative, attempting by intellect to resolve the conflict whose sources intellect could not penetrate. Whether the question concerned the truth of Genesis of of the Gospels, the problem was basically the same. As in the Homeric controversy, scientific proof and rational logic seemed to point decisively in one direction, while an irrational and obstinate faith looked longingly in the other, ignoring all the evidence of common sense, and clinging perversely to an unsubstantiated belief in a higher truth and a more profound knowledge.

It was in the period of intellectual and emotional ferment which followed the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859 that Butler's career as a writer began in earnest, and indeed it was in Darwin's work that he found his first literary inspiration. Although it is a popular misconception that the theory of the evolution of species sprang into existence, like Athene fully-armed from the head of Zeus, with the publication of Darwin's book, for Butler, at least, it was the first proclamation of the new and emancipating doctrine. Earlier signs were there, but he knew nothing of them. Sir Edmund Gosse, whose father suffered bitterly from his own inability to come to terms with the new direction of scientific studies, has described how "Darwin had long been collecting facts with regard to the variation of plants and

animals. Hooker and Wallace, Asa Gray and even Agassiz, each in his own sphere, were coming closer and closer to a perception of that secret which was first to reveal itself clearly to the patient and humble genius of Darwin. In 1856, Darwin, under pressure from Lyell, had begun that modest statement of the new revelation, that 'abstract of an essay', which developed so mightily into 'The Origin of Species'. Wollaston's 'Variation of Species' had just appeared, and had been a nine days' wonder in the wilderness. On the other side, the reactionaries, although never dreaming of the fate which hung over them, had not been idle . . . The famous 'Vestiges of Creation' had been supplying a sugar-and-water panacea for those who could not escape from the trend of evidence, and yet clung to revelation. Owen was encouraging reaction by resisting, with all the strength of his prestige, the theory of the mutability of species."[11] Although Butler's own university of Cambridge was one of the centres of controversial activity, as an undergraduate he was quite unaware of it. As he wrote later with reference to this period, "the Vestiges of Creation had long ceased to be talked about . . . at no time, probably, in the century could an ordinary observer have detected less sign of coming disturbance than at the date of which I am writing."[12] "The Origin of Species", therefore, affected him more powerfully by reason of his unfamiliarity with its antecedents. At this time, too, Butler was leading the comparatively primitive life of a sheep-farmer in the lonely mountains of New Zealand,

and his contacts with the world of leisure and learning were tenuous and few. His reading consisted mainly of the books he had taken with him, and these he studied intently. But he acquired a copy of this controversial new work, in spite of the difficulties of his isolated life. "As a member of the general public," he wrote, "at that time residing eighteen miles from the nearest human habitation, and three days' journey on horseback from a bookseller's shop, I became one of Mr. Darwin's many enthusiastic admirers, and wrote a philosophic dialogue (the most offensive form, except poetry and books of travel into supposed unknown countries, that even literature can assume) upon the Origin of Species."[13] Festing Jones discovered a letter in which Darwin praised a "Dialogue on Species" which had been published in a New Zealand newspaper, as "remarkable from its spirit and from giving so clear and accurate a view of Mr. D.'s theory"[14], and it is almost certainly Butler's essay to which this refers. A year or two later, the same newspaper, The Press, published a further contribution by Butler to Darwinian literature, in the form of the fanciful "Darwin among the Machines", and this was shortly followed by "Lucubratio Ebria". From these essays the satire of "Erewhon" was developed.

It is not difficult to understand Butler's immediate response to the gospel of evolution. Whatever Darwin may have lacked in originality of thought, or in awareness of the implications of the conclusions which he supported with pains-

takingly recorded evidence, "The Origin of Species" was both inevitable and opportune, although its effect may, as Keats said of Wordsworth's philosophy, have "depended more upon the general and gregarious advance of intellect than individual greatness of mind."[15] It was intended as a contribution to scientific investigation; it was received as a challenge to revealed religion, and, by many, as a blasphemous denial of the word of God. The "scientific treatise, largely devoted to such abstruse matters as the anatomical variations among different breeds of pigeons" became "a metaphysics, politics and economics".[16] For Butler, it was a confirmation of the rightness of his revolt against his father and his father's God; it provided him with an alternative creed to that of the Church, offering factual proof in place of superstition, and awarding the crown of life, not to those who were faithful unto death, but to those who fought, as Butler was fighting, for the realization of their birthright of individual life.

II.

"People are everlastingly saying that the child's personality must be trained. While I admire this lofty ideal, I can't help asking who it is that trains the personality? In the first and foremost place we have the parents, ordinary incompetent folk who, more often than most, are half children themselves and remain so all their lives."

C. G. Jung, The Development of Personality, Coll. Works, vol. 17, p. 163.

"What precedents did not Abraham, Jephthah and Jonadab the son of Rechab offer? How easy was it to quote and follow them in an age when few reasonable men or women doubted that every syllable of the Old Testament was taken down verbatim from the mouth of God."

Samuel Butler, The Way of All Flesh, chap. v.

II.

Butler's relationship with his father and mother is too obviously important a factor in any critical study to have been neglected by his commentators. For Butler's own account, there is almost an embarrassment of material. "The Way of All Flesh" owes much of its impact and its importance to its autobiographical character; and the exhaustive Memoir published by Henry Festing Jones in 1919 is, like its author, an echo of Butler. In an effort to create a more impartial portrait of Butler's family, Mrs. Garnett published in 1926 her "Samuel Butler and his Family Relations", in which she attempted to destroy all justification for Butler's attitude by demonstrating that Canon and Mrs. Butler were not in fact as black as he had painted them. But there is no necessity to join in a long-dead dispute by seeking to vindicate either father or son at the expense of the other. The important point is subjective, not objective; and in Theobald and Christina Butler drew his parents as he saw them, with as much charity as he could find.

In spite of Butler's bitter resentment, there is no evidence that Canon Butler was deliberately sadistic in his conduct towards his son. He belonged to a generation which firmly believed "that it was their duty to begin training up their children in the way they should go, even from their earliest infancy. The first signs of self-will must be carefully looked for, and plucked up by the roots at once before they had time to grow."[17] It was no doubt little consolation to

Butler to know that his contemporaries were generally subjected to the same, or possibly an even more severe, discipline. As a child, such comparisons were in any case impossible for him, in his restricted family circle; and his later reactions were like those of Mrs. Gummidge, who could not deny that others were equally inconvenienced when the fire smoked, but maintained her prior claim to sympathy on the ground that she felt it more. Certainly, great numbers of Victorian children grew to maturity without displaying any obvious ill-effects from the severity of their early training, and it was in keeping with the commercial character of the time that the parent who paid the bills should expect to retain control over the offspring who incurred them. Even Darwin was dependent upon his father's permission for the voyage round the world which was to have such momentous consequences for him. The advice of Solomon to spare the rod and spoil the child was universally acknowledged to be sound and as unimpeachable as its scriptural source. The children of the poor endured the drubbings which were a necessary feature of their apprenticeship, and which aroused public indignation only when carried to the extremes of Mrs. Brownrigg; the rich could procure the same benefits for their offspring by sending them, like Tom Brown, to a public school. Physically, therefore, Butler was treated no worse than many others, and it was not in fact the pain and the indignity of such chastisement which aroused his resentment, but the apparent lack of principle governing its administration. There is a

passage in "The Way of All Flesh" in which Butler relates an incident which must surely, like most of his anecdotes, have been founded upon personal experience. Ernest suffers from the common childish inability to sound the hard letter"c", with the result that he pronounces "come" as "tum". After repeated attempts, Theobald delivers his ultimatum: "'I will give you one more chance, and if you don't say 'Come', I shall know that you are self-willed and naughty.'" At this, says Butler, "a shade came over Ernest's face, like that which comes upon the face of a puppy when it is being scolded without understanding why."[18] This was Butler's complaint; that he was allowed no freedom, no natural weakness even, of his own, but instead was expected to acquiesce in his father's creed that "no duty could be more important than that of teaching a child to obey its parents in all things"[19]. For the children, the law was contained in the judgment of the parents; for the parents, there was no law, it seemed, but their own caprice, and the variable exercise of a power which belonged to them, not in their own right, but by virtue of their parenthood, and which was no more subject to reason than the insatiate sacrificial demands of a primitive tribal god.

The Butler household was predominantly patriarchal. Canon Butler was "of moderate views, but inclining rather to Evangelicalism", according to the description of Theobald in "The Way of All Flesh", and he endeavoured to maintain the Old Testament tradition so beloved of those branches of the

church which looked back to Calvin. Strict Evangelical adherence to Calvinistic theology had been in some aspects modified by Wesleyan influence, with its rejection of what Charles Wesley called "the hateful, horrible decree" that salvation was only for the elect; nevertheless, the Evangelicals still retained the fundamental Calvinistic belief in the absolute sovereignty of God, and the innate wickedness of man. The punishments which Theobald visited upon the child Ernest were therefore only in accordance with the sacred principle that Ernest, being by reason of his humanity a child of sin, must be punished by the father who represented, by reason of his earthly fatherhood, the greater Father in heaven, as a necessary prelude to forgiveness. There were some who realized the difficulties in attempting to reconcile this view with the revelation of the all-merciful God who forgave even unto seventy times seven. Such a one was F.J.A. Hort, who wrote: "I can at most times thankfully contemplate the fact of God's forgiveness . . . and His delight in humanity as restored through its Head: but surely this has little to do with the principle that every offence must receive its just recompense. The father may forgive the child and yet cannot justly exempt him from the punishment of disobedience."(20) Earlier, too, Coleridge had questioned "the necessity of the abasement, agony and ignominious death of a most holy and meritorious person to appease the wrath of God". To Butler, as a child, the acceptance of this principle was equally difficult, particularly as

he saw himself as an innocent and arbitrarily selected sacrifice. His education, again as described in "The Way of All Flesh", was undertaken in the same spirit. "Before Ernest could well crawl, he was taught to kneel; before he could well speak he was taught to lisp the Lord's prayer and the general confession. How was it possible that those things could be taught too early? If his attention flagged or his memory failed him, here was an ill weed which would grow apace, unless it were plucked out immediately, and the only way to pluck it out was to whip him, or shut him up in a cupboard, or dock him of some of the small pleasures of childhood."[21] In later life, when he wrote his novel, Butler realized that "all was done in love, anxiety, timidity, stupidity, and impatience".[22] But on looking back, towards his father "he could remember no feeling but fear and shrinking".[23] An entry from his Notebooks of the same period is in the same strain. "He never liked me," he says of his father, "nor I him; from my earliest recollections I can call to mind no time when I did not fear him and dislike him; . . . I have no doubt I have made myself very disagreeable; certainly I have done many very silly and very wrong things; I am not at all sure that the fault is more his than mine. But no matter whose it is, the fact remains that for years and years I have never passed a day without thinking of him many times over as the man who was sure to be against me. . . I have felt that he has always looked upon me as something which he could badger with impunity, or very like it, as he badgered his

nurse. There can be no real peace and contentment for me until either he or I are where the wicked cease from troubling."[24]

To Butler, therefore, the figure of the Father appeared only in its negative aspect, and he found himself in conflict, not simply with Canon Butler, but with what Erich Neumann has called "the Terrible Male", who "is always old and evil and to be overthrown".[25] In the face of this archetypal figure, the testimonials collected by Mrs. Garnett to the good qualities of Canon Butler are meaningless, as are, too, the criticisms levelled against Butler that he was inordinately resentful of a parental control which did not goad his contemporaries, similarly situated, into such extremes of bitterness and defiance. The violence of his son's revolt baffled Canon Butler, and that it was also difficult for Butler himself to understand is evident from his many attempts to justify himself, and to rationalize what was beyond reason. In a letter to his mother from Cambridge, he complained: "You would, with the best intentions in the world, make me a bed that I know very well would not fit me . . . I have duties to myself to perform even more binding on me than those to my parents."[26] The financial assistance which he accepted from his father became to him a source of grievance rather than of gratitude. In writing to his father from New Zealand to ask for a further sum of money which he imagined had been promised, he summed up his case thus: "that having once received a definite offer of a definite sum to be paid within a definite time, if

required, and a permission to use my own discretion and take carte blanche, any subsequent change is not the less injurious to me from the excellence of the intentions which dictate it; . . . I am left in great uncertainty, great anxiety and uneasiness of mind, because I see plainly that your mind has changed and that I do not know what to depend upon."[27] He concluded: "I heartily trust that you will not misunderstand this letter. I am well aware that any reserve on your part is only dictated by the best wishes for my own welfare; had that reserve been made from the commencement it would have been all well and good however I might have regretted it - now it is a widely different case."[28] Since Butler's New Zealand venture cost his father almost £5000, of which the greater part was a gift and not a loan, it is not difficult to sympathize with Canon Butler's bewilderment at his son's apparent selfish insatiability. Butler, however, continued to find financial reasons for their strained relationship. After his father's death, he wrote: "I believe, however, that what rankled most with my father about me was that I had a reversionary interest in the Whitehall fields, and, being unmarried, should be able to rub along fairly well although he never left me a penny. He was robbed of the consolation of knowing that by a few strokes of the pen he could at any moment arrange that on his death I should not have any shoes or stockings. . . . Not that he wanted me to go without shoes and stockings; I do not believe he wanted this for one moment;

what he wanted was that the power to settle whether or no I was to have shoes and stockings should be vested in himself and not in me."[29] Here Butler approached more nearly to the real point at issue. In another note, he remarked: "To live, to my father, was to have the power of sticking pins into me."[30] The attempts made by Canon Butler to induce his son to settle in a socially acceptable way of life were so many pin-pricks, compared with the underlying struggle for power. While Butler was content to accept his father's money, and even felt that he was morally entitled to do so, he found it impossible to accept the authority which also seemed to belong exclusively, and with as little justification, to his father. It was against the power represented in his father that he fought, and in so doing he found himself caught up in a basic archetypal situation, which has parallel instances in many mythologies, and which has given a universal appeal and application to many works of literature. It is not to be expected that Butler, living in his age, should have realized the transpersonal nature of the conflict in which he was thus involved, since even to-day the Jungian theory of archetypes meets with incredulity and suspicion; nevertheless, he did not underestimate its importance to himself. In spite of his frequent citation of financial disagreements, he was, in this case as in so many others, wiser than he knew, and had a clear vision of what was really at stake. "I had to steal my own birthright," he wrote. "I stole it, and was bitterly punished. But

I saved my soul alive."[31]

"The father figure," according to Neumann, "changes with the culture he represents. Although . . . there is in the background an indefinite archetypal figure of a spiritual father or creator god, it is an empty form; it is only filled out by the father figures that vary with the development of culture."[32] In the nineteenth century, these figures were predominantly cast in the mould of the Old Testament, with its insistence upon patriarchal authority and the inviolability of the law, and this image was strengthened by three centuries of Puritan-dominated theology. The acceptance by all the branches of the Christian Church of the Scriptures as being divinely and uniformly inspired, contributed to the general idea of God as "a vindictive lawless aristocrat"[33], whose inscrutable ordering of the universe included the hell-fire and damnation which figured so largely in popular preaching. Fathers themselves frequently assisted such confusion of themselves with an almighty Providence by their assumption of a superior comprehension of divine demands and intentions. Sir Edmund Gosse describes how his father "assumed that he had private knowledge of the Divine Will, and he would meet my temporizing arguments by asseveration - 'So sure as my God liveth!' or by appeals to a higher authority - 'But what does my Lord tell me in Paul's letter to the Philippians?' It was the prerogative of his faith to know, and of his character to overpower objection."[34] Other fathers, while not presuming

to such intimate knowledge, yet were enabled to support their authority by a more modified approach to the peculiar interest of heaven. Even the first Lord Ebury, a man of equable temperament who viewed with unusual tolerance the heterogeneous religious beliefs and practices of the members of his family who lived beneath his roof, could not resist making use of the institution of family worship, when "his extempore prayers, interpolated always when the subject of them was present, and kneeling with his elbows on one of the red leather chairs in a peculiarly defenceless position, were . . . a great satisfaction to his Lordship, who, under the cloak of a petition to the Deity, could thus safely admonish his recalcitrant children."[35] For Butler, his father's position as a clergyman of the Church of England facilitated such an identification of the heavenly with the human father, and God appeared in the image of his servant Theobald. The Terrible Father, to quote again from Neumann, "acts, as it were, like a spiritual system which, from beyond and above, captures and destroys the son's consciousness. This spiritual system appears as the binding force of the old law, the old religion, the old morality, the old order; as conscience, convention, tradition, or any other spiritual phenomenon that seizes hold of the son and obstructs his progress into the future."[36] In all these guises, therefore, Butler sought his adversary.

III.

"It is true that our religion speaks of an immortal soul; but it has very few kind words to say for the human psyche as such, which would go straight to eternal damnation were it not for a special act of Divine Grace."

C.G. Jung, Psychology and Religion,
Coll. Works, vol. 11, p. 17.

"But it was Theobald's duty to see the honour and glory of God through the eyes of a Church which had lived three hundred years without finding reason to change a single one of its opinions."

Samuel Butler, The Way of All Flesh,
chap. xxvi.

III.

Canon Butler had followed his father into the Church, and it had been intended that Butler should follow suit. There were no apparent indications that he would refuse to follow so reasonable a course, and secure a comfortable competency for himself simply by continuing to avow the principles in which he had been reared. It is evident from "The Way of All Flesh" that Butler appreciated that, from his father's point of view, this arrangement had a great deal to recommend it. "It was not easy," he admitted, "for Theobald to hit on any much more sensible plan. He could not get Ernest into business, for he had no business connections - besides, he did not know what business meant; he had no interest, again, at the Bar; medicine was a profession which subjected its students to ordeals and temptations which these fond parents shrank from on behalf of their boy; he would be thrown among companions and familiarised with details which might sully him, and though he might stand, it was 'only too possible' that he might fall. Besides, ordination was the road which Theobald knew and understood, and indeed the only road about which he knew anything at all, so not unnaturally it was the one he chose for Ernest."[37] So Butler, like Ernest, went up to Cambridge with the conviction "that he was certainly to be a clergyman, but that it was a long way off yet, and he supposed it was all right."[38] He found a Cambridge apparently as little disturbed as himself by religious controversy. "The Evangelical movement

. . . had become almost a matter of ancient history. Tractarianism had subsided into a tenth day's wonder; . . . The 'Vestiges' were forgotten before Ernest went up to Cambridge; the Catholic aggression scare had lost its terrors; Ritualism was still unknown by the general provincial public . . . Dissent was not spreading . . . there was no enemy to the faith which could arouse even a languid interest." Butler's conclusion might have applied equally to himself: "At no time probably . . . could an ordinary observer have detected less sign of coming disturbance than at that of which I am writing."[31]

It is true that this was a period of comparative calm. But the dissatisfaction with the established Church which had led to the development of such diverse reforming movements as the Evangelical and the Tractarian, had found only partial ease in such forms of expression, and much of the vital energy of the Church had been channelled into these subsidiaries, so that it was weakened rather than revitalised by such attempts to recapture the original force of its message and its mission to men. Ordination required no sense of vocation, although that might indeed be present. Jane Austen's Edmund Bertram is sufficiently typical of the English clergy in the early part of the century, and his friend's comments upon his presentation to a living reflect the prevailing attitude to what was regarded as a gentlemanly and secure profession for younger sons. "He will have a very pretty income to make ducks and drakes with, and earned without much trouble. . . and as, of

course, he will still live at home, it will all be for his 'menus plaisirs'; and a sermon at Christmas and Easter, I suppose, will be the sum total of sacrifice."[40] Charles Darwin, too, looked forward at one time to a country parish where his pastoral duties should leave him ample leisure to indulge his more absorbing scientific pursuits. "I hope my wanderings will not unfit me for a quiet life," he wrote from the Beagle to a friend, "and that on some future day I may be fortunate enough to be qualified to become like you a country clergyman. And then we will work together at Natural History."[40] Ordination was still also the prerequisite for the award of a university fellowship, just as subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles was an essential preliminary to taking a degree, and any subsequent repudiation or attack might be made the occasion for the revoking of such academic distinction, as in the notorious case of W. G. Ward.[42] It is not surprising, then, that many of the men ostensibly called to do the work of the Church, after completing these formal requirements, pursued their real vocations elsewhere. Some, like Dr. Arnold, believed that the schools offered them a legitimate field of Christian service. But the inescapable fact that the road to academic advancement lay through ordination made suspect even those who had chosen that path in good faith. The taking of Holy Orders did not necessarily mean the acceptance of a personal vocation to serve the Church and the Church's God; and many a candidate for ordination, plagued by last-minute doubts, may have been for-

given for reflecting that, in a matter where his whole future preferment was at stake, like Luther, he could take no other course.

There was, however, an exception to the general apathy, which Butler called "the one phase of spiritual activity which had any life in it . . . that is to say, the remains of the Evangelical awakening of more than a generation earlier, which was connected with the name of Simeon".[43] To this group, possibly at first by reason of their comparative fervour and energetic activity, he found himself drawn by what he called, in the case of Ernest Pontifex, "a repellent attraction". "He disliked them, but he could not bring himself to leave them alone."[44] Like Ernest, too, Butler composed and distributed parodies of Simeonite tracts, and for the first time discovered the effectiveness of this particular form of literary warfare. His parodies are for the most part not obvious parallels of specific passages, but they echo the general style so faithfully that it is clear he was well acquainted with the Simeonite effusions. According to one of these, "the one thing needful is Faith: Faith = $\frac{1}{4}$ (historical faith) + $\frac{3}{4}$ (heart-belief, or assurance, or justification) + $\frac{5}{6}$ peace; and peace = L "trust - care + joy $^{z-r+l}$".[45] This curious equation is matched by Butler: "The genuine recipe for the leaven of the Pharisees is still extant, and runs as follows: Self-deceit $\frac{1}{3}$ + want of charity $\frac{1}{2}$ + outward show $\frac{1}{3}$, humbug ∞, insert Sim or not as required. Reader, let each one who would seem to be righteous take unto himself

this leaven."[46] Apart from Butler's skill as a parodist, this passage also illustrates the characteristics which he found repellent in the Simeonite group; as for the attraction, it may well have been the reverse side of his dislike, which possibly, like Ernest's, "rose from an unconscious sympathy with them, which, as in St. Paul's case, in the end drew him into the ranks of those whom he had most despised and hated".[47]

On the question of Butler's relations with the Simeonites, Jones' Memoir is for once extremely uninformative. In view of the exhaustively detailed nature of the biography, even on comparatively trivial and extraneous matters, the obvious deduction is that on this point Butler himself preferred to keep silent. There remains, therefore, only the version of Ernest's dallyings with them as given in "The Way of All Flesh". While the account of Ernest's earlier years is not always a factually accurate record of Butler's own, the emotional portrait is faithfully drawn. Incidents in Butler's own life may be expanded in his novel, actions carried a stage farther, characters may share or divide the attributes of his own family and acquaintances; though he believed in writing only from his own experience, he also claimed the artist's prerogative to improve upon his materials by judicious re-arrangement; but on the central theme of his book, the spiritual Odyssey of himself as Ernest, he could not be other than true. It is this honesty which gives "The Way of All Flesh" its value, not merely as a novel recognizably true to human

experience, but as Butler's "apologia pro vita sua". It is not possible to know whether Butler actually attended a Simeonite meeting, and was so moved by the sermon delivered there as to resolve that "he would give up all for Christ - even his tobacco"[48]. But it can safely be assumed that he experienced, at some time during his years at Cambridge, a similar burst of religious enthusiasm, of which he later felt ashamed, yet which had been too deeply felt for him to confess it, with his other sins, to the hero-worship of Jones. "The Way of All Flesh" itself bears out this assumption. Butler quotes an extract from a letter written by Ernest during his Simeonite period: "I am now going towards Christ; the greater number of my college friends are, I fear, going away from Him; we must pray for them that they may find the peace that is in Christ even as I myself have found it", and goes on to say that "Ernest covered his face with his hands for shame as he read this extract". When Overton, the supposed narrator, who is Butler again, but an older and wiser Butler, offered to leave out this passage, Ernest refused. "'Certainly not,' he answered, 'and if good-natured friends have kept more records of my follies, pick out any plums that may amuse the reader, and let him have his laugh over them.'"[49] Butler's letters were returned, as this letter of Ernest's is said to have been returned, on his father's death; and it was his practice in "The Way of All Flesh" to base any letters quoted upon actual correspondence. It is probable, therefore, that in this instance he was con-

fessing, as Ernest, to a weakness he did not care to admit in Butler, and only his genuine concern for the deeper truth of his narrative allowed him to include it. It must also be remembered that his novel was intended only for posthumous publication. His parodies of their tracts, and the sermon, itself a parody, in chapter xlix of "The Way of All Flesh", show beyond doubt that he was well acquainted with Simeonite literature and preaching; and his description of the immediate effect of such preaching suggests that here, too, he drew upon personal knowledge. "There was not one who did not look down to the ground, nor who in his heart did not half believe that he was the chosen vessel on whose especial behalf God had sent Mr. Hawke to Cambridge. Even if this were not so, each one of them felt that he was now for the first time in the actual presence of one who had had a direct communication from the Almighty, and they were thus suddenly brought a hundred-fold nearer to the Old Testament miracles."

The Simeonites were among the many religious groups who still accepted without question the traditional doctrine of the Atonement, as the necessary, though vicarious, appeasement of the just wrath of God. To many, the realisation that their guilt might be transferred to a willing scapegoat brought a sense of relief as powerful as their sense of sin. This was the freedom experienced by Charles Simeon himself in 1779, when he wrote, "I sought to lay my sins on the sacred head of Jesus."(50) Butler, too, knew himself to be a sinner. Even had he possessed

no awareness of his faults and his weaknesses, he had the authority of his parents for believing himself to be as sinful as any of mankind, and as much in need of divine grace to extricate himself from the sins which were part of his human nature. He was aware also of an uneasy guilt, which he presumed to spring from the same source. Social and moral convention alike insisted on his duty of obedience to his parents, and his as yet inarticulate rebelliousness seemed to belong to personal guilt rather than to the universal sense of wrongdoing which has haunted every advance of human consciousness since the Fall. The invitation to escape from this guilt could not but find in him an immediate response, and Evangelical preaching had a deliberately emotional appeal which Butler was ill-equipped to withstand. Nor could such a surrender be construed as weakness, except such weakness as would be made perfect in the divine strength. It was, too, a greater obedience than Butler had yet achieved; and, most of all, it was an obedience given in love. Like Ernest, Butler had been a naturally affectionate child, and "doted . . . on all things that would do him the kindness of allowing him to be fond of them"[51]. The Christ who took upon himself the burden of men's sins, at the same time filled them with a love which sprang spontaneously from their gratitude. Here was a figure whom it was permissible to trust and to adore, and whose reciprocating love was shown, not by the infliction of the penalty for sin, but by the assumption of both sin and penalty. There must also have been

a strong impulse in Butler, who had felt himself to be so often the involuntary representative of the original sin of humankind, to see his own small sufferings reflected and made perfect in the willing sacrifice of Christ. In addition, he was at an impressionable time of life, and he was enjoying at Cambridge for the first time a comparative freedom from the oppression of Langar and its parental discipline. At home, and at Shrewsbury, he had always felt himself a misfit, and had envied those others who seemed to him to succeed because of their instinctive knowledge of their place in the world. The Simeonites showed him a society which had a special welcome for the sinner and the outcast, who could the more easily renounce the world for Christ's sake inasmuch as the world had already renounced them.

Butler's own surrender to religious enthusiasm was in all probability of even briefer duration than that which he ascribed to Ernest Pontifex. In the case of Ernest, Butler chose to amplify this experience in order to afford himself more scope for the satiric ridicule with which he atoned for his earlier trusting acceptance, just as he emphasised his rejection of the established Church first of all by making Theobald have doubts, and later by making Ernest complete the step from which he himself drew back, that of being ordained as a clergyman. In his own case, it was impossible that he should for long have remained satisfied with the substitutionary view of the Atonement which was one of the main features

of the Simeonite doctrine. As others did too, Butler soon detected the deeper difficulties which lay behind this seemingly satisfactory teaching. The Lamb of God remained, to take away the sins of the world; but behind the Lamb there reared up once more the terrible figure of an implacable authority, demanding the satisfaction of suffering, and indifferent as to the identity of the victim. F.J.A. Hort summed up the Evangelical case thus: "The penalty must be paid somehow by somebody. The penalty is tortures to all eternity for each man. Christ, in virtue of the infinity which He derived from His Godhead, was able on earth to suffer tortures more than equivalent to the sum of the eternal tortures to be suffered by all mankind: God must have the tortures to satisfy His justice, but was not particular as to who was to suffer them, - was quite willing to accept Christ's sufferings in lieu of mankind's sufferings."(52) Butler was no more able than Hort to carry his acceptance as far as this, and to believe that "He who made the sun, moon and stars, the world and all that therein is, came down from Heaven in the person of his Son, with the express purpose of leading a scorned life, and dying the most cruel, shameful death which fiendish ingenuity has invented".(53) The movements for social reform which were so prominent in the nineteenth century had already begun to awaken a suspicion that the principle of punishment should be not revenge but reclamation. As Hort again wrote: "The disbelief in the existence of retributive justice . . . now so wide-

spread . . . causes even men whose theology teaches them to look upon God as a vindictive lawless aristocrat, to stigmatize as cruel and heathenish the belief that criminal law is bound to contemplate in punishment other ends besides the improvement of the offender himself and the deterring of others."[54] And Butler had even more powerful personal reasons for refusing to submit to this new apparition of the Terrible Father from whom he had thought to escape. This was the God whom Theobald served, and his inexorable justice left no place for love. Nor was there any hope of escape still through the atoning death of Christ; for in his acceptance of death as payment for the sins of men, he had acquiesced in the necessity of that payment, and had approved the demand. There was little comfort in his advocacy with the Father, since he was so obviously on the Father's side; and those who came to him in love found themselves confronted with the Father in fear. Butler could not choose to identify himself with the Son who submitted to the Father's will, and died to maintain the law which the Father had ordained. Characteristically, he made no attempt to discover whether others had experienced a similar difficulty. He considered the problem in a purely personal light, without at all realising that he was doing so. In all unconsciousness, therefore, he rejected this patriarchal God, and played out his part of the rebellious son.

Monsignor Ronald Knox is credited with having once declared: "I must have a religion, and it must not be my

father's." Butler was not content to found his repudiation of orthodox religious belief simply upon his father's acceptance. The imminence of his own ordination made it more imperative that he should refuse, before it was too late, to adopt his father's life and beliefs for his own; and his refusal to accept what appeared to him to be the Christian faith made this further refusal, not easier, but inevitable. It was characteristic of him that he should have sought other and more apparently logical arguments to justify his course, and that the chief cause of his refusal to enter the Church, and the basic ground for his doubt of the truth of its teaching, should be given as a comparatively trivial matter, about which, however, it is impossible to present any objectively satisfactory proof. As part of his preparation for ordination, Butler worked for a time as an assistant in the parish of St. James's, Piccadilly; and Jones relates how during this period he "accidentally discovered that one of the boys in his evening class had not been baptized. Thereupon he made enquiries as to which of the boys had, and which had not, been baptized; and was seriously and painfully shocked to find, first, that a large proportion of them were still unbaptized; and, secondly, that no one, merely judging by their conduct and character, would ever have been able to separate the sheep from the goats."(55) Butler's own view of the purpose of baptism may be judged from his comment that "vaccination is the medical sacrament corresponding to baptism. Whether it is or is not more

efficacious I do not know."(56) The discovery that baptism may be ineffectual as a preventive against recurrent attacks of sin seems in itself too slight a reason for the discarding of all the authority and teaching of the Church. For Butler, it had, no doubt, the importance of being his first experience of disillusionment in such matters; but it is only the outward expression of a deeper and more widespread disillusionment. It was his habit to concentrate upon particular instances and individuals those emotional issues which he found difficult to handle in a more abstract or general context; and he also preferred to quote factual reasons in support of theories and beliefs which he was reluctant to admit had very often a purely subjective source. In this instance, his doubts of the validity of infant baptism also served a practical purpose, in compelling him to refuse to be ordained and to follow his father's calling, as well as crystallizing his distrust of the Church's claims for her sacraments and her traditions. And once entered upon this phase of the contest, he turned his theological studies to account by seeking in the Scriptures which were the authority of the Church, the arguments for the refutation of that authority. Like Caliban, he might have said:

"You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is I know how to curse."

The initial impression, on reading Jones'saccount of how Butler's doubts began with the question of baptism, is that here is merely another instance of Butler's habit of

satirical inversion, which, by choosing a comparatively trivial point to represent the greater issue, thereby reduces the greater to the level of the trivial. There is no doubt that this is the explanation which Butler himself gave to Jones, and it has the distinctive tone of the older satirical controversialist, who had found his only success in satire, and who fully appreciated the importance of not being earnest. Yet the problem was very real to him. The expectation that there should be some outward and obvious evidence of the effects of baptism is too naive to be attributed to Butler in such simplicity, although in feeling that there should be some visible distinction between the sheep and the goats he was merely expressing an almost universal dissatisfaction with the impartiality of a God who sends his rain upon the just and upon the unjust, mercifully concealing from the judgment of their fellow-men both the sinner and the saint. Nor was he alone in regretting that the sacraments of the Church seemed to possess no intrinsic power to redeem or to reform. Like many of his generation, he regarded them as rituals holding an unfulfilled promise, the outward signs of a discipline which offered bread and gave instead a stone. His ridicule of the Church's claims for the effectiveness of her sacraments is wholly consistent with his manner of satire, which, like Swift's, is in the truest and best satirical tradition of disappointed and inverted idealism, from which it derives its bitterness and power. Behind the ridicule is an ill-concealed longing that

things might indeed be so, and an angry hurt that it seems impossible to deny they are not. The promise of baptism was definite enough, and appealed to Butler, with the awareness of guilt and the distrust of himself which had been fostered by his upbringing and deepened by his first emotional response to religion; like Bunyan's Christian, he had become aware of the burden which he carried, and the Church seemed to offer a means of relief, as it is part of the Church's function to do. What he hoped to find is evident from a letter to his father, in which he attempted to clarify his position, and specifically referred to his difficulty in accepting the fifteenth of the Thirty-nine Articles: "'But all we the rest, although baptised, and born again in Christ, yet offend in many things' (James iii. 2); 'and if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us' (1 John i.8) - believing for my own part that a man can, by making use of the ordinary means of grace, attain a condition in which he can say, 'I do not offend knowingly in any one thing either habitually or otherwise, and believe that whereas once on a time I was full of sin I have now been cleansed from all sin and am holy even as Christ was holy upon earth'."[57] To Canon Butler this objection was apparently too reminiscent of Pelagius, although there is no evidence that Butler was influenced by a knowledge of Pelagian doctrine any more than by that of Duns Scotus or St. Thomas Aquinas, who might also have been cited in support of his belief in the value of

human endeavour. Butler's own later comment is contained in a note which he added to this letter in 1901, and in which he describes his youthful heartsearchings as "comic in a melancholy way". Yet his desire to be assured of the existence of an end to all conscious striving, of the attainment of a stste of grace which should make plain the path which he found so obscure, is an earlier expression of the same longing which appears in his later fanciful conjecture that human beings may be simply parasites upon "a body . . . with organs, senses, dimensions in some way analogous to our own, into some other part of which being at the time of our great change we must infallibly re-enter, starting clean anew, with bygones bygone, and no more ache for ever from age or antecedents".(56) Butler's vision was of an escape from the consciousness which, as Bergson says, "is synonymous with choice"(57), into a state beyond the necessity of choice, where all things are ordered in the light of the instinctive knowledge which he came to regard as the only knowledge worth having. In other words, it was the impulse to yield to the attraction of the original unconsciousness, to return to the innocence of the Garden before the fruit of the Tree was plucked, when there was as yet no sin and no guilt because there was no differentiation, and no ache from age or antecedents because past and present were one in a timeless eternity. The Church seemed to offer a rebirth, a chance of "starting clean anew" to those who were "baptised, and born again in Christ". But to Butler's factual

intelligence it seemed a betrayal of that promise that the Church should offer no escape from the problem of conscious decision. He knew that baptism was no miraculous external ritual, but neither could he bring himself to accept it as possessing a symbolical significance, by which the Church, in setting her distinctively Christian seal upon a ceremony parallelled in other faiths and in other cultures, recognised the value of such symbols in enabling men to express the inexpressible, and to comprehend what is beyond human understanding. Nor is it without point that Butler should have chosen the rite of baptism to represent the religion to which he could not submit; for the aim of such a sacrament is akin to that of all initiations, Christian and non-Christian alike, which Jung has defined as "severance from the 'carnal' (or animal) parents, and rebirth 'in novam infantiam', into a condition of immortality and spiritual childhood".(60) Elsewhere, he points out that "the Church is, in the fullest sense, a mother. We speak not only of Mother Church, but even of the Church's womb. In the ceremony known as the 'benedictio fontis', the baptismal font is apostrophized as 'immaculatus divini fontis uterus'." And thus the Church "represents a higher spiritual substitute for the purely natural, or 'carnal', tie to the parents."(61) But inasmuch as it demands a return to the mother, and employs the medium of water, symbolic of the unconscious, baptism held terrors for Butler which he could not acknowledge; for already he was afraid of the mysterious

maternal world, which became more menacing in proportion to his clamorous demands for independence and the right to live his own life, made in all ignorance of his inability to do so except by the old paradoxical rule that he who seeks to save his life must lose it. The initiate into the religious mysteries, says Jung, "is ushered not only into a wholly new set of relationships, but, as a renewed and changed personality, into a new world, like one reborn (quasi modo genitus)."(6a) While he looked back in longing for the original unconscious uroboric paradise, Butler dared not look forward beyond the channel of rebirth to the transformation beyond; he preferred, therefore, to treat the issue as of a contract unfulfilled, and a trust again betrayed. He had been led to believe that he could be made new in Christ, and he found himself still the same, with the same struggle still before him. His answer therefore was the same given by Dathan and Abiram to the command of Moses: "thou hast not brought us into a land that floweth with milk and honey, or given us inheritance of fields and vineyards: . . . we will not come up."

IV.

"We are now reaping the fruit of nineteenth-century education. Throughout that period the Church preached to young people the merit of blind faith while the universities inculcated an intellectual rationalism, with the result that today we plead in vain whether for faith or reason."

C.G. Jung, Psychotherapists or the Clergy, Coll. Works, vol. 11, p. 343.

"If a man wants either to believe or disbelieve the Christian miracles he can do so if he tries hard enough; but if he does not care whether he believes or disbelieves and simply wants to find out which side has the best of it, this he will find a more difficult matter."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 336.

IV.

It was Butler's habit to form his opinions first, and then seek to justify them. "The reason why I have discarded so few theories that I have put forward . . . is because I never allowed myself to form a theory at all till I found myself driven on it whether I would or no. . . I never went in search of any one of my theories; I never knew what it was going to be till I had found it; they came and found me, not I them."[63] Like the unborn in "Erewhon", they "plagued and tormented" him until he gave them life; and as the Erewhonians "must have the written word of the child itself as soon as it is born, giving the parents indemnity from all responsibility on the score of its birth, and asserting its own pre-existence",[64] so Butler ignored the subjective origins of his opinions, and provided them with a pre-history in which he believed probably as much as the Erewhonians in theirs. Just as he preferred his music "to be an outgrowth from a germ whose source I know",[65] he was content to trace his theories back to suggestions and impressions which he found in other sources, without realising that here, too, "people find what they bring".[66] Similarly, the arguments which he adduced in support are apparently based on objective facts. He sought no affinity between himself and the unborn thought which had chosen him to give it life; but in the fashion which was becoming known as "scientific", he set himself to collect facts and instances, from sources as uncontaminated as possible, and in independent investigation.

Just as he was later to seek his proof of feminine authorship in the Odyssey itself, with little heed for the accumulated mass of Homeric scholarship, so, having abandoned "the Christian superstition", he turned to the Scriptures upon which Christian teaching was founded, and sought by disproving fact to challenge faith.

In so doing, Butler was striking at the basis of the established religion of his day. Amid the varying interpretations then current of Christian doctrine, there was one point upon which there was almost universal agreement, that the Scriptures were the very word of God. The Evangelical belief in the literal truth of the Bible led to the application to nineteenth-century Christians of exhortations and prohibitions designed for the guidance of the tribes of Israel. Thus Christina left off eating black puddings on Biblical grounds: "St. Paul and the Church of Jerusalem had insisted upon it as necessary that even Gentile converts should abstain from things strangled and from blood, and they had joined this prohibition with that of a vice about the abominable nature of which there could be no question; it would be well therefore to abstain in future and see whether any noteworthy spiritual result ensued. She did abstain, and was certain that from the day of her resolve she had felt stronger, purer in heart, and in all respects more spiritually minded than she had ever felt hitherto."(47) In the same reliance upon factual accuracy there were also undertaken the interpretations of the Revelations of

St. John, whose fantastic visions held a special fascination for the literal-minded, and works such as Newton's "Thoughts on the Apocalypse" and Elliott's "Horae Apocalypticae" were read with avidity in many households. And although no Evangelical would have admitted that his creed had anything in common with the Church of Rome, Catholics and Anglo-Catholics alike were equally convinced of the accuracy of the Scriptures; and even later in the century, the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, "Providentissimus Deus", clearly affirmed that works so inspired must of necessity be free from error. For the most part, too, the Scriptures were regarded as being uniformly inspired, and Biblical, like classical, scholarship was as yet too self-contained, too dependent upon none but its own resources, to have any objective or comparative criteria to assist its judgment. The Church had retained the Old Testament from a belief that without it the New could not be fully understood, and that a knowledge of the Messianic prophecies was necessary to an appreciation of their fulfilment; and the same literal spirit which preferred to see the Homeric poems as historical chronicles rather than as epic masterpieces, treated facts of Jewish history and flights of Jewish fancy with equal solemnity. There were indeed some who had attempted to distinguish between myth and chronicle. Dean Colet, for example, as early as the late fifteenth century, had recognised the opening of Genesis to be a myth, true indeed, but not literally so. The Puritan tradition, however,

with its distrust of imaginative literature, would have none of this differentiation between literal and artistic truth, and insisted on removing the disguise of literary symbolism, as it insisted on removing the symbolical trappings of its religious services, and worshipping in churches where, if there were nothing to distract the soul from its contemplation of God, there was also nothing to aid or make easy its approach. In her rigid and uncritical acceptance, the Church sought to strengthen her own position by the mutual alliance of Scripture and doctrine; she allowed no appeal save to her own authority, and her introverted isolation proved to be, not strength, but weakness. In such an atmosphere of simple belief, Butler had been reared. "It had never so much as crossed Theobald's mind," he wrote, "to doubt the literal accuracy of any syllable in the Bible. He had never seen any book in which this was disputed, nor met with anyone who doubted it. True, there was just a little scare about geology, but there was nothing in it. If it was said that God made the world in six days, why He did make it in six days, neither in more nor in less; . . . there was neither difficulty nor shadow of difficulty about the matter. Could not God do anything he liked, and had He not in His own inspired Book told us that He had done this?"[66] By denying the literal truth of Genesis, therefore, Butler was able to scorn his father's credulity, and to demonstrate the insecurity of the foundations upon which the Church herself claimed to be built; and above all, to be done with the Father

God who sent his children forth from paradise into a world of sin and death, simply because they aspired to the knowledge which he had reserved, with all its power, for himself. And he had no need to seek his motives in resentment or rebelliousness; for he could honestly believe that, like Adam, he desired only to know the truth which should make him free.

It was at this stage in his development that Butler read "The Origin of Species", and found in the theory of evolution exactly what he needed. No doubt the world and all that therein is could have been created in the space of six days, given an all-powerful creator. But the evolutionists had no need to postulate such an external force; they pointed to the evidence contained in nature itself, evidence which could be seen, and not only by the eye of faith. Even amateur geologists and biologists - and the professionals in these immature sciences were little better than amateurs themselves - might gather proof which convinced often simply by reason of its very tangibility, just as the tale of Troy, which had come to be suspected as legend, was re-instated as fact when Schliemann's hopeful and haphazard excavations produced undeniably solid evidence of some ancient civilization on the site where Troy was reputed to have stood. At this stage Butler was not concerned with the question of evolution itself. Like all rebels, his immediate interest was the destruction of the old rather than the building-up of the new, and inasmuch as "The Origin of Species" disproved the Biblical account of

creation, he was prepared to accept Darwin uncritically as an ally in his fight against the old order and the old religion, an ally, moreover, who was equipped with superior weapons of a kind he could easily understand. Now that Butler had taken the first decisive step towards independence, Darwinism provided an effective bulwark against reaction. He was not alone in his rebellion, but on the contrary he found himself supported by the rising force of new and enlightened scientific opinion, which had arguments to prove what he could only allege.

Although to Butler the value of the theory of the mutability of species was its disproof of the book of Genesis, it was not so much Darwin that was against the Church, as the Church against Darwin. Darwin himself used the terms "creation" and "creator". "To my mind," he wrote towards the end of "The Origin of Species", "it accords with what we know of the laws impressed upon matter by the Creator, that the production and extinction of the past and present inhabitants of the world should have been due to secondary causes, like those determining the birth and death of the individual. . . There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that . . . from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved."[69] And to Lord Tennyson's assertion that his theory of evolution did "not make against Christianity", Darwin

is said to have replied, "certainly not".[70] There were, it is true, some clergymen who would have accepted Darwin's answer, notably Charles Kingsley, himself an ardent amateur naturalist; and in the second edition of "The Origin", Darwin quoted an anonymous "author and divine" who declared it to be "just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that He created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws".[70] But whether this was "just as noble a conception" or not does not alter the force of the objection that the theory of evolution could not be made to harmonise with the literal account of creation given in Genesis. And there were comparatively few who were prepared, like Kingsley, to dismiss belief in the immutability of species and the necessity of special acts of creation as "superstition". In the Quarterly Review, Bishop Wilberforce, familiarly known as "Soapy Sam", in an article which aroused great indignation among Darwin's supporters, pointed out that Darwin's theory was completely at variance with revealed religion, and quoted a multitude of texts to support this contention. An ingenious attempt to argue that science, in spite of itself, was merely confirming orthodox religious belief was made by the Dublin Review, which declared that by crediting varied species with a common ancestor, Darwin had simply refuted the earlier scientific argument that "the variations of the human frame amongst the different members

of our race are so important and radical that it is impossible that the Mosaic narrative can be true".[72] Catholic opinion, however, was more likely to be guided by Monsignor, later Cardinal, Manning, who preached against the belief that "there is no God and the ape is our Adam".[73] There was more than enough clerical opposition to Darwinism to make it an acceptable doctrine to Butler; and he was not content to remain merely a disciple.

Butler himself acknowledged his indebtedness to Darwin for the inspiration of the whimsical conjectures which later developed into "Erewhon". He saw no need to conceal such obligations to others, or to be ashamed of them. "There is no shame in being obliged to others for opinions," he wrote; "the shame is in not being honest enough to acknowledge it. I would have no one omit to put down a useful thought because it was not his own, provided that it tended to the better expression of his matter and he did not conceal its source; let him, however, set out the borrowed capital at interest."[74] In accordance with this principle, therefore, he took certain of the hypotheses which he found in Darwin, and produced his characteristic extension of them to the verge of credibility. His first speculation was to extend the application of Darwin's theories beyond the animal and vegetable kingdoms to a sphere in which new and better adapted forms were being evolved with much greater rapidity; and he suggested, although to "others whose education and talents have been of a much higher order than

any which we can lay claim to", "the gigantic task of classifying machines into the genera and sub-genera, species, varieties and sub-varieties, and so forth, of tracing the connecting links between machines of widely different characters, of pointing out how subservience to the use of man has played that part among machines which natural selection has performed in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, of pointing out rudimentary organs which exist in some few machines, feebly developed and perfectly useless, yet serving to mark descent from some ancestral type which has either perished or been modified into some new phase of mechanical existence".[75] This was the theme of "Darwin among the Machines", which was written while Butler still regarded himself as an adherent to Darwinism. In "Lucubratio Ebria" he considered the same question in a slightly different light. "It is a mistake, then, to consider the machines as identities, to animalise them, and to anticipate their final triumph over mankind. They are to be regarded as the mode of development by which human organism is most especially advancing, and every fresh invention is to be considered as an additional member of the resources of the human body."[76] This in turn developed into the speculative proposal "to see not only machines as limbs, but also limbs as machines", and to consider "what would follow, then, if we regarded our limbs as organs which we had ourselves manufactured for our convenience?"[77] And eventually there grew from these hypothetical imaginings the theories put forward in "Life and

Habit" and "Unconscious Memory".

Butler's quarrel with Darwin is so celebrated, and his irony so constantly suspected, that these early sketches might be construed as further satiric parodies. The same explanation occurred to some contemporary readers of "Erewhon", in which the same ideas were expressed in similar terms in the Book of the Machines. In the preface to the second edition, Butler denied any such intention. "I regret," he wrote, "that reviewers have in some cases been inclined to treat the chapters on Machines as an attempt to reduce Mr. Darwin's theory to an absurdity. Nothing could be further from my intention, and few things would be more distasteful to me than any attempt to laugh at Mr. Darwin; . . . I am surprised, however, that the book at which such an example of the specious misuse of analogy would seem most naturally levelled should have occurred to no reviewer; neither shall I mention the name of the book here, though I should fancy that the hint given will suffice." In "Quis Desiderio", he was more explicit. "If Erewhon had been a racehorse, it would have been got by Hudibras out of Analogy."(78) During the period from 1863 to 1872, when "Erewhon" was being developed from these fragmentary speculative essays, Butler was also engaged in his comparative investigation of the four Gospels, which resulted first of all in his pamphlet "The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ as contained in the Four Evangelists critically examined", and later in the more characteristic ironical work, "The Fair Haven", which

purported to make good the deficiencies of Paley's Evidences and Butler's Analogy. It is probable, therefore, that he was perfectly sincere when he declared that the subject of his ridicule had been, not Darwin, but Butler. His deliberate intention was not "to reduce Mr. Darwin's theory to an absurdity", although it is difficult to believe his assertion that "few things would be more distasteful to me than to laugh at Mr. Darwin", especially in view of his great capacity for irreverent enjoyment. He saw no reason to treat seriously even those subjects about which he was most serious, and he was prepared to laugh even at his most cherished idols; as he said of Handel, "surely one can laugh at a person and adore him at the same time"[79]. So he delighted in extending the application of Darwinian theory, as he delighted in extending the application of his own, sometimes admitting that these fancies were a mere "lucubratio ebria", and at others driven by the force of the conclusions to which they led him to claim for them a more rational basis. In similar fashion he was later to elaborate his idealisation of Nausicaa into "The Authoress of the Odyssey". But there was as yet no conscious disagreement on his part with the theories put forward by Darwin in "The Origin of Species"; only in the apparently unintentional application of them in such a way as to arouse suspicion of his sincerity could there be seen any indication of the disillusionment to come.

For the time being, therefore, Butler was still con-

cerned chiefly with Christianity. The falsity of the book of Genesis was one thing; the truth, or falsity, of the Gospels was another, and even more vitally fundamental to the specifically Christian Church. This was a question which had occupied him for some time. In New Zealand, according to J.D. Enys, "he studied his Greek Testament, and read and wrote a great deal"[60], and the physical separation from his old life encouraged him to achieve a wider independence. As he wrote to his cousin, Philip Worsley, "A wider circle of ideas has resulted from travel, and an entire uprooting of all past habits has been accompanied with a hardly less entire change of opinions upon many subjects." Later in the same letter he went on to say: "From Gibbon, whom I read very carefully on my voyage out and whom I continue constantly to snatch at, I fancy that I am imbibing a calm and philosophic spirit of impartial and critical investigation."[61] The result of his "impartial and critical investigation" of the New Testament left him impatient of Christian dogma, and the doctrine of the Trinity proved as great a stumbling-block to Butler as to many others. "I utterly refuse," he wrote, "to enter into minute disquisitions concerning the nature of the Trinity, and damn all who differ from me; and, without going as far as the Archbishop of Constantinople, who affirmed the Athanasian Creed to be the composition of a drunken man, I will not hesitate to avow my belief that it deserves no more attention than if it were."[62] But he was still content to avow himself a Christian.

His quarrel was with the Church, and the traditional interpretations which had moulded the Christian faith. The same letter explains his position clearly: "I believe Jesus Christ to have been the Son of God as much now as ever; but exactly how or exactly in what degree I don't care to enquire, for I feel that the enquiry only leads me into paths where human intelligence cannot tread - that is if I follow the enquiry as I should investigate a scientific subject, and do not content myself with a refuge behind formulae and cant phrases of whose meaning, if meaning they really have, I am entirely ignorant."[83] There is no doubting Butler's sincerity here. This avowal is contained in a private letter, which was not intended for ultimate publication, or subjected to constant improvement and revision, as were his notes. The problem which confronted him is summed up in this one sentence. On the one hand, his rational intelligence prompted him to investigate further, to find the logical basis which he thought should underlie all truth, and yet, on the other, there was an irrational but spontaneous feeling "that the enquiry only leads me into paths which human intelligence cannot tread". Within himself Butler experienced the dilemma of his age: whether to choose by conscious reason, or by the promptings of an unknown and apparently unmotivated instinctiveness. For him, as for so many intellectuals, there was indeed no "refuge behind formulae", because he would not look through the outward expression to the symbol beyond. In his own way he was as obtuse as the most

bigoted advocate of the literal truth of Genesis; there was literal fact, and there was falsity. So he delighted to tell how he felt "inclined to agree with a negro who was heard in church here the other day repeating the Athanasian creed: "The Father impossible, the Son impossible, and the Holy Ghost impossible. And yet there are not three impossibles, but one impossible."(84) According to Jones, Professor Sale, who was also present in church on this occasion, gave the negro's version of the prayer-book's "incomprehensible" as "uncomfortable". Butler, however, chose the mistake he preferred, for to him the incomprehensible was impossible. He was perhaps more fortunate than many, for he was never able to quell "those obstinate questionings Of sense and outward things", and indeed attempted to deal with them honestly as best he knew. And no doubt he would have appreciated the irony by which his "scientific" investigations led to his most passionately held conviction, that the only knowledge worth having is unconsciously known, and is destroyed by deliberate cultivation.

Butler's letter to Philip Worsley is dated January, 1861. In August of the following year he wrote in another letter: "For the present, I renounce Christianity altogether. . . . I have left off believing in what does not appear to be supported by sufficient evidence."(85) In spite of his earlier reluctance, he had been unable to resist the temptation to continue his study of the Greek Testament "as I should

investigate a scientific subject", and, like Ernest Pontifex, he was forcibly struck by the many discrepancies in the different accounts of the Resurrection. He was still unwilling "to enter into minute disquisitions concerning the nature of the Trinity", but a question of historical fact was another matter. If he could prove that the Christian Church was in fact founded upon error, he would have scored a notable victory, against the Church itself, against the clergy who acquiesced in the perpetuation of that error, and against the education which had failed to point out to him what he had now so easily found out for himself. "You Oxford and Cambridge gentlemen," says Mr. Shaw, the tinker, challenging Ernest's naive belief, "think you have examined everything. I have examined very little myself except the bottoms of old kettles and saucepans, but if you will answer me a few questions, I will tell you whether or no you have examined much more than I have."(86) Oxford and Cambridge, of course, were still ecclesiastical strongholds, so that a criticism of university education was an indirect criticism of the clergy. In this case, Butler acknowledged some justification for their disregard of impartial enquiry into the truth. Mr. Shaw, again, makes excuses for Archbishop Whateley, whose "Historic Doubts" Ernest had brought with him to assist in Mr. Shaw's conversion: "these writers all get their living by writing in a certain way, and the more they write in that way, the more they are likely to get on. You should not call them dishonest for this

any more than a judge should call a barrister dishonest for earning his living by defending one in whose innocence he does not seriously believe."[57] The clergy, according to Butler, keep alive the Christ legend because it is to their advantage to do so; they accept as clergymen what they cannot believe as rational men. Like the Erewhonians, they have a double currency, one which is valid for all commercial transactions, and another which has a prestige value only. Only a few, like the Apostles themselves, are allowed to have been genuinely mistaken. At the conclusion of his pamphlet he wrote: "I have rejected all idea of fraud on the part of the first founders of Christianity. Joseph and Nicodemus probably knew the truth, but they were placed in a very difficult position: they had no intention of deceiving in the first instance; and could hardly help continuing to deceive if they had done what I suppose they did. I need not say with what satisfaction I retain my belief in the perfect sincerity of those who lived and died for the religion which they founded. . . To me it appears that if they be taken simply as honest but uneducated men, subjected to a very unusual course of exciting incidents in an enthusiastic age and country, we shall find that no fraud should be imputed to them, and that nothing less than the foundation of Christianity could well have come about . . Christianity, then, began as a mistake, no less mistaken for being well-intentioned; nurtured by ignorance, protected by illusion, propagated by deceit and self-interest, it wanted"[58]

only the honest light of reason to be revealed for the sham it was.

According to the preface to his pamphlet on the Resurrection, Butler, again like Mr. Shaw, was in the habit of challenging others to give a coherent account of that event. "I have asked people over and over again to tell me the difference between St. Matthew's account of the Resurrection and St. John's, and they could not do it without the book. Clergymen are just as ignorant upon the subject as laymen."(89) He realised that the difficulty of harmonising the different versions had occurred to others before himself, but, in his usual fashion, he saw no reason to extend the scope of his investigations much beyond the strict subject of them. "I have no doubt," he wrote, "that the line of argument taken in the following pages is a very old one, and familiar to all who have extended their reading on the subject of Christianity beyond the common English books . . ."(90) Ernest Pontifex, when troubled by the same problem, consulted at least one authority, Dean Alford, who was less than helpful. "When he had finished Dean Alford's notes he found them come to this, namely, that no one yet had succeeded in bringing the four accounts into tolerable harmony with each other, and that the Dean, seeing no chance of succeeding better than his predecessors had done, recommended that the whole story should be taken on trust - and this Ernest was not prepared to do."(91) Later, for "The Fair Haven", Butler included Strauss, whose hallucination theory

he found equally unacceptable; but he preferred to study the Gospels themselves, and to form his own conclusions first. His investigation was based exclusively on evidence and probability. In summing up the content of his pamphlet, Jones puts Butler's case quite simply: "they all believed Christ to be dead; but this is not evidence that he was dead."(92) Butler's own words, in "The Fair Haven", go further: "It is not probable that a man officially executed should escape death, but that a dead man should escape from it is more improbable still."(93) Butler had chosen human intelligence in preference to the miracles and the mystery of God, and intelligence, as usual, provided him with rational arguments to justify what he needed to believe. If Genesis were untrue, then the Father God could be abjured; if the Gospels were equally in error, then the Son could go, too. There was no difficulty in understanding the Atonement, because there was no Atonement; and now that the old order was dead, there was nothing to prevent Butler from remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire.

"Erewhon" and "The Fair Haven" both represent the same stage in Butler's development, and the ideas expressed in both were brought to maturity over the same period. "Darwin among the Machines" first appeared in 1863, and "Erewhon" in 1872; the pamphlet on the Resurrection was privately printed in 1865, and "The Fair Haven" was published a year after "Erewhon", in 1873. In "Erewhon" Butler had satirized the institutions which he felt had betrayed him, the Church in the Musical

Banks, and the Universities in the Colleges of Unreason; he had also contrived to say a great deal about the relationship between parents and children. In fact, "Erewhon" was so satisfactory an exposition of his opinions that on its completion he felt no need to express himself further. "After all, I think I've about said all I have to say," he wrote in 1872; "a bundle of essays, some written, others to be compiled from MS. long written and from which matter may be extracted, and the rest burnt, is the only thing which suggests itself as being bona fide: I mean it is the only thing which I feel I must try and write: but they would all be quite serious, and the humourous element would drop out; and then no one would read them."(94) It was not long, however, before Butler had something more to say in the matter of religious belief. His satirical description of the Musical Banks attacked the Church as an institution; but the fictional setting debarred him from any direct reference to the Christian faith. This he had dealt with in his serious pamphlet, which had proved his assertion that when the humorous element dropped out of his writings, "no one would read them". The success of "Erewhon" encouraged him to try once more to make men "leave off lying to themselves" and he returned to the subject of his pamphlet, to recast it in the more insidious irony of "The Fair Haven". Miss Savage, too, whose acquaintance he had recently made, and for whose literary judgment he formed a sincere and lasting respect, had been urging him to write a novel, in spite of his mistrust

of his ability in that direction. "I am very doubtful about a novel at all," he wrote to her; "I should regard it as I did Erewhon, i.e. as a mere peg on which to hang anything that I had a mind to say."[95] He obliged, however, by creating an imaginary author for "The Fair Haven" and endowing him with an imaginary background, although, as usual, both author and background may more truthfully be said to derive from Samuel Butler than from the power of imagination. His plan, as he described it in another letter, was to take "good care that our side shall be fully and fairly stated, and then bowl it over with the stock arguments well worded but left as they stood before."[96] "The Fair Haven", therefore, is an admixture of the rational argument of the earlier pamphlet on the Resurrection, and the fantasy which in places makes Erewhon seem a very Utopia, bound together with typical Butlerian irony, which, as ever, makes them difficult to distinguish. This was far from being a disadvantage in Butler's eyes. As he wrote in his Notebooks, "some complain of me that they never know whether I am not laughing, and others that they are never sure but what I am in earnest."[97] Yet it is in those of his books which contain a greater proportion of fantasy that the reality of Butler is most manifest, namely, in "Erewhon" and "Erewhon Revisited", "The Fair Haven", and "The Authoress of the Odyssey".

V.

"It is also a fact that under the influence of a so-called scientific enlightenment great masses of educated people have either left the Church or become profoundly indifferent to it. If they were all dull rationalists or neurotic intellectuals the loss would not be regrettable. But many of them are religious people, only incapable of agreeing with the existing forms of belief."

C.G. Jung, Psychology and Religion,
Coll. Works, vol. 11, p. 22.

" . . . all those pitiable vagaries were to be traced to a single cause . . . - I mean, to a false system of training which teaches people to regard Christianity as a thing one and indivisible, to be accepted entirely in the strictest reading of the letter, or to be rejected as absolutely untrue."

Samuel Butler, The Fair Haven, p.19.

V.

It was one of Butler's lifelong beliefs that "no artist can reach an ideal higher than his own best environment. Trying to materially improve upon that with which he or she is fairly familiar invariably ends in failure."[99] In accordance with this belief, all of his work is founded upon his own experience, sometimes directly, and sometimes in an inverted fashion, in keeping with his "odious habit of turning proverbs upside down", which he also bestowed upon Ernest Pontifex.[99] John Pickard Owen, the supposed author of "The Fair Haven", is thus simply Butler in a deliberately penetrable disguise; the details of his life, and the sentiments attributed to him, are therefore to be accepted like the rest of Butler's writings in his own person, as being roughly analogous to those algebraic equations which permit of a negative or positive solution, and only substitution in the original can decide which is correct. The supposed memoir of John Pickard Owen is in many ways reminiscent of the later and confessedly autobiographical account of the early years of Ernest Pontifex. In the case of Owen, it was his mother who "had insisted on the most minute verbal accuracy of every part of the Bible; she had also dwelt upon the duty of independent research, and on the necessity of giving up everything rather than assent to things which our conscience did not assent to"[100]; and "the first real shock to his faith"[101] was again the question of the efficacy of baptism. "The children of God, he reasoned, the

members of Christ and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven, were no more spiritually minded than the children of the world and the devil. Was then the grace of God a gift which left no trace whatever upon those who were possessed of it - a thing the presence or absence of which might be ascertained by consulting the parish registry, but was not discernible in conduct?"[102] Owen therefore expressed Butler's conviction that "assuredly there must be a screw loose somewhere"[103]. Just as Butler had made Ernest Pontifex improve upon his own experience, almost as if to emphasise the dangers which lay in wait for those who were neither fortunate nor wary enough to follow his example and turn aside before it was too late, so he endowed Owen with a similar extension. Ernest was actually ordained before he began to doubt; Owen, on the other hand, carried his reaction so far that he "joined the Baptists and was immersed in a pond near Dorking", and on recovering from this doctrinal ducking, succumbed to a "fascinating stranger" who "landed him in the Church of Rome, where he felt sure that he had now found rest for his soul"[104]. Butler, too, had looked at Rome, and looked away again. "It is not its doctrines," he said, "but its intolerance that we object to - the way in which it claims that it must be right and everyone else wrong."[105] His own committal to the Church, in any of its branches, had been purely theoretical, and had never been translated into more practical terms; to Ernest Pontifex, therefore, and to John Pickard Owen he attributed the full actuality of experience,

in order that he might have this vicarious knowledge, and the confirmation of his own wisdom in rejecting such courses for himself. To Owen, too, he gave some of his most cherished characteristics, especially those which were dear to him because they appeared as failings in the eyes of others. Of himself he wrote: "No one will understand me or my work unless they bear in mind that I was an unusually slow and late grower. I have not developed into much, but I have developed into much more than as a young or middle-aged man I seemed likely to do."[106] Owen, too, was a late developer, "yet when one comes to think of it, a late development and laborious growth are generally more fruitful than those which are over-early luxuriant". So, although "he shewed every sign of being likely to develop into one of those who can never see more than one side of a question at a time, in spite of their seeing that side with singular clearness of mental vision", he eventually "became perhaps the widest-minded and most original thinker whom I have ever met".[107] "I have not developed into much," wrote Butler some ten years or so later, when he was trying to reconcile himself to being a "homo unius libri"; but surely the dream most difficult to discard is this, of being recognised as "the widest-minded and most original thinker". Indeed, for Butler the dream never died; as it appeared less likely that it would be realised in his own lifetime, he simply transferred its fulfilment to a more distant future, and trusted to posterity to appreciate a prophet without honour in his own generation. The life of John

Pickard Owen is obviously a reconstruction of Butler's own, with additions and emendations, the better to point the moral and adorn the tale.

In one important aspect, however, Owen's life seems to contradict Butler's own experience. According to his brother, William Bickersteth Owen, the equally imaginary writer of the introductory memoir, his father was "a singularly gentle and humourous playmate who doted upon us both and never spoke unkindly. . . both my brother and myself returned his love with interest . . . So sweet and winning was his nature that his slightest wish was our law - and whenever we pleased him, no matter how little, he never failed to thank us as though we had done him a service which we should have had a perfect right to withhold . . . all arose spontaneously from the well-spring of a sympathetic nature which knew how to feel as others felt, whether old or young, rich or poor, wise or foolish."(106) There could not be a greater contrast than between this description and the portrait of Theobald in "The Way of All Flesh". It is significant, too, that a similar kindly atmosphere prevailed in the Nosnibor household in "Erewhon". In his last work, "Erewhon Revisited", Butler depicted another friendly and affectionate father-son relationship, in Higgs and his son George. It is Theobald who is the exception; and only Theobald was drawn from life. In order to justify himself as Ernest, Butler had to portray his father as he saw him, but there was no such necessity in his other works. There he was

free to indulge in the fantasy of an indulgent father, the reverse of the terrible figure he had met in his own experience. It was not merely a realization that all fathers are not alike, and that other children may have had different recollections of their childhood; the experience of others was of no help to Butler, nor did he greatly care about it. If he depicted the father of John Pickard Owen as being so different in every respect from his own, it was rather the expression of an ideal, the fashioning of a dream, with the power of dreams to compensate and to make reality more bearable. Nor was it only in a human aspect that Butler dreamed of a loving father. As he wrote again in the pseudo-memoir, "both my brother and myself used to notice it as an almost invariable rule that children's earliest ideas of God are modelled upon the character of their father . . . all children love their fathers and mothers, if these last will only let them; . . . Nature has allowed ample margin for many blunders, provided there be a genuine desire on the parents' part to make the child feel that he is loved, and that his natural feelings are respected. This is all the religious education which a child should have."[109] This passage recalls how Ernest Pontifex, too, "doted . . . on all things that would do him the kindness of allowing him to be fond of them" and how, in spite of Christina's faithful adherence to Theobald's precepts, "it was long before she could destroy all affection for herself in the mind of her first-born. But she persevered."[110] The same sense

of personal feeling is also present through the assumed didacticism of Owen, when he complains that a child, as he grows older, may shrink from "the waters of life", "on account of his recollection of the way in which he was led down to drink against his will, and perhaps with harshness, when all the analogies with which he was acquainted pointed in the direction of their being unpleasant and unwholesome"; and again, "if a man has found his earthly father harsh and uncongenial, his conception of his heavenly Parent will be painful. He will begin by seeing God as an exaggerated likeness of his father. He will therefore shrink from him. The rottenness of still-born love in the heart of a child poisons the blood of the soul . . . "[111] Even in an assumed guise, Butler could not help his sincerity from breaking through, although, at the time of their publication, these passages would not have the self-revelatory quality which is obvious in the light of his posthumous "The Way of All Flesh". And just as he compensated for the harshness of his own upbringing by endowing his fictional self with a completely different environment, so he strove to place the universe in which he lived under the secure care of a loving and beloved God.

In his reading of the New Testament, Butler might have come across many affirmations that the God revealed therein was indeed a God of love. These were overshadowed for him, however, by the overwhelming fact of the Crucifixion, the necessity of which he could not reconcile with the compassion-

ate love of God. As he wrote in "The Fair Haven", "it would seem a monstrous supposition to believe that a good and merciful God should have designed to redeem the world by the infliction of such awful misery upon His own Son, and yet determined to condemn every one who did not believe in this design, in spite of such a deficiency of evidence that disbelief would appear to be a moral obligation."[112] Again, in his Notebooks, under the heading "Loving God", he asked: "How can we love him if we fear him, and how can we not fear him if he is the brute which theologians have represented him?"[113] In this difficulty, the doctrine of the Trinity might have come to Butler's aid, with its proclamation that God is Three, and yet the Three are One, so that the Son who suffered is as much God as the Father who sanctioned the suffering. But the Trinity was a paradox about which he preferred not to speculate; and like many others, he saw the Father and Son as two distinct and even opposing figures, playing out a greater version of the same drama in which he felt himself cast for the least enviable role. The Father he could not forgive: "depart from me," he cried, "for you are a sinful God, O Lord!"[114] Yet the Son still held for him an irrational attraction: "Jesus! with all thy faults I love thee still!"[115] He might have found refuge in atheism, or in agnosticism, the term used by Huxley to describe his suspension of judgment. These solutions, however, would have been less than honest for Butler, who sincerely believed in the exhortation which he wrote as John Pickard Owen: "Oh!

if men would but leave off lying to themselves! If they would but learn the sacredness of their own likes and dislikes, and exercise their moral discrimination, making it clear to themselves what it is that they really love and venerate."[116] In this spirit, he attempted to retain what he felt to be the essence of Christianity, while discarding the miraculous element upon which the Church seemed to be built. "Tell me that Jesus Christ died upon the cross," he wrote in one of his letters, "and I find not one tittle of evidence worthy of the name to support the assertion." Yet in the same letter he declared: "That there is an unseen life and unseen kingdom which is not of this world, and that the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God; that the life we live here is much but, at the same time, small as compared with another larger life in which we all share though, while here, we can know little if anything about it; that there is an omnipresent Being into whose presence none can enter and from whose presence none can escape - an ineffable contradiction in terms (as I have said in Luck or Cunning?); that the best are still unprofitable servants and that the wisest are still children - who that is in his senses can doubt these things? And surely they are more the essence of Christianity than a belief that Jesus Christ died, rose from the dead, and ascended visibly into heaven." The same affirmation, in the same words, is also contained in his Notebooks.[117] In thus attempting to steer a middle course between "the Scylla of Atheism and the Charybdis of Christianity"[118], Butler was still

hampered by the limiting effect of his own experience. He could satisfy his longing by creating in his fictional fathers a compensation for the tyrannical figure he had known; but he could pursue this fantasy to no great extent. The kind and understanding father of John Pickard Owen had to suffer an early demise, because Butler was at a loss to conceive the further development of a relationship for which nothing in his own experience had prepared him. "Imagination," he believed, "depends mainly upon memory"; yet he went on to admit "but there is a small percentage of something out of nothing with it".[129] It was due to this small percentage that Butler was able on occasion to transcend his own knowledge, and reach beyond his own experience to that "creative fantasy which is responsible for radical changes and innovations"[130], which he elsewhere described as the artist's "inward motion to deliver himself of his glimpse into another world".[131] So, although he denied Christianity because he could find no evidence to prove it, he maintained an equally unverifiable faith in an "unseen kingdom which is not of this world"; and for this faith he could plead no justification beyond what might be termed an inherent psychic disposition towards such a belief. As he wrote in "Erewhon", "It seems as though the need for some law over and above, and sometimes even conflicting with, the law of the land, must spring from something that lies deep down in man's nature; indeed, it is hard to think that man could ever have become man at all, but for the gradual evolution of a perception

that though this world looms so large when we are in it, it may seem a little thing when we have got away from it."[122]

Part of the deception practised by the Erewhonian Musical Banks is in the appearance and appurtenances of the Banks themselves. Butler's description is obviously of the Gothic type of ecclesiastical architecture, "some masterpiece like this of brother Pugan's", which was still widely believed to be the only permissible type. "It carried both imagination and judgment by storm," wrote Butler of one Bank. "It was an epic in stone and marble, and so powerful was the effect it produced on me, that as I beheld it I was charmed and melted . . I felt how short a space of human life was the period of my own existence. I was more impressed with my own littleness, and much more inclinable to believe that the people whose sense of the fitness of things was equal to the upraising of so serene a handiwork, were hardly likely to be wrong in the conclusions they might come to upon any subject."[123] Butler intended to emphasise the contrast between the grandeur of the building and the shoddiness of the currency which it issued. Yet this passage might be differently interpreted, according to another of his often-repeated theories. Just as he believed that "a man's expression is his sacrament; it is the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace - or want of grace"[124], so he was convinced that a man's work was a similar expression of the nature of its author. "A man's character, if he has left much work behind him, or if he is not coming before us for the

first time, is generally easily discovered without extraneous aid. We want no one to give us any clues to the nature of such men as Giovanni Bellini, or De Hooghe. Hogarth's character is written upon his work so plainly that he who runs may read it, so in Handel's upon his, so is Purcell's, so is Corelli's, so, indeed, are the characters of most men."[125] The character of the builders, then, should be stamped upon the edifices they had built, the "epics in stone and marble". Although Butler was satirizing these institutions, beneath the satire is an undercurrent of sincerity in the awareness of the attraction of the old faith. The same ambiguity is evident in his conduct throughout his life. He had freed himself from the superstition of Christianity, but he still continued to attend church from time to time, "out of pure cussedness", he said; "having given up Christianity, I was not going to be hampered by its principles. It was the substance of Christianity, and not its accessories of external worship, that I so objected to; and I would be unprincipled whenever and in whatever way I thought convenient."[126] Butler's explanation is as illogical as his church-going itself; but it was preferable to an admission that he still felt drawn towards the Church and "its accessories of external worship", which still held the possibility of expressing his aspirations towards the unseen, as they had done for others, and might be found to do again. A similar attraction had helped to draw Newman towards the Church which he was later to join:

"For thou dost soothe the heart, thou Church of Rome,

By thy unwearied watch and varied round
Of Service, in thy Saviour's holy home."[127]

So Butler, aware that man needs a god to worship, had a less defined awareness that he also needs a language by which his worship can be expressed; and for this he had no formulae except those of the Christian Church. "The Church," he admitted, did uphold a grace of some sort as the summum bonum . . . Do what we may, we are still drawn to the unspoken teaching of her less introspective ages with a force which no falsehood could command. Her buildings, her music, her architecture, touch us as none other on the whole can do . . . "[128]

In spite of his frequent declarations that he had abandoned Christianity, Butler was as frequently tempted to assert that he was as good a Christian as anyone; it simply depended upon the definition of Christianity. Ernest Pontifex renounced his father and mother "because he thought they hindered him in the pursuit of his truest and most lasting happiness". And Butler went on to ask: "what is this if it is not Christ? What is Christ if He is not this? He who takes the highest and most self-respecting view of his own welfare which it is in his power to conceive, and adheres to it in spite of conventionality, is a Christian whether he knows it and calls himself one, or whether he does not. A rose is not the less a rose because it does not know its own name."[129] In his Notebooks, he tried to explain his point of view more clearly: "Whether it is right to say that one believes in God and Christianity

without intending what one knows the hearer intends one to intend depends on how much or how little the hearer can understand." "If we seek real rather than technical truth," he continued, "it is more true to be considerately untruthful within limits than to be inconsiderately truthful without them. What the limits are we generally know but cannot say . . . There is nothing for it but a very humble hope that from the Great Unknown Source our daily insight and daily strength may be given us with our daily bread. And what is this but Christianity, whether we believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead or not? So that Christianity is like a man's soul - he who finds may lose it and he who loses may find it."[130] Butler was never able to resolve the ambiguity in his attitude towards the Christian faith; he wanted no miracles to try his belief, but he could not endure the emptiness of a godless universe. As a compromise, he re-defined Christianity in his own terms, and borrowed from it those elements he required to form a religion of his own. Everything that smacked of Theobald had to go; and the new religion had to have no compelling power save love, and no moral authority save that which was freely conferred upon it by the instinctive assent of man himself. "And what is instinct?" asked Butler, in "The Way of All Flesh". "It is a mode of faith in the evidence of things not actually seen. And so my hero returned to the point from which he had started originally, namely that the just shall live by faith."[131] Ernest "had lost his faith in Christianity, but

his faith in something - he knew not what, but that there was a something which made right right and wrong wrong - his faith in this grew stronger and stronger daily."[132] So it was Butler's next task to discover more precisely the nature of this faith, and the source from which it sprung; this he was determined should be no miraculous external irruption such as those which were commonly regarded as responsible for the creation of the universe in general and the Christian religion in particular. His religion was to be a natural evolving, unimposed from without, and therefore essentially true. Like the Musical Banks, it was to be "more or less of an attempt to uphold the unfathomable and unconscious instinctive wisdom of millions of past generations, against the comparatively shallow, consciously reasoning, and ephemeral conclusions drawn from that of the last thirty or forty".[133]

VI.

"When you come to think about it, nothing has any meaning, for when there was nobody to think, there was nobody to interpret what happened."

C.G. Jung, Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 31.

"Nothing exists qua us . . . but what is thinkable. . . The first stage of being is to be thought about."

Samuel Butler, Further Extracts, p. 256.

VI.

Even at the time of "Erewhon", then, Butler was contrasting the "instinctive wisdom" inherited from the past with the consciously acquired knowledge of the present. This is a theme which runs throughout his work, and it became his most cherished belief that the truest and best knowledge is that which is unconsciously known. It developed, as did "Erewhon", from his conjecture "what would follow, then, if we regarded our limbs and organs as things which we had ourselves manufactured for our convenience?"(134) After all, as he said in "Erewhon", "a leg is only a much better wooden leg than any one can manufacture". This line of enquiry was still apparently in accordance with orthodox Darwinism, since evolution "must proceed from the simple to the complex"(135). But, unlike Darwin, Butler was not content to observe, and amass his observations until he had sufficient upon which to found a general, even if a somewhat hypothetical, principle. For him, the hypothesis came first, and the evidence might be looked for later, a procedure which seemed to him to be entirely justified by the greater validity which he attached to such instinctive promptings as had instigated the speculation in the first place. So he reasoned that the development of limbs and organs must entail some knowledge, even if only to ensure that the offspring of each species were recognisably like their progenitors, and not like other species; and since there seemed to be no conscious volition involved, it followed that there must be an unconscious

and unerring knowledge, which is of the utmost importance, since "the things we do with most unconsciousness are those which we die quickest if we do not do".[136] Butler came to the conclusion that "unconscious knowledge and unconscious volition are never acquired otherwise than as the result of experience, familiarity, or habit";[137] in the development of each individual organism, there could be no question of individual "experience, familiarity, or habit"; the only solution was therefore to assume an inherited experience, a racial memory which was acquired with life itself. Thus in a sense life and habit may indeed be linked together, as Butler chose to link them for the title of his next work, which he published in the hope that "this book may be regarded as a valuable adjunct to Darwinism".[138]

Had Butler's reading been wider, he would have been aware that in part, at least, his theory was not new. As early as 1855, Herbert Spencer had given his authoritative opinion that "though it is manifest that reflex and instinctive sequences are not determined by the experiences of the individual organism manifesting them; yet there still remains the hypothesis that they are determined by the experiences of the race of organisms forming its ancestry, which by infinite repetition in countless successive generations have established their sequences as organic relations: and all the facts that are accessible to us go to support this hypothesis".[139] Even Butler's extension of his theory "not only concerning acquired

actions or habits of body, but concerning opinions, modes of thought, and mental habits generally"[140] was anticipated by Spencer. "Hereditary transmission, displayed alike in all the plants we cultivate, in all the animals we breed, and in the human race, applies not only to physical but to psychical peculiarities."[141] For Spencer, however, such "hereditary transmission" is a purely mechanical process: "it is not simply that a modified form of constitution produced by new habits of life, is bequeathed to future generations; but it is that the modified nervous tendencies produced by such new habits of life are also bequeathed; and if the new habits of life become permanent, the tendencies become permanent . . . there can be no question that these varieties of disposition, which have a more or less evident relation to habits of life, have been gradually induced and established in successive generations, and have become organic."[142] His conclusion, therefore, is "that all psychical relations whatever, from the absolutely indissoluble to the fortuitous, are produced by experience of the corresponding external relations; and are so brought into harmony with them".[143] Spencer's theories may be described as orthodox evolutionism; and it is obvious that this view of the universe was as unacceptable to Butler as that of his father. It was equally subject to arbitrary external control, and while it was possible that a personal God might be swayed by prayers and protestations, the only power governing environment appeared to be chance, a deity notoriously immune to influence.

Butler, however, was as yet unaware that his speculatively derived theories were divergent from Darwinism and evolutionary belief in general. So he pursued his "unconscious knowledge" until it became "unconscious memory", and his main thesis has been well summed up by E. S. Russell: "that living beings are active, intelligent agents, personally continuous with all their ancestors, possessing an intense but unconscious memory of all that their ancestors did or suffered, and moving through habit from the spontaneity of striving to the automatism of remembrance."[144] For Butler, the important point was the existence of an original conscious volition, a sense of purpose. And it was only during the writing of "Life and Habit" that he learned that he was not simply extending Darwinian theory in a personally satisfying direction, but was in fact reviving an older and discarded doctrine. With his usual honesty in such matters, he acknowledged his debt. "I saw, as it were, a pebble upon the ground, with a sheen that pleased me; taking it up, I turned it over and over for my amusement, and found it always grow brighter and brighter the more I examined it . . . The aspect of the world seemed changed; the trifle which I had picked up idly had proved to be a talisman of inestimable value, and had opened a door through which I caught glimpses of a strange and interesting transformation. Then came one who told me that the stone was not mine, but that it had been dropped by Lamarck, to whom it belonged rightfully, but who had lost it; whereon I said I cared not who was the owner, if only I

might use it and enjoy it. Now, therefore, having polished it with what art and care one who is no jeweller could bestow upon it, I return it, as best I may, to its possessor."[145] Butler immediately constituted himself the champion of Lamarck against the newer school of biologists, who were content to explain life in purely mechanical terms. But this does not alter the fact that his own theory was reached quite independently, and was, in part at least, the result of some such "bosoms" as Lamarck had stipulated.

For Butler, all action began with consciousness, which was the relationship between man and the external world, and was also responsible for the further development of that relationship, since it was the awareness which led to action. "Leaving aside," he wrote, "all attempt to say where consciousness becomes perception, and perception fuller apprehension, and apprehension action, it is enough that there is so close a connection between feeling, consciousness, and action that we cannot touch one without touching the others."[146] Again and again he emphasised consciousness as the necessary condition of existence. "If there is no consciousness, there is no thing, or nothing"[147]; or, more briefly, "Thing, consciousness. No consciousness, no thing."[148] "The first stage of being is to be thought about"[149]; "that which is unrecognizable is, as far as we are concerned, non-existent"[150]. Consciousness, for Butler, was not however always an outwardly directed awareness, implying some exterior object whose existence could be inferred only

from the evidence of the senses. "There is consciousness," he said, "and there is our consciousness."[151] Elsewhere, he was more explicit: "to be conscious of anything else involves some little fragment of self-consciousness."[152] In other words, there is an essential degree of differentiation involved even in the objectively directed consciousness which is perception, and there can be no conscious relationship to the external world without a realisation of personal and individual being. Butler believed that evolutionary development was the result of the repetition of purposive actions, until the original purpose became obscured in the unawareness of habit; but it was an essential part of his belief that such actions were first performed, not merely in consciousness, but in self-consciousness. They were part of each individual organism's progress towards self-fulfilment, not the result of chance, or of fortuitously fortunate adaptation to an equally fortuitous environment, but a deliberate expression of the organism's recognition of the demands of its essential individuality; it was, in fact, like Ernest Pontifex, taking the highest and most self-respecting view of its own welfare, and pursuing its truest and best happiness.

Upon this point there could be no reconciliation of Butler's views with Darwinism. When he began to write "Life and Habit", Butler was chiefly concerned with workin[redacted]has theory that "there is continued personality and an abiding memory between successive generations"[153], and that heredity is

simply a form of memory. Before the book was completed, however, he had realised that he could not accept Darwin's account of the origin of variations. He had become acquainted with St. George Mivart's "The Genesis of Species", which was published in 1871, and here he found advanced against Darwin the same objections of which he was himself as yet barely conscious. At once, therefore, he found that he had produced, not an "adjunct to Darwinism", but an argument against Darwinism and the belief "that the most marvellous adaptations of structures to needs are simply the result of small and blind variations, accumulated by the operation of 'natural selection'."(154) In his usual fashion, Butler was content to take his facts from Darwin, even when disputing the interpretation of them. As he said later, in reply to the criticism that he had been content to base his theories upon facts which he had not himself the necessary scientific knowledge to discover: "what are the Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall people good for if we cannot rely upon their facts and proceed to make deductions from them?"(155) So he quoted Mivart's quotations from Darwin, and added his own satirical analogies. "I can no more believe that these artificial fungi in which the moth arrays itself are due to the accumulation of minute, perfectly blind, and unintelligent variations, than I can believe that the artificial flowers which a woman wears in her hat can have got there without design; or that a detective puts on plain clothes without the slightest intention of making his victim think that he is not a policeman."(156) And again: "I can no

more believe that all this has come about without design on the part of the orchid, and a gradual perception of the advantages it is able to take over the bee, and a righteous determination to enjoy them, than I can believe that a mouse-trap or a steam-engine is the result of the accumulation of blind minute fortuitous variations in a creature called man, which creature has never wanted either mouse-traps or steam-engines, but has had a sort of promiscuous tendency to make them, and was benefited by making them, so that those of the race who had a tendency to make them survived and left issue, which issue would thus naturally tend to make more mouse-traps and more steam-engines."[157] Butler knew well the dangers of such argument by analogy, but he knew even better its advantages in controversy, especially when addressed to a non-scientific audience; and it was of the greatest personal importance to him to challenge "an origin of species which does not resolve itself mainly into sense of need, faith, intelligence, and memory".[158] He did not pretend to be a scientist; on the contrary, he took pride in his position as an enlightened amateur, who had neither preferment nor reputation to lose, and who was therefore quite unhampered in his search for truth. It must be remembered, however, that at this period even the acknowledged experts in this new field of "science" had been little better equipped at the outset of their career. When Adam Sidgwick was elected to the Woodwardian chair of geology at Cambridge in 1818, he accounted for his appointment by attributing it to

his lack of knowledge, particularly of the erroneous variety: "I had but one rival, Corbum of Queen's, and he had not the slightest chance against me, for I know absolutely nothing of geology, whereas he knew a great deal - but it was all wrong!"[159] As a biologist, Butler was in a similar state of innocence. He had to take facts from Darwin, because he had none of his own, nor did he see any necessity to set about acquiring them. He cared to know no more of his opponents' theories than would enable him to refute them. Thus in "The Fair Haven" he showed himself familiar with the reasoning both of Paley and of Strauss, in order that he might use one to cancel out the other, although he was ostensibly affecting to reconcile both in a defence of religious orthodoxy. Indeed, he preferred to concentrate upon corroborative evidence and opinions, rather than to waste effort in burdening his memory with unnecessary information. To obtain confirmation of his own interpretation of the purposive nature of evolution, he turned to those biologists who appeared to have anticipated him, and gave what has been called "undeniably the best account in English literature of the work of Buffon, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin - in his 'Evolution Old and New'."[160] But of the rest of biological literature he remained happily ignorant. The knowledge which he was seeking could not be taught, though it might be confirmed, by others; and his disillusionment in Darwinism made him even more reliant upon his own vision of truth. If he had to live by faith in the evidence of things unseen, he found

this infinitely preferable to faith in the delusions of others, which might be due to ignorance, but which were only too probably the result of self-deception and deceit.

If Darwin's error had seemed due to his lack of knowledge, Butler might easily have forgiven this. But he found that Darwin had already known of the definition of heredity as inherited memory, and had dismissed it, and Lamarck, with some contempt. In his complaint that Darwin had failed to recognise the merit of one of the greatest of his predecessors, and to give credit where credit was due, Butler had ample justification. As a young scientist, Darwin had thought more highly of Lamarck, as his early notebooks suggest: "Lamarck was the Hutton of geology. He had few clear facts but so bold and many (?) profound judgments that (?) was endowed with what may be called the prophetic spirit in science, the highest endowment of lofty genius."[160] But in his later anxiety for the credit of his own theory of natural selection, he dismissed the "Philosophie Zoologique" as "absurd though clever".[162] Gertrude Himmelfarb has pointed out how on several points Lamarck anticipated Darwin: "His conception of the course of evolutionary development was by no means the straight and simple ladder of most of his predecessors. On the contrary, he clearly envisaged a 'branching series irregularly graded', reminiscent of Darwin's image in his 1837 notebook of a 'tree irregularly branched'. And like Darwin he looked to the practices of domestication for the principles of nature . . . There were also clear intimations

of a struggle for existence and the idea of the survival of the fittest . . ."[163] It was not unreasonable, then, for Butler to expect Darwin to make suitable acknowledgement of his indebtedness to a predecessor whose works he had undoubtedly read. The subsequent violence, however, of his attacks upon Darwin is far from reasonable, and was to a great extent responsible for the distrust of Butler as a serious contributor to evolutionary theory. As he said himself: "I attacked the foundations of morality in "Erewhon", and nobody cared two straws. I tore open the wounds of my Redeemer as he hung upon the cross in "The Fair Haven", and people rather liked it. But when I attacked Mr. Darwin, they were up in arms in a moment."[164] It was not simply a question of defending one view of evolution by attacking another; it became a bitter personal attack, including charges of plagiarism, not merely from Lamarck, but from Butler himself, and Darwin's refusal to give any explanation of this last instance appeared to Butler as an added insult.

Yet in a sense Butler's attack upon Darwin was not personal, inasmuch as a similar attack might have been provoked by any other man, occupying a similar position to that which Darwin held, and it is impossible to appreciate Butler's Ishmaelitish violence without a knowledge of the issues involved. Gertrude Himmelfarb has suggested as a possible explanation that perhaps Butler "could not think of ideas without personalizing them, or of differences of opinion as anything but

conspiracies"[165], and she refers to Butler's attitude as "paranoia"[166]. This criticism is less than just to Butler, yet it is not without truth. For it was impossible for him to combat the authority which would not only restrict but even pervert his development, without personifying that authority, and thus giving "to airy nothing A local habitation and a name", in order to reduce it to more manageable terms. The true conflict may have been transpersonal, but it had to be fought on the personal level. Instead of the archetypal figure who "functions not only as a principle that disintegrates consciousness, but even more as one that fixes it in a wrong direction . . . who prevents the continued development of the ego" and thus seeks to reduce to impotence "the hero, whose task it is to achieve something out of the common"[167], Butler saw only the individuals who in his own experience seemed to embody that principle, primarily, of course, his father. Freud discovered that parents are commonly credited with prohibitions which have in fact never been expressed[168]; so that the personal reality may be obscured, and even contradicted, by the force of the transpersonal archetype which is for the moment expressed therein. The pattern, once set, repeats itself. Butler's father had appeared to stand between him and the fulfilment of those "duties to himself" which he felt were all-important, seeking to hold him fast in the constricting toils of a faith and a morality which evoked in him no responsive recognition; and now Darwin, who had seemed to be the prophet of emancipation,

was revealed as a new and more subtle threat to independence. For he denied the principle upon which Butler was beginning to rely for his own justification, that every organism, every living creature, has its own knowledge of its own needs, and is bound to act in the light of such knowledge, if it is to achieve, and to maintain, its own existence. And just as Butler attempted to put his disagreement with his father on a reasonable footing by recalling how badly he had been treated as a child, and enumerating instances of his father's continued spitefulness towards him, particularly in financial matters, so he found equally factual reasons for his bitter crusade against Darwin. Where he could find no wrongs of his own of which to complain, he appropriated those of Lamarck; and as usual in such situations, Darwin innocently played his part, and in equal unconsciousness gave Butler by his silence the personal grievance he sought.

The Darwin-Butler controversy was sufficiently violent to attract notice while it lasted; and when both protagonists were dead, it was resolved in some manner by Darwin's son, Francis, and Festing Jones, the high-priest of the Butler cult, who both felt that a little more communication might have resulted in a little less misunderstanding. It is now largely forgotten, although Butler declared that "the battle is one of greater importance than appears at first sight. It is a battle between teleology and non-teleology"[64], so that in a sense it will continue as long as teleological explanations clash

with mechanistic and causal interpretations of life. But even Butlerians have found his violence somewhat of an embarrassment, though Darwin must have seemed a legitimate target; for even in his own time, Darwin was recognised as the figurehead of the new movement, and his name is still a household word, whereas that of Wallace is comparatively unknown. He was himself eager to win and to hold this position, and pointed out that, though he and Wallace contributed papers simultaneously to the Linnaean Society, his was based upon a draft of twenty years earlier.[170] He was thus the obvious target for many outspoken and uncompromising comments from his contemporaries, and he was in fact prepared for criticism; "I have made up my mind," he wrote, to be well abused,"[171] In the Spectator, for example, Adam Sidgwick had been forthright in his denunciation: "I cannot conclude without expressing my detestation of the theory, because of its unflinching materialism; - because it has deserted the inductive track, the only track that leads to physical truth; - because it utterly repudiates final causes, and thereby indicates a demoralized understanding on the part of its advocates."[172] A letter also appeared in "The Times", attributed, despite his later denial, to Carlyle, in which Darwin was described as "a good sort of man . . . and well meaning, but with very little intellect".[173] Butler, then, was not alone in his opposition to Darwinism, and had he confined his disapproval to the "present mindless, mechanical, materialistic view of nature",[174] and censured Darwin on purely intellectual

grounds, he would have found more acceptance as a serious writer and critic. By including Darwin personally in his vituperations, he at once made his objectivity and sincerity suspect. If Canon Butler did not deserve to be pilloried as Theobald, Darwin was still less fitted for the part of villain which Butler insisted he should play; and at this date "The Way of All Flesh" was unpublished, and Butler's childhood unknown, so that it was impossible to set his quarrel with Darwin in any larger context. All that was known of Butler was his authorship of "Erewhon", in which his ironical inversion and ingeniously extended speculations were clever enough to capture the bitterness of true satire; and his subsequent "The Fair Haven", which was a deliberate attempt at doubtful deception, inasmuch as his intent was "to be broad enough to be able to turn round on my reader and say 'what a fool you were for not seeing it' - yet I wanted a great many not to see it all the same".(175) His reputation was already that of an iconoclast, who cared little which side of an argument he took, so long as it was not the conventional one. Of "The Fair Haven" he had written, "I feel pretty sure that I have taken the course which is most likely to make a row, and that is what I want."(176) It was therefore a natural assumption that his polemics against Darwin proceeded from a similar motive, and Butler found himself once more in the familiar role of one crying in the wilderness. He was prepared, and even anxious, to be criticised. He wrote to Francis Darwin: "Pitch into it (i.e.

"Life and Habit") and into me by all means. You cannot do me a greater service than to bundle me neck and crop out of my present position; this is what I try to do to those from whom I differ, and this is what I wish them to do if they think it worth while."[177] "Life and Habit", however, did not "make a row", and he was bitterly hurt. "People do not mind a difference of opinion," he said as John Pickard Owen, "if they feel that the one who differs from them has got a firm grasp of their position; or again, if they feel that he is trying to understand them but fails from some defect either of intellect or of education, even in this case they are not pained by opposition. What injures their moral nature and hardens their hearts is the conviction that another could understand them if he chose, but does not choose, and yet none the less condemns them."[176] As Canon Butler had done earlier, so Darwin drew upon himself Butler's repudiation of the "spirit that denieth", the repressing, constricting principle that refused life to the new vision of truth which Butler continued to pursue.

VII.

"The unconscious has a Janus-face: on one side its contents point back to a preconscious, prehistoric world of instinct, while on the other side it potentially anticipates the future - precisely because of the instinctive readiness for action of the factors that determine man's fate . . . "

C.G. Jung, Conscious, Unconscious, and Individuation, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 279.

"There was not so much thought in the world 200,000 years ago as there is now, but all the makings of the thought were there."

Samuel Butler, Further Extracts, p. 105.

VII.

It had been a source of encouragement to Butler to find that in his interpretation of evolutionary development he stood in the royal tradition of Lamarck, Buffon, and Erasmus Darwin; and before long, he discovered that there was also a certain amount of contemporary support. He had already read Mivart's book; but Mivart was as much suspect by reason of his firm adherence to the Catholic Church as was Butler by reason of his adherence to no church at all. Francis Darwin, however, drew Butler's attention to an article by Ray Lankester in "Nature", which Butler consulted after the publication of "Life and Habit". There he found a reference to Ewald Hering's paper "On Memory as a Universal Attribute of Living Matter", which had been given at Vienna in 1870. This was exactly what Butler had been seeking; some confirmation of his theories with more scientific authority than he could hope to command. Professor Hering's paper was therefore translated and included in "Unconscious Memory". In spite of the positive assertion of "Life and Habit", its composition was undertaken with some trepidation. Towards the end of his life, in a note appended to one of his letters to Miss Savage, Butler confessed:"Writing 'Life and Habit' literally took my breath away. I kept wanting to take a long breath, and was quite unable to do so. Every now and then great mental or nervous exertion has the same effect on me still, but it is very rare and transitory; whereas as soon as I had got well into 'Life and Habit', what an old

Italian woman once described to me as a 'gran mancamento di spirito' was almost continuous, and very both distressing and alarming. It was a full year after 'Life and Habit' was published before I righted myself." (179) On another letter, this time to Francis Darwin, he also noted, again in 1901, "I was oppressed and scared by the far-reachingness and daring of what I had done." (180) But finding support from an unexpected source, Butler was emboldened to carry his speculations further, and "Unconscious Memory" developed a more assured, and more belligerent, tone. He did not seek to belittle his indebtedness to others, particularly to Hering; "the main object of 'Unconscious Memory'," he declared, "was to show how Professor Hering of Prague had treated the connection between memory and heredity." (181) Nevertheless, it was his own faith which he sought to discover, and his theories of the evolving of man led directly to his definition of God.

Butler's investigations began, like the opening chapter of "Life and Habit", with the consideration of "certain acquired habits", from which he drew "the inference, therefore, as regards pianoforte or violin playing, that the more the familiarity or knowledge of the art, the less is there consciousness of such knowledge". (182) A similar situation was found to prevail with regard to reading, writing, walking, and other common activities; and on the strength of these analogies, Butler concluded that "indeed, it is not too much to say that we have no really profound knowledge upon any

subject - no knowledge on the strength of which we are ready to act at all moments unhesitatingly without either preparation or after thought - till we have left off feeling conscious of the possession of such knowledge, and of the grounds on which it rests".[163] "We have seen that we cannot do anything thoroughly till we can do it unconsciously, and that we cannot do anything unconsciously till we can do it thoroughly."[164] Knowledge, according to Butler's theory, is based upon the repetition of originally purposive actions, until the conscious volition is transformed into the unawareness of habit, which in turn leads to the best kind of knowledge, unconscious memory. There are, however, certain actions, like being born, which are performed only once in the lifetime of each individual; and this could be explained only by the assumption that "the experience, which we must have clearly gained somewhere, was gained by us when we were in the persons of our forefathers".[165] "There is continued personality," Butler claimed, "and an abiding memory between successive generations."[166] "If a man of eighty," he argued, "may consider himself identical with the baby from whom he has developed, so that he may say, 'I am the person who at six months old did this or that', then the baby may just as fairly claim identity with its father and mother, and say to its parents on being born, 'I was you only a few months ago'. By parity of reasoning each living form now on the earth must be able to claim identity with each generation of its ancestors, up to the primordial cell inclusive."[167] This reasoning is a

typical instance of Butler's delight in extending a hypothesis until he arrived at an almost paradoxical conclusion; in a similar vein he remarked that "a hen is only an egg's way of making another egg"[88]. Each living creature, if it is to develop at all, must be guided by the recollection of the similar development of its predecessors; "the offspring caterpillar would not have become so like the parent as to make the next or chrysalis stage a matter of necessity, unless both parent and offspring had been influenced by something that we usually call memory. For it is this very possession of a common memory which has guided the offspring into the path taken by, and hence to a virtually same condition with, the parent, and which guided the parent in its turn to a state virtually identical with a corresponding state in the existence of its own parent."[89] The experience of each successive generation serves to strengthen the force of such ancestral memory, just as its existence is a proof of the successful recollection of the experience of its ancestors. If it were unreservedly true, however, that each organism simply repeats from memory the existence of its predecessors, there would be no evolution, and no variations of species for which to conjecture the origin. "The memory," however, explained Butler, "does not complete a true circle, but is, as it were, a spiral slightly divergent therefrom."[90] He recognised that "nevertheless new ideas, new faiths, and new actions do in the course of time come about, the living expressions of which we may see in the new forms

of life which from time to time have arisen and are still arising, and in the increase of our own knowledge and mechanical inventions. But it is only a very little new that is added at a time, and that little is generally due to the desire to attain an end which cannot be attained by any of the means for which there exists a perceived precedent in the memory." (190) This is precisely the point upon which Butler thought himself in agreement with Lamarck, who ascribed the origin of variations to the "besoins" of the organism concerned. H.S. Cannon has lately shown that Lamarck did not intend by this to ascribe a conscious desire to the organism, but rather an unconscious sense of need. (192) Butler, however, followed his contemporaries, including Lyell and Darwin, in assuming that there was a purposive design involved. "To deny that will guided by memory," he wrote, "has anything to do with the development of embryos seems like denying that a desire to obstruct has anything to do with the recent conduct of certain members in the House of Commons"; "A little reflection will convince the reader that he will be unable to deny will and memory to the embryo without at the same time denying their existance everywhere, and maintaining that they have no place in the acquisition of a habit, nor indeed in any human action. He will feel that the actions, and the relation of one action to another which he observes in embryos is such as is never seen except in association with and as a consequence of will and memory. He will therefore say that it is due to will and

memory."[193] Development depends upon memory; but it owes its origin to will. Man is therefore no accidental variation, but in a real sense the author of his own development, "the master of his fate, the captain of his soul".

It was only natural that Butler should thus seek to place the ultimate responsibility for the course of his development firmly upon the individual, who must strive, as Butler himself strove, to become what he knew he had it in his power to be. It was his insistence on the original conscious impulse which answered such demands as that made by May Sinclair: "if it could be shown that there never was an unconscious psychic state that was not, at some time or other, a conscious one, and may be, at some time or other, a conscious one again; if it could be shown that all unconsciousness at least of what we call 'past' states is simply a forgetting which is never final and complete; if, further, it could be shown that what we call forgetting is never fortuitous or arbitrary, is never even involuntary, that we forget not because we must, but because we will and for our own purpose, and that we remember for the same reason, remembrance being selection and selection an act of will, and that both remembrance and forgetting serve the interests of our individuality, and are part of the everlasting process of sublimation, we shall be very much nearer the solution of our problem than we are now."[194] In her search for "personal identity", she found Butler's arguments "unanswerable". "His conclusion," she wrote, "is not that memory and instinct

are habit, but that all habit and all instinct are memory. . . that both are the result of practice; that both, unerring and perfect in adaptation as they have become, presuppose knowledge and volition on the part of the individual that displays them, and not, as we are accustomed to imagine, merely on the part of its ancestors; that when we talk about inherited memory or inherited anything, we have fallen into confused thinking and are using words without meaning; that every reflex is a lapsed volition, and all unconsciousness a lapsed consciousness; that change and growth arise in fulfilment of a need, a want, a 'libido', having at one time been brought about with consciousness, with design and with volition; that the individual inherits his own and not another's, and therefore knows it again so perfectly that he is not 'conscious' of it, he himself, the irreducible entity, having been present in all experiences and in all memories we call racial or ancestral."[195] Miss Sinclair's elaboration makes clear the attraction which such theories hold for the individualist, anxious to deny all influence and control except that of will, and unable to admit even the possible existence of psychic forces which are not subject to conscious domination. Yet it was this same passionate desire for "personal identity" which led her ultimately to reject Butler's conclusions. "Unless the Individual," she wrote, "carried through all his previous experiences some personal identity over and above that of his progenitors, their experience will remain theirs, and be no earthly good to him . . . It is precisely

that self, that personal identity over and above, that Butler denies to him . . . Grant him that self, and the whole process of evolution and the whole pattern of heredity are transparent as a pane of glass. Deny it, and we are back where we were in the dark days of Darwinism. But whereas Darwin and Wallace at least left us free to take what Natural Selection could not give us, what Butler's right hand gives us his left hand snatches from us again."[196] Butler had in fact considered this point. "What is this talk," he asked, "about the experience of the race, as though the experience of one man could profit another who knows nothing about him? If a man eats his dinner, it nourishes him and not his neighbour; if he learns a difficult art, it is he that can do it and not his neighbour. Yet, practically, we see that the vicarious experience, which seems so contrary to our common observation, does nevertheless appear to hold good in the case of creatures and their descendants."[197] Miss Savage would have sympathised with Miss Sinclair's difficulty. "I have no objection," she wrote to Butler, "to personal identity with an amoeba, but I object to being a sort of second-hand person."[198]

For Miss Sinclair, even the collective inheritance of the past must be capable of being expressed and interpreted in terms of the present ego-dominated consciousness, and her desire to prove that "there never was an unconscious psychic state that was not, at some time or other, a conscious one, and may be, at some time or other, a conscious one again" springs from the common belief "that the unconscious can be understood only

from without and from the side of consciousness"[199]; it agrees with Freud's original idea of the unconscious, "that it was a sort of receptacle for repressed material, infantile wishes, and the like"[200], which was modified by his more mature thought. Butler, on the other hand, had a greater awareness of the forces which were to be reckoned with, and his conception had more in common with Jung's description of "this collective heritage", which "contains, besides an indeterminable number of subliminal perceptions, an immense fund of accumulated inheritance-factors left by one generation of men after another, whose mere existence marks a step in the differentiation of the species"[201]; "a most intricate web of what I have called archetypal conditions. This implies the probability that a man will behave much as his ancestors behaved, right back to Methuselah. Thus the unconscious is seen as the collective predisposition to extreme conservatism, a guarantee, almost, that nothing new will ever happen."[202] In one of the most striking passages in "Life and Habit", Butler emphasised the same point: "It is one against legion when a man tries to differ from his own past selves. He must yield or die if he wants to differ widely, so as to lack natural instincts, such as hunger or thirst, and not to gratify them. It is more righteous in a man that he should 'eat strange food', and that his cheek should 'so much as lank not', than that he should starve if the strange food be at his command. His past selves are living in him at this moment with the accumulated life of centuries. 'Do this, this, this, which we

too have done, and found our profit in it,' cry the souls of his forefathers within him. Faint are the far ones, coming and going as the sound of bells wafted on to a high mountain; loud and clear are the near ones, urgent as an alarm of fire."(203)

"Collective unconscious" or "souls of his forefathers" - the terminology is different, but the underlying conception is the same, of a force stronger and more compelling than the individual will, omnipresent and of an immense age, reinforced and revitalised by the successive experience of each generation. And from this inheritance the individual derives an instinctive knowledge, perfectly because unconsciously known, and bearing the authority of its immeasurable past.

Even when not consciously recognised, the power of this ancestral memory is undiminished, and may even war against the accepted morality of the age. Guided by his belief in the essential rightness of such instinctive promptings, Butler was among the first to recognise that the upholding of the artificial moral conventions of contemporary society, in defiance of them, could be unnatural and unhealthy. In his Notebooks, for example, is to be found a very un-Victorian and sympathetic account of "the case of a woman", which, he wrote, "now stands thus. Every one of her ancestors for millions and millions of generations has been endowed with sexual instinct, and has effectually gratified it. For a longer time than our imagination can realise there has been no link broken, and hence no exception. The instinct has been approved, confirmed, and made stronger in

each successive generation. Surely she in whom it has been thus sanctioned may claim the right to gratify it, should occasion serve. 'No,' says Society to the unmarried woman very sternly; 'break the link, in your own person; stem the current of that passion to which both we and you owe our very being; run counter to the course of things that has led up to you; be indifferent to that which has ranked next to life itself in the heart of every mother from whom you are descended. If you even attempt this more than Herculean task seriously, we will not honour you, but will laugh at you for an old maid; if, on the other hand, you are disobedient, we will chase you out into the streets and call you infamous.' And then we are surprised that women are not at all times exactly what we could wish." (204) It is not surprising that such views as this should have endeared Butler to a later generation for whom the new psychology associated with the name of Freud, although still the subject of much popular misapprehension, had nevertheless provided a new understanding of such questions. In his own conduct, Butler fully acknowledged the demands of the sexual instinct, and even as a young undergraduate, as Jones delicately phrased it, "there had already been incidents which would have disqualified him from deserving the reproach addressed by the magistrate to Ernest, that, in spite of his education, he had not even the common sense to be able to distinguish between a respectable girl and one of a different sort". (205) Ernest Pontifex, however, went so far as to marry and produce children, even if he did

entrust their education to bargees; but in this matter Butler succeeded in "running counter to the course of things that had led up to him", and produced books instead, which at least "do not have to be sent to school and college and then insist on going into the Church, or take to drinking and marry their mother's maid".(206)

Instinct, for Butler, is memory; and it derives its value, its right as a governing power, from the fact that it is unconscious memory, according to his belief that "we cannot do anything thoroughly till we can do it unconsciously".(207) Yet he is equally insistent that its authority is based upon the purposive nature of the original action upon which the whole chain of memory depends. It would seem, therefore, that there is revealed here another of these inconsistencies which abound in his work, and which paradoxically increase its value. As a biologist, he was not interested, as Darwin was, in the patient accumulation of observation and fact. "I have not gone far for my facts," he admitted, but added, "nor yet far from them."(208) His concern was with the theories which might be founded upon the facts for which others sought, and particularly with those which might be exalted into a satisfactory philosophy, a faith whereby he might live. He championed Lamarck against Darwin because he could not believe that every living creature, including Samuel Butler, was a mere accident; and as Malcolm Muggeridge has pointed out, "though he wanted God left out in a certain sense, he also wanted Him included".(209) Without some

father-figure, however depersonalized and disguised as a principle or the wisdom of the ages or any other substitute, who might be pleased by his efforts as the father of John Pickard Owen was pleased, Butler might well have asked, "in living well what guerdon?" His equation of heredity with memory was a respectable scientific theory, which, as Marcus Hartog demonstrated in his Introduction to "Unconscious Memory", has been held by others better fitted than Butler to claim recognition as scientists. Butler, however, was not content to leave this as an explanation of evolutionary development and variation; he saw his inherited knowledge as a guiding principle, an infallible guide, and upon it he based both a morality and a religion. By ascribing development to "sense of need, faith, intelligence and memory", he brought this principle, to some extent, under control, and gave a reasonable explanation of its existence. Yet he was not unaware of the inherent inconsistency, but, as he said himself, "logic and consistency are luxuries for the gods, and the lower animals, only"(210). So he was content to argue that actions originally the result of conscious design came by habit to be unconsciously performed, and yet elsewhere to suggest that those same actions are preceded, as well as followed, by unconsciousness. "Nothing can look more unconscious than an egg or a seed, which may lie for twenty years and yet germinate, consciousness making its appearance little by little, till from being imperceptible it becomes the main thing that can be perceived. All the consciousness that we know of comes

up insensibly from things which looked to us at one time unconscious, and after a certain time they become unconscious again. Nothing conscious remains conscious for long."[211] "In the beginning," says Erich Neumann, "consciousness rises up like an island with whatever contents it then has, but soon sinks back again into the unconscious. There is in fact no continuity of consciousness."[212] Butler's original conception, when free from the immediate necessity of refuting Darwinism, tended to deepen, by some intuitive perception, along lines since made more familiar by analytical psychology. Although conscious purposive action is still the mainspring of development, there exists a source from which conscious motives and emotions arise, and into which they again decline. "Want, and knowing what we want," he declared, "are like desire and power, that come up hand in hand, not out of nothing, but certainly out of the imperceptible!"[213] This is a far cry from his doctrine that "if there is no consciousness there is no thing, or nothing"[214]; "nothing exists qua us (and that is the same as saying that nothing exists) but what is thinkable. The first stage of being is to be thought about."[215] It would be tempting to trace a development in Butler's thought, from his simple equation of consciousness with perception, to his more evolved recognition of a "something which is beyond the jurisdiction of our thoughts"[216]; but it would be a false deduction, because both levels are found at approximately the same period of composition, although the later Notebooks do indeed show a slight preponderance of his more

intuitive knowledge. In part this confusion is due to Butler's reluctance to abandon any part of any theory once cherished; but it is chiefly a reflection of his two modes of thought, which he was never able to reconcile, one eminently reasonable, susceptible of proof, and the other derived from the evidence of things not seen, illogical, and perhaps dearer to him for that very reason. As he wrote himself at the close of "Life and Habit", "reason points remorselessly to an awakening, but faith and hope still beckon to the dream."(217) So even when he argued "must we not think that during the beginnings of thought, all thought was conscious?" he was impelled to ask, "or was there always a mass of unconscious thought to a trifle of conscious?"(218)

Butler was well aware of the difficulty of defining what he understood by consciousness. "Herbert Spencer speaks of 'the body of our consciousness'," reads one of his notes; "he has tried as many others have done to articulate the skeleton of that body, but it does not seem to admit of very definite articulation - if such words may be pardoned."(219) There are innumerable entries in his Notebooks, some later elaborated for inclusion in his published works, which show that the problem of such articulation was recurrent almost throughout his life. "Consciousness," he wrote on one occasion, "manifests itself to us mainly by a fuss of some sort";(220) and again, "Because we do not make a noise, and are unconscious when we are asleep if we are moved about a little, we say that anything which does not make a noise when it is pushed about a little is

unconscious."[201] Elsewhere he declared, "that which is uncognizable is, as far as we are concerned, non-existent"[202]; yet he could show a truer perception, as when he wrote: "they say that a living being does not feel unless it knows that it feels. This is true and not true . . . "[203] One of his characteristic illustrations runs: "The head of the household is not conscious of the cook's trouble in preparing dinner, but this does not prove that no one in the house is conscious and that the dinner is not ready without anyone's knowing anything about it." This analogy led him to the conclusion that "there are degrees of consciousness, as there are of life and power, but we have no ground for saying that any matter undergoing any change is not aware that it is changing. It would be absurd to say that a stone can see, but one can be aware, without seeing, or any sense save touch."[204] He was not always satisfied, it would appear, with the simple equation of consciousness with perception, and his distinction between different levels of consciousness was a natural extension of the belief which he shared with Hering, in attributing memory to all living matter. But it raised questions even more difficult of solution, and Butler, following his usual practice of protracting a line of argument or reasoning to its fullest extent, found himself faced with conclusions whose discrepancy could not be ignored. "The difference between the organic and the inorganic kingdoms," he wrote, "will some day be seen to lie in the greater power of discriminating its feelings which is possessed by the former. Both are made of

the same universal substance, but, in the case of the organic world, this substance is able to feel more fully and discreetly, and to show us that it feels. . . The inorganic is less expert in differentiating its feelings, therefore its memory of them must be less enduring; it cannot re-cognize what it could scarcely cognize." [225] The difference between organic and inorganic, according to this reasoning, is merely one of degree and not of kind; and Butler, realizing this, also realized that his theories required revising in the light of this new development, for it implied that "life", in the sense in which he now understood it, must be present in everything, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, organic or inorganic, and the same impulse, the same inner impetus, must be omnipresent in all matter. This revision, however, was never carried out, for he assigned insufficient importance to consistency of doctrine. "Logic has no place," runs another note, "save with that which can be defined in words. It has nothing to do, therefore, with those deeper questions that have got beyond words and consciousness. To apply logic here is as fatuous as to disregard it in cases where it is applicable. The difficulty lies, as it always does, on the border lines between the respective spheres of influence." [226]

Butler's ability to discard logic upon occasion was for him a truly saving grace; for it allowed him to become aware of the limitations of a purely intellectual approach to "those deeper questions", and thus to pursue his intuitive perception

of a knowledge unconsciously held, which could not be imputed simply to habit or to memory. In one of his later and lengthier notes he sought a more precise definition of the consciousness which must be cognizable to exist. "As there is a limit (so at least I am told) below which the atom cannot be cognized, so is there not a limit below which consciousness cannot be cognized by us, and is not that limit simple sense of shock?" Such a definition, he knew, had satisfied Herbert Spencer, but Butler was impelled to pursue the matter further: "I know that Herbert Spencer has declared simple sense of shock, unspecialized in any direction, to be the unit of sensation - but what is shock? . . . Herbert Spencer's definition helps us as soon as we have a conditioned being capable of feeling a shock, which is very little specialized, but here we are already in the molecule stage."(227) Butler here detected one of the weak points in his own theory of consciousness as the original and productive state. Like Spencer's definition, it was applicable only "as soon as we have a conditioned being" capable in this case of conceiving a sense of purpose, and was no more an explanation of origin than was Darwin's "Origin of Species". Butler did not attempt to solve this difficulty, and possibly even did not consider it. For he had already reached his own conclusion, which required no argument: "What all this comes to is that there is an unseen and unknowable world, which is hitched on to the world which we can know and in part understand; that we may, and indeed must, infer the existence of

such a world, but that no material microscope, nor thought apparatus, can ever show us more than its extreme limits where they sometimes run over into our own cognizable territory. And I should think every one knows this instinctively, and without conscious recognition."[228] It is from this unknown and unknowable world, the imperceptible which precedes and surrounds the perceptible, that the power of conscious volition derives. "The element of free-will, cunning, spontaneity, individuality - so omnipresent, so essential, yet so unreasonable, and so inconsistent with the other element not less omnipresent and not less essential, I mean necessity, luck, fate - this element of free-will, which comes from the unseen kingdom within which the writs of our thoughts run not, must be carried down to the most tenuous atoms whose action is supposed most purely chemical and mechanical; it can never be held as absolutely eliminated, for if it be so held, there is no getting it back again, and that it exists, even in the lowest forms of life, cannot be disputed. Its existence is one of the proofs of the existence of an unseen world, and a means whereby we know the little that we do know of that world."[229] From this "unseen life and unseen kingdom which is not of this world . . . in which we all share though, while here, we can know little if anything about it"[230] there proceeds what might be termed a "life-force", a vitalistic energy which is the source of all being. The true development of each individual is in harmony with this unseen force; "we act," said Butler, "in the same only semi-conscious

perception of a larger scheme, as our component cells in regard to our whole individuality."[230] Writing to Francis Darwin after the publication of "Life and Habit", he claimed that he had "cut out all support of natural selection and made it square with a teleological view - for such, I take it, Lamarck's is, and only different from Paley's in so far as the design with Paley is from without, and with Lamarck from within."[230a] So Butler, too, saw the design within, but as part of a greater design, from which it derived, and towards which it strove to attain, the alpha and omega of existence.

VIII.

" . . . the ego never constitutes the whole of a man, but only the conscious part of him. The unconscious part, of unlimited extent, alone can complete him and make him a real totality."

C.G. Jung, The Gifted Child, Coll. Works, vol. 17, p. 143.

"A man's real life is the life of which he knows nothing. He knows very little of his present, so long as he is not put out of gear; he forgets almost all his past, and the greater part of the effect he produces (as the books of a writer) is wholly unperceived by him."

Samuel Butler, Further Extracts, p. 55.

VIII.

"Birth," according to Butler, "is but the beginning of doubt, the first hankering after scepticism, the dreaming of a dawn of trouble, the end of certainty and of settled convictions . . . It is commonly considered as the point at which we begin to live. More truly it is the point at which we leave off knowing how to live." Our most perfect life, then, is the life lived in our ancestors, when "our thoughts kept the roadway decently enough; then were we blessed; we thought as every man thinks, and held the same opinions as our fathers and mothers had done upon nearly every subject."(233) Birth, "the beginning of consciousness", is the beginning of the process of differentiation, of enforced separation from the effortless collective unconscious, which then appears as the serene security of the Garden of Eden, before man was sent forth into the world to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. This primordial unconsciousness has been designated by Erich Neumann as "pleromatic, because the ego germ still dwells in the pleroma, in the 'fullness of the unformed God'. . . The later ego deems this pleromatic existence to be man's first felicity, for at this stage there is no suffering; suffering only comes into the world with the advent of the ego and ego experience."(234) So universal is the dream of an earlier "golden age" that there has always been a strong tendency to interpret this psychic image in terms of historical fact; thus Rousseau, with his "noble savage", put forward a conception which had

no basis in reality, but which was convincing because it coincided with this image. It is common, too, to look back to this period as a time of perfect knowledge, which unfortunately cannot be carried over in its entirety into the ego-existence, so that our birth is indeed "a sleep and a forgetting", and our life an imperfect remembering. Wordsworth based his philosophic faith largely upon his assurance that "our souls have sight of that immortal sea Which brought us hither"; and in the earliest stages of Western thought, Plato, a poet before he became a philosopher, credited man with a prenatal vision of "ideas". Butler would not have rejoiced to find himself in such company, particularly that of Plato, of whom he said: "He is one of those men who more than any others have tended to make men like myself impossible, and I am glad that Aristophanes hated him."(a35) But his theory that knowing is memory is founded upon the same sense of foreknowledge which appears not only in Plato, but more universally in myth and legend. "The opinions which I am advancing are not new,"(a36) he admitted; but he did not imagine that they were, in part at least, of such respectable antiquity.

He would have found agreement in Wordsworth, too, upon the comparative value of the knowledge of the child as opposed to that of the man. "Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie Thy soul's immensity," runs Wordsworth's apostrophe. The child, as being nearer and more recently parted from the source of knowledge, has still a keener and more accurate recollection

of what he once knew perfectly. "For this reason," says Neumann again, "many primitive peoples treat children with particular marks of respect. In the child the great images and archetypes of the collective unconscious are living reality, and very close to him; indeed, many of his sayings and reactions, questions and answers, dreams and images, express this knowledge which still derives from his prenatal existence. It is transpersonal experience not personally acquired, a possession acquired from 'over there'. Such knowledge is rightly regarded as ancestral knowledge, and the child as a reborn forebear."(237) Childhood has also been described by Jung as "a state of the past"; "the child," he says, "lives in a pre-rational and pre-scientific world, the world of the men who existed before us. Our roots lie in that world and every child grows from those roots. . . Knowledge of the universal origins builds the bridge between the lost and abandoned world of the past and the still largely inconceivable world of the future."(235) Butler, too, emphasised the closeness of the child to the knowledge of the prenatal and ancestral world: "A living creature well supported by a mass of healthy ancestral memory is a young and growing creature, free from ache or pain, and thoroughly acquainted with its business so far, but with much yet to be reminded of . . . It is the young and fair, then, who are the truly old and the truly experienced; it is they alone who have a trustworthy memory to guide them." He continued, however: "they alone know things as they are, and it is from them that,

as we grow older, we must study if we would still cling to truth."[239] Throughout his life, Butler's ideals were whatever seemed to him to retain this childlike knowledge of its own rightness. This was the secret of his admiration for the Towneleys and the Paulis, who seemed to be at home in their environment as he never felt himself to be. His continued support of Pauli, even when it became obvious that he could expect neither gratitude nor consideration for his own impoverished circumstances, was in the nature of a tribute to Pauli's success in being what he was meant to be, as unselfconsciously as a child, and as selfishly. Later, he found in Hans Faesch a younger and more lovable, as well as a less demanding, edition of Pauli, but equally endowed with the physical attraction which Butler chose to regard as the outward and visible expression of the grace within. The Erewhonians, too, possessed the same quality of childhood, the same naturalness which he also saw in the inhabitants of his beloved Sicily, in his laundresses, and the country-folk he met on his long Sunday walks, and even in the little stray cats which he allowed to adopt him; neither could he rest content with the Odyssey till he had succeeded in attributing it, to his own satisfaction if to no one else's, to the essential immaturity of the Authoress. For Butler, the state of containment in the collective remained still paradise, with its strong attraction for the struggling and suffering individual consciousness. He was reluctant to admit that a man must put away childish things, and take upon

himself the full burden of conscious existence, and his dream was rather of a return to the original unconsciousness than of a balanced fusion of conscious and unconscious. "Absolute equilibrium," which is "in the essence of heaven," according to Butler, "involves absolute unconsciousness." "Christ," he wrote, "is equilibrium - the not wanting anything, either more or less"; and with greater wisdom than perhaps he knew, "death also is equilibrium."[240] For this equilibrium of absolute unconsciousness which seemed to him so infinitely desirable holds within it no prospect of life, which, as he was well aware, demands resistance to the powerful seduction of the unconscious, since "progress is impossible without a great deal of occasional resumption of consciousness".[241]

Here, again, is an apparent contradiction in Butler's thought. For while he emphasised the greater truth of the knowledge inherited from past generations, he insisted, in his own life and conduct, on the necessity of rebellion against the parental order. A similar difficulty, however, is experienced in all early stages of differentiated consciousness, and in Butler's case, it was made more acute by reason of his intuitive perception of the "pull" exerted by the great mass of the collective unconscious, which led him to be more fully aware of what Neumann describes as "a force of inertia, a kind of psychic gravitation which tends to fall back into the original unconscious situation . . . The fact that the ego experiences this state as a symbolical death is due simply to

this particular archetypal stage of conscious development . . ." This attraction "can only be overcome temporarily by a special performance on the part of the conscious system"[242], so that Butler was forced to fight in order to secure his own consciousness and his individual existence, to achieve either consciousness, or, as he put it himself, no thing. In so far as he saw the collective principle as a powerful means of upholding the old order and of stifling the birth of the new, he experienced its negative and threatening aspect; but it also revealed itself to him as a source of life, possessing "a wisdom infinitely superior to the ego, because the instincts and archetypes that speak through the collective unconscious represent 'the wisdom of the species' and its will."[243] Unconsciously, at least, he was aware of the duality of the archetype, as he was consciously aware of other and more obvious forms of duality. "Everything is so much involved in and is so much a process of its opposite that . . . it is almost fair to call death a process of life and life a process of death . . . Everything is like a door swinging backwards and forwards. Everything has a little of that from which it is most remote and to which it is most opposed and these antitheses serve to explain one another."[244] Butler's inheritance, therefore, appeared to him both as the instinctive wisdom of his ancestors, "up to the primordial cell inclusive", and as the oppressive domination of his father, and the system which his father represented. The conflict between these antithetical aspects was marked by his projection

of the negative aspect upon individuals, prominently his father and Darwin, and by his exaltation of the positive into a new divinity. By this means, he not only avoided an open collision, but even achieved some measure of harmony; for he was enabled to see the matter as a straight choice between the forbidding authority of his father and the panzootic god of growth and life.

In spite of his passionate belief in "the unseen kingdom within which the writs of our thoughts run not", Butler firmly resisted any identification with such conceptions as those, for instance, of von Hartmann. His translation of Professor Hering's paper in "Unconscious Memory" is followed by selected passages translated from "The Philosophy of the Unconscious", and, in Marcus Hartog's description, "annotations to explain the difference from this personification of 'the Unconscious' as a mighty, all-ruling, all-creating personality, and his own scientific recognition of the great part played by unconscious processes in the region of mind and memory"[245]. Butler's first criticism was that "Von Hartmann defines instinct as action done with a purpose, but without consciousness of purpose"[246]. This is, of course, directly contrary to Butler's belief that the sense of purpose is inherent in the organism itself; that it develops on its own impulse, guided by the inherited though unconscious knowledge of the ends it has to attain; and that it is not simply fulfilling a system, no matter how purposive, imposed from without. In another comment, Butler complained that "Von Hartmann speaks of 'a mechanism of brain or mind' contrived by

nature, and again of 'a psychical organization', as though it were something distinct from a physical organization".[247] His objection to von Hartmann's theory is precisely the same as that which led him to desert Darwin for Lamarck. "Contrived by nature", or ordained by any exterior power whatsoever, such a conception could not be permitted as a governing factor in human conduct and development. And in addition, it was as much a personification as the Erewhonian gods, who were "personifications of human qualities, as justice, strength, hope, fear, love, etc. etc."[248] "The Unconscious", regarded in this light, was simply his father's personal God in another disguise, and therefore the old antagonism was immediately aroused to an alien principle, unaccountable, unreasonable, but all-powerful and indifferent to the conscious desires of the individual. "If I were to start as a god or a prophet," wrote Butler, "I think I should take the line: Thou shalt not believe in me. Thou shalt not have me for a god. Thou shalt worship any damned thing thou likest except me . . ."[249] What men were to worship he described in words ostensibly Arowhena's, but in reality his own; God, she suggested, "was but the expression for man's highest conception of goodness, wisdom, and power; that in order to generate a more vivid conception of so great and glorious a thought, man had personified it and called it by a name; that it was an unworthy conception of the Deity to hold Him personal, inasmuch as escape from human contingencies became thus impossible; that the real thing men should worship was the Divine,

whereinsoever they could find it; that 'God' was but man's way of expressing his sense of the Divine; that as justice, hope, wisdom, etc., were all parts of goodness, so God was the expression which embraced all goodness and all good power; that people would no more cease to love God on ceasing to believe in his objective personality, than they had ceased to love justice on discovering that she was not truly personal; nay, that they would never truly love Him till they saw Him thus."[250] In describing how Ernest Pontifex had renounced his parents "because they hindered him in the pursuit of his truest and most lasting happiness", Butler had gone on to ask, "what is this if it is not Christ?"[251] So "man's highest conception of goodness, wisdom, and power", which is God, is equally the motivating force behind his true development, in accordance with his own nature. "We think they mean by God," he wrote, "something like what Raffaelle and Michael Angelo have painted; unless this were so, Raffaelle and Michael Angelo would not have painted as they did. But to get at our truer thoughts we should look at our less conscious and deliberate utterances. From these it has been gathered that God is our expression for all forces and powers which we do not understand, or with which we are unfamiliar, and for the highest ideal of wisdom, goodness and power which we can conceive, but for nothing else."[252] God, therefore, "is the baseless basis of all that we base most solidly, of all our things, thoughts, and actions"[253]. And of "Luck, or Cunning?" he said: "its very essence is to insist

on the omnipresence of mind and intelligence throughout the universe to which no name can be so fittingly applied as God."[254] He prophesied that "now, however, that we know heredity to be only a necessary outcome, development and manifestation of memory - so that, given such a faculty as memory, the faculty of heredity follows as being inherent therein and bound to issue from it - in like manner presently, instead of seeing life as a thing created by God, we shall see God and life as one thing, there being no life without God nor God without life, where there is life there is God and where there is God there is life."[255] Butler rested for a time in pantheism, "without idolatry in the world - yes; without God - no."[256] This life, which is God, is not only within each organism, but also contains each organism within a vaster self, within which "we act in the same only semi-conscious perception of a larger scheme, as our component cells in regard to our whole individuality"[257]; the same vision of each individual as a component cell in a larger order of being occurs again in "Life and Habit", in his fanciful conjecture that human beings may be considered in their turn as parasites upon "a body . . . with organs, senses, dimensions in some way analogous to our own, into some other part of which being at the time of our great change we must infallibly re-enter, starting clean anew, with bygones bygone, and no more ache for ever from either age or antecedents"[258]. In such a conception, Butler was again following an age-old pattern of thought, "the standpoint of past ages", as Jung has said,

"which, knowing the untold treasures of experience lying hidden beneath the threshold of the ephemeral individual consciousness, always held the individual soul to be dependent upon a spiritual world-system. Not only did they make this hypothesis, they assumed without question that this system was a being with a will and consciousness - was even a person - and they called this being God, the quintessence of reality. He was for them the most real of beings, the first cause, through whom alone the soul could be explained. There is some psychological justification," he continues, "for such a hypothesis, for it is only appropriate that an almost immortal being whose experience is almost eternal should be called, in comparison with man, 'divine'."(259) It is also significant that Butler should speak of a re-entry into this greater being, with its promise of "no more ache for ever". It is again an expression of longing for return to the pleromatic containment and contentment, where age and antecedents, personal and ancestral experience, have no more meaning, but which paradoxically holds the promise of "starting clean anew".

IX.

"The archetype behind a religious idea has, like every instinct, its specific energy, which it does not lose even if the conscious mind ignores it."

C.G. Jung, Concerning the Archetypes and the Anima Concept, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 63.

"Theist and Atheist: The fight between them is as to whether God shall be called God or shall have some other name."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 337.

IX.

It is obvious that few scientists, even those favourably disposed towards the Hering-Butler hypothesis, were likely to follow Butler into such "unscientific" speculations as these. Butler, however, saw nothing incongruous in this extension of his theory of evolutionary development. "Evolution," he said, "would after all be a poor doctrine if it did not affect human affairs at every turn"[260], and it seemed to him a natural progression from science to religion, which he believed could be reconciled, by the application, naturally, of his own insight. He described, in terms which set forth accurately enough the course of his own spiritual Odyssey, "how marvellously closely are the two extremes of doctrine approaching to one another! We, on the one hand, who begin with 'tabulae rasae' having made a clean sweep of every shred of doctrine, lay hold of the first thing we can grasp with any firmness, and work back from it. We grope our way to evolution; through this to purposive evolution; through this to the omnipresence of mind and design throughout the universe; what is this but God? So that we can say with absolute freedom from 'equivoque' that we are what we are through the will of God. The theologian, on the other hand, starts with God, and finds himself driven through this to evolution as surely as we found ourselves driven through evolution to the omnipresence of God."[261] Butler, in fact, was in much the same position as Ernest Pontifex, when he had reached a similar peak of enlightenment and desired to bring the rest

of mankind into his own happy state: "If he could only manage to sprinkle a pinch of salt, as it were, on the Archbishop's tail, he might convert the whole Church of England to free thought by a 'coup de main'."[262] Prison, however, gave Ernest time for reflection, and "as the days went slowly by he came to see that Christianity and the denial of Christianity after all met as much as any other extremes do; it was a fight about names - not about things; practically the Church of Rome, the Church of England, and the free thinker have the same ideal standard and meet in the gentleman; for he is the most perfect saint who is the most perfect gentleman . . . It is in the uncompromisingness with which dogma is held and not in the dogma or want of dogma that the danger lies . . . when he had got here he no longer wished to molest even the Pope. The Archbishop of Canterbury might have hopped all round him and even picked crumbs out of his hand without running risk of getting a sly sprinkle of salt . . ."[263] Ernest decided, therefore, that all beliefs were equally worthless, and contented himself with a policy of negation, such as satisfied Butler himself for a time. "When I wrote 'Evolution, Old and New'," he wrote, " . . . I leaned towards absolute negation as the best chance for unity among civilized nations; but even then, I expressed myself as 'having a strong feeling as though Professor Mivart's conclusion is true, that "the material universe is always and everywhere sustained and directed by an infinite cause, for which to us the word mind is the least inadequate and misleading symbol"'

. . . subsequent reflection has only confirmed me in the general result I arrived at - namely, the omnipresence of mind in the universe."[264] And with his identification of this mind, this purposive, creative force which is at the source of all life, with God, for Butler the wheel had come full circle, and he desired confirmation of his Deity from the Church which alone had the power to sanctify.

The impulse towards unity, he argued, is universal and incontestable: "the spirit of the age is as yet one of aggregation."[265] The empires of Alexander the Great and of Rome were clear indications of the natural trend towards coalition: "Where Nature has once or twice hit her mark as near as this she will commonly hit it outright eventually; the disruption of the Roman Empire, therefore, does not militate against the supposition that the normal condition of right-minded people is one which tends towards aggregation, or, in other words, towards compromise and the merging of much of one's own individuality for the sake of union and concerted action."[266] This last is a strange sentiment to hear from Butler, who had always asserted the right, even the divine right, of each organism to develop as an individual, according to its inborn and inerrant knowledge of what it was meant to become. The instances which he cited and the arguments which he adduced in favour of the wisdom and necessity of such aggregation are palpably an externalization of his own desire for inner unity. "Success," he allowed, "will, of course, sometimes attend disruption, but

on the whole the balance inclines strongly in favour of aggregation and homogeneity; analogy points in the direction of supposing that the great civilized nations of Europe, as they are the coalition of subordinate provinces, so must coalesce themselves also to form a larger, but single empire. Wars will then cease, and surely anything that seems likely to tend towards so desirable an end deserves respectful consideration."[267] Butler's supposition has in fact been partially borne out, however naive his conclusion now seems; it becomes more necessary, therefore, not to be misled by the part fulfilment of his prophecy into accepting his arguments and analogies purely at face value. They are more truly a rationalization of his unconscious desire to be at one again with all men and with himself, for without relationship, or aggregation, to use Butler's term, there can be no individual security. "The conscious achievement of inner unity," says Jung, "clings desperately to human relationships as to an indispensable condition, for without the conscious acknowledgment and acceptance of our kinship with those around us there can be no synthesis of personality."[268] And it was to the Church that Butler made his overtures of reconciliation; not, indeed, to his father's Church, from which he had turned aside, but to a Church more authoritarian and less tolerant of development, which was made more attractive to him by reason of that very authority. As a young curate, Ernest Pontifex had regretted that the Church of England was lacking in that respect: "I can only

see for certain that we have suffered a dreadful loss in being no longer able to excommunicate. We should excommunicate rich and poor alike, and pretty freely too. If this power were restored to us we could, I think, soon put a stop to by far the greater part of the sin and misery with which we are surrounded."[269] It was true that there was a governing authority in the Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom Ernest hoped to begin the reformation of the Church, but the Archbishop was only second choice. "It lay between him and the Pope. The Pope was perhaps best in theory, but in practice the Archbishop of Canterbury would do sufficiently well."[270] So when Butler decided to approach the Church on his own behalf, he had no doubts that "the only possible Church must be a development of the Church of Rome".[271] "The Church of Rome," he reasoned, "is essentially a unifier. It is a great thing that nations should have so much in common as the acknowledgment of the same tribunal for the settlement of spiritual and religious questions, and there is no head under which Christendom can unite with as little disturbance as under Rome."[272] Butler had all the rebel's reverence for the order he is not likely to be called upon to accept, unless on his own terms. His respect for Rome was safe enough, because there were insuperable obstacles. "If the Church of Rome would only develop some doctrine or, I know not how, provide some means by which men like myself, who cannot pretend to believe in the miraculous element of Christianity, could yet join her as a conservative stronghold, I, for one, should gladly

do so."[273] Since he could not pretend, there was no likelihood that he would find himself converted against his will; he felt free, therefore, to express the undoubted attraction which he experienced for a Church which was not at all likely to see him as a saint because he presented himself as a gentleman.

Since the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act, the number of English Catholics had grown steadily, and the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England was a recognition of the comparative strength and independence of a Church which had for so long led a secret existence, without recognition and without influence. For Butler, however, the Catholic Church was the Church of Rome, and, more especially, of Sicily; it was the faith of the Sicilian peasants in whose company he delighted, because they seemed to him to possess an uncomplicated knowledge of how to live. It was also the Church of the sanctuaries of which he wrote, and which he believed to express a similarly unwarped philosophy of life. His visits to Italy were very dear to him, and even his earliest visit with his parents made an unforgettable impression upon him of freedom and delight. In later life, he depended upon those Italian and Sicilian holidays for a renewal of spirit and a respite from anxiety. "It was those Italian trips," he said, "that enabled me to weather the storm."[274] It was on these occasions that he made the acquaintance of the Italian churches, with their wealth of adornment which was yet to seek in their newer English counterparts, and with their air of centuries of constant use. Catholicism, from his

earliest experience, was indissolubly associated with the freedom and naturalness of Sicily, where a clergyman was not expected to be "a kind of human Sunday"[275]; "in Sicily," he said, with approval, "they do not bring the scent of the incense across the dining-room table."[276] The easy acceptance by the people of the observances ordained by the Church was to Butler a source of satisfaction, and he was an envious onlooker at the celebration of their many minor festivals. "The Sacro Monte is a kind of ecclesiastical Rosherville Gardens," he wrote, "eminently the place to spend a happy day"; and with a rueful recollection of unhappy experiences at home, "it was as though the clergymen at Ladywell had given out that, instead of having service as usual, the congregation would go in procession to the Crystal Palace with all their traps, and that the band had been practising 'Wait till the clouds roll by' for some time, and on Sunday, as a great treat, they should have it."[277] There was in Butler a strong streak of vulgarity, deliberately cultivated as part of his rebellion against the falsity of convention, so that the crudities of peasant religious observance did not offend him, as they might a more spiritual man. He relished them as he did the garrulous commentaries of Mrs. Moss, his laundress, and for the same reason. They were natural, he believed, and therefore healthy. It was a somewhat similar attitude which led many of the English converts to Catholicism to take their dogs to church, and even to spit on the floor, in order that they might seem to be fully as much

at home there as their continental brethren seemed to be in their churches. On his travels in Italy, Butler was content to pretend to join in their worship, though it was not to be expected that he should recognise it as a pretence, a fantasy without the danger of committal, and, as usual, he was able to justify his conduct as being merely good manners. "I always cross myself and genuflect," he said, "when I go into a Roman Catholic Church, as a mark of respect, but Jones and Gogin say that any one can see I am not an old hand at it." By these outward signs he gratified his desire to share in the life of his beloved Sicilians, but his approach was, as always, with reservations. "I do not cross myself before eating nor do I think it incumbent upon me to kneel down on the hard floor in church - perhaps because I am not an English bishop", like the ecclesiastic whose behaviour inspired this note.(278) He saw his conformity as an act of grace on his part, which he could not in honesty be expected to carry too far, lest it should no longer be recognisable as such, but be mistaken for the act of surrender for which it was a half-hearted substitute. It was not indeed the Church with which he found himself in sympathy, but the simple country people of Italy and Sicily, who, by the very primitiveness of their civilisation, were nearer to the instinctive source of truth and knowledge. So he identified himself with them, and in fantasy shared their simple piety and their uncritical faith, so different from his own confused and lonely rebellion, forgetting that in a more consciously

critical mood he had found what was for him an irreparable deficiency in the Church which satisfied their need: "The Church of England," he said, "has very little sense of humour, but Rome has none whatever."[279]

The growth and strength of the Oxford Movement, with the subsequent reception of its most outstanding figure, John Henry Newman, and many others among its adherents, into the Catholic Church, as well as the great number of other converts to Rome, show clearly that in the latter half of the nineteenth century there were many who found in the observances of that Church the satisfaction of some religious aspirations which the Church of England had failed to fulfil. As early as 1841, Cardinal Wiseman had made his assessment of the situation. The Tractarian movement he saw naturally as a movement "towards Catholic union", and indicative of "general dissatisfaction at the system of the Anglican Church"; "it is not a blame cast on one article or another, it is not a blemish found in one practice, or a Catholic want in a second, or a Protestant redundancy in a third; but there is an impatient sickness of the whole; it is the weariness of a man who carries a burthen; it is not of any individual stick of his faggot that he complains - it is the bundle which tires and worries him. The dependence of the Church on the State, its Egyptian task-master and oppressor (as they deem it), the want of a proper influence of the clergy in the appointment of their bishops, and of power in the bishops to rule with effect; the weakness of the Church in enforcing

spiritual censures; the destruction of all conciliary authority in the Hierarchy; the Protestant spirit of the Articles in the aggregate, and their insupportable uncatholicism in specific points; the loss of ordinances, sacraments and liturgical rites; the extinction of the monastic and ascetic feeling and observances, the decay of 'awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness and other feelings which may be specially called Catholic'; the miserable feeling of solitariness and separation above described; these are but a portion of the grievances whereof we meet complaints at every turn, the removal of which would involve so thorough a change in the essential condition of the Anglican Church as those writers (i.e. the Tractarians) must feel would bring her within the sphere of attraction of all-absorbing unity, and could not long withhold her from the embrace of its centre."[250] Butler was not swayed by any sense of "awe, mystery, tenderness, reverence, devotedness", for, as Basil Willey has truly said, he had little or no sense of the holy, and very little love.[251] But he was indeed in the grip of a "miserable feeling of solitariness and separation", a personal separation from the rest of mankind, cast out into a perpetual no-man's-land between the bishops and the scientists; and the organisation of Rome, its strongly centralized power, appeared to him as a refuge, almost as the earthly and visible embodiment of that greater being into which we must re-enter, with no more ache for ever, all doubts and questionings resolved by the inherited authority of the Church. In all ages the Church

has exercised this function, and has taken upon herself, by her claim to be the Bride of Christ and the Mother Church, the role of the archetypal Feminine, the symbol of the uroboric unconsciousness which is the source of all birth and death and rebirth, and it is not necessary to analyse the cause of the attraction derived from this projection, or even to be aware of it, to be drawn towards it. Butler, indeed, did not recognise the Church in this maternal aspect. What he admired was its system, its authority, its patriarchal organisation, with an acknowledged father-figure at its head. He knew the lack of understanding which had greeted his efforts, as a young man, to communicate to his father something of his hesitation in face of the life planned for him; his religious doubts had been not resolved but stigmatized as heresies, and his tentative offerings of comment and discussion had been rejected out of hand. The ideal father of John Pickard Owen, on the contrary, was ready to accept what his son delighted to offer, whatever its deficiencies. Yet throughout his life, Butler had come upon no one who would fulfil this ideal, who would listen to him as a father, and understand, and possibly approve. So now that he had come, as he believed, to know God, and had in fact found him for himself, he came, bringing his pantheistic Deity, to ask approval from the paternal authority represented in the Church.

He was encouraged in this form of dreaming by a conciliatory attitude which he imagined he had detected in an

Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, in which the clergy were exhorted "ad scientarum omnium incrementum auream Sancti Thomae sapientiam restituatis", and which contains a passage translated by Butler thus: "We say the wisdom of St. Thomas. For whatever has been worked out with too much subtleness by the doctors of the schools, or handed down inconsiderately, whatever is not consistent with the teachings of a later age, or finally, is in any way NOT PROBABLE (the capitals are Butler's), We in no wise intend to propose for acceptance in these days."[262] "It is a small step," claimed Butler cheerfully, "from allowing latitude in accepting or rejecting the parts of St. Thomas Aquinas which conflict with the assured result of later discoveries to allowing a similar latitude in respect, we will say, of St. Jude; and if of St. Jude, then of St. James the Less; and if of St. James the Less, then surely ere very long of St. James the Greater and St. John and St. Paul; nor will the matter stop there."[263] There is a possibility, in fact, that there may yet be room in the Christian Church for a man who feels bound to reject its central doctrine of the Resurrection as "not probable", and that in place of a declaration of belief in the efficacy of the sacrifice of the Cross, an admission of the omnipresence of God, as mind or intelligence, throughout the universe will be considered enough. Butler was concerned to prove that his faith was indeed the faith preached by St. Paul, and quoted from the Epistles numerous texts in which, he claimed, "St. Paul indeed is continually using language which

implies the closest physical as well as spiritual union between God and those at any rate of mankind who were Christians." By the ingeniously literal misunderstanding of St. Paul's words, Butler produced an apparent anticipation of his own conception of living creatures as cells "within a greater order of being". "Paul," he claimed, "had a perception of the unity at any rate of human life; and what Paul admitted I am persuaded that the Church of Rome will not deny."(264)

It is clear that Butler was as well able as the devil to quote scripture for his own purposes, and not the least confusing aspect of his thought is precisely this ability to argue on behalf of unrecognised fantasy as plausibly and with as cogent illustration as on behalf of purely rational concepts. For it is only when these fantasies are recognised as such that they cease to appear incomprehensible and perversely extraneous excursions, and offer instead the most reliable guide to a true and deeper understanding of Butler; although he had renounced the God revealed to him by his father, he was no more able than other men to eradicate the need to worship something beyond and above himself. "A man may be convinced in all good faith," according to Jung, "that he has no religious ideas, but no one can fall so far away from humanity that he no longer has any dominating 'representation collective'. His very materialism, atheism, communism, socialism, liberalism, intellectualism, existentialism, or what not, testifies against his innocence. Somewhere or other, overtly or covertly, he is possessed by a

supraordinate idea . . . Any one who succeeds in putting off the mantle of faith can do so only because another lies close to hand. No one can escape the prejudice of being human."[285] For Butler, Darwinism was the first acceptable alternative to Christianity, as it was also for many others. It offered a credible explanation of the development of life, and it made no emotional demands which he felt unable to fulfil. In his adherence to Darwinism, brief though it was, Butler was taking the first tentative step towards the pantheism which he later embraced, since, for all his emphasis on natural selection, Darwin at least favoured a dynamic rather than a static view of the universe. But even in his first contribution to the literature of evolution, Butler unconsciously chose an analogy which led directly to the chief objection which he was later to make. In "Darwin among the Machines" he showed how Darwinian theory might be applied to machines as well as to living organisms; but machines are incapable of internal striving, so that they are in fact unable to evolve of themselves. Thus early, therefore, Butler had found his source of dissatisfaction in the theory of natural selection. But if Darwinian theory failed to supply him with some sufficiently numinous principle to satisfy his craving for a deity of some kind, it at least showed him the direction in which to continue his quest. At this time, and indeed for some years to come, Butler still considered himself primarily as a painter, who indulged in writing, not as a serious business like painting, but because

it was an easier way to disturb the complacency of contemporary society. Here, again, Butler took himself seriously in a sphere in which his inspiration and power of expression were limited, and dutifully studied art according to the best instructors; while the books he wrote during this period, "Erewhon" and "The Fair Haven", contain these "less conscious and deliberate utterances" in which his "truer thoughts" were revealed. Though he was successful in having one picture hung in the Academy, it is certain that the greatest value of his painting was its withdrawal of the intensity of his concentration from the literary works which were thereby enabled to express what he was as yet barely conscious of requiring expression. In painting, he imitated, and knew he imitated. "I painted study after study," he wrote later, "as a priest reads his breviary, and at the end of ten years knew no more what the face of nature was like, unless I had it immediately before me, than I did at the beginning. I am free to confess that in respect of painting I am a failure . . . I tried very hard, but I tried the wrong way." The result of this orthodox acquiescence "was that I learned to study but not to paint. Now I have got too much to do and am too old to do what I might easily have done, and should have done, if I had found out earlier what writing "Life and Habit" was the chief thing to teach me."(286) What Butler believed himself to have learned from writing "Life and Habit" was that the only way to learn to do anything is simply by doing it, and resolving as best one can the difficulties as

they arise. His books, in contrast to his paintings, were always spontaneous productions, unplanned except in so far as they incorporated notes already made, sometimes even self-contradictory, with an imperfectly fused mixture of objective argument and subjective fantasy, so that they cannot fully be appreciated except by recognising the existence of both of these aspects. In his music, as well as in his painting, Butler remained imitative and derivative, composing to the end of his life after the manner of Handel. For self-expression, therefore, he was dependent upon his pen, and he was fully justified in attributing the value of his writing to its unstudied character. In a comparison of his various pursuits, he wrote, "I know in which I am strongest - writing; I know in which I am weakest - painting; I am weakest where I have taken most pains and studied most."(267) It was precisely this lack of taking pains, this spontaneity, which allowed him to find in writing the necessary outlet for the difficulties and indecisions which could not be for ever repressed.

X.

"It is, however, not easy to see why our hypothetical 'matter' . . . alone should be real, and spirit not. . . . The sole immediate reality is the psychic reality of conscious contents, which are as it were labelled with a spiritual or material origin as the case may be."

C.G. Jung, The Phenomenology of the Spirit in Fairytales, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 212.

"God to be of any use must be made manifest, and he can only be made manifest in and through flesh. And flesh to be of any use (except for eating) must be alive, and it can only be alive by being inspired of God. The trouble lies in the getting the flesh and the God together in the right proportions."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 332.

X.

The most coherent of Butler's works is "The Way of All Flesh", which, although obviously, as J. Middleton Murry observed, a "roman à thèses"[288], yet of necessity centres on the figure of Ernest Pontifex, whose development gives the novel such structural form as it possesses. But even here Butler's tendency, so obvious in his other works, to regard his books "as a mere peg on which to hang anything that I had a mind to say"[289] is clearly seen. It is also clear that he was never quite sure what he had to say until he had actually said it. The satirical nature of "Erewhon" helped to disguise the continual shifts of view-point, like the snipe-like flights of Ernest Pontifex, with the narrator and the Erewhonians representing, in an interchangeable alternation, the vices of the age and their contrasting virtues. Thus the Musical Banks are at one time held up to ridicule as a mockery and a sham, and almost in the same paragraph praised for the simplicity of their faith. This dual use of comparison and contrast is a legitimate weapon of the satirist, but in Butler's case it is also a reflection of his own ambiguity and indecision. The irony of "The Fair Haven" is another product of this Janus-like vision; for Butler had already published, in his little pamphlet, all the serious content of his criticism of the miraculous element in Christianity, and this subsequent presentation, with its disguised resolution of doubt, was not indeed an improved argument, as was evinced by its reception in some quarters as

the honest account of one man's return to the faith which it was intended to parody. Even if Butler's excuse is accepted, that it was "the course most likely to make a row", the explanation is still to seek for the satisfaction which he so obviously derived from this form of ironical attack. J. M. Murry, again, saw him as "a man so avid of affection that he must of necessity erect every barrier and defence to avoid a mortal wound. His sensibility was 'rentrée', probably as a consequence of his appalling childhood; and the indication helps us to understand not only the inordinate suspiciousness with which he behaved to Darwin, but the extent to which irony was his favoured weapon."(200) There is no doubt that irony served him also as a shield, and helped him to maintain the fiction that he fought mainly as a social reformer, and as a champion of truth, with motives as noble as those of Don Quixote. If Butler did not quite tilt against windmills, it was because he was fortunate enough to find less innocent objects of projection. But since he wrote without deliberation, his manner of composition is more reliably a reflection of his own indecision, and the ambivalence of his attitude, notably in matters involving authority. His ironic approach allowed him to appear as the hero, defying the oppression of the old and the outworn, and at the same time to express his longing for reconciliation and acceptance. Butler, however, did not realise, in spite of his awareness that his theories came to him unsought, that they were in their turn mere pegs upon which to

hang the deeper problems whose existence he could not acknowledge without endangering the carefully conserved fabric of his personality. In "The Fair Haven" the subjective importance of Butler's ostensibly rational arguments may be suspected; his later work on the Odyssey is incomprehensible on any other interpretation; but where his biological works are concerned, it is fatally easy to disregard the personal aspect, and to concentrate instead upon the issues involved in the opposing theories of evolutionary development. The force of Butler's arguments themselves contributes to this partial appraisal. By ignoring large sections as being whimsical "obiter dicta", an amusing indulgence permissible in a writer who was, after all, noted for his humour, it is possible to present Butler as a straightforward opponent of Darwinism, "among the most formidable of those who have opposed the Darwinian theory of Natural Selection", according to the review quoted on the jacket of the re-issued "Evolution, Old and New". Butler himself saw no reason why he should not be considered in this light, although he agreed with his critics that he was no biologist. But he recognised that the apparently random excursions into other topics were an important and integral part of his work. When it was suggested to him that a judicious revision might result in the removal of such passages, his comment was a characteristic misquotation from the General Confession: "I have left unsaid much that I am sorry I did not say, but I have said little that I am sorry for having said,

and I am pretty well on the whole, thank you."[291]

In his last work on evolution, "Luck, or Cunning?", Butler quoted the criticism against him that "I ought not to write about biology on the ground of my past career, which my critics declare to have been purely literary", and refuted the suggestion that this implied a deficiency of learning or of understanding. The literary man, he maintained, "must have endeavoured in all sorts of ways to enlarge the range of his sympathies so as to be able to put himself easily 'en rapport' with those whom he is studying, and those whom he is addressing. If he cannot speak with tongues himself, he is the interpreter of those who can . . I wish I could see more signs," he continued, "of literary culture among my scientific opponents; I should find their books much more easy and agreeable reading if I could; and then they tell me to satirise the follies and abuses of the age, just as if it was not this that I was doing in writing about themselves."[292] Butler was well aware that his biological writings were in reality a continuation of "Erewhon", and "The Fair Haven", however different in purpose and treatment they appeared to be. They are commonly considered as his "serious" works, possibly because they contain theories more universally accepted than the conjecture, for instance, that the Odyssey was the work of a young and capricious Sicilian girl who had never travelled beyond her own village. Yet as a critic of Darwinism and as a critic of the Odyssey, Butler applied the same principles, and in both cases he was guided by the same

desire to harmonize the external universe with his inner sense of need. He met with suspicion from the scientists, not because he wrote about biology, but because he insisted on writing about other matters as well; because he obstinately refused to become a biologist, or any kind of scientist, and continually brought in his extraneous topics, illustrations from the arts, and speculations about an "unseen world", not as possibly entertaining asides, but as integral parts of his argument. It is more accurate to regard biology as the intruder, the extraneous topic brought in as an illustration; for it was in reality the unique combination of circumstances which gave Darwin's work its contemporary importance which also focussed Butler's attention on the theory of evolution.

"What the Origin did," according to Gertrude Himmelfarb, "was to force and stimulate the religious and nihilist passions of men. Dramatically and urgently it confronted them with a situation brought about not by any one scientific discovery, nor even by science as a whole, but by an antecedent condition of religious and philosophical turmoil. The Origin was not so much the cause as the occasion of the upsurge of these passions."(293) For Butler, too, the controversy surrounding the development and variation of species was the occasion which allowed him to examine his own struggle for existence and the pattern of his own evolving. This is not to deny that his theories have also an objective validity; were this not the case, it would have been impossible for Marcus Hartog to compile his impressive

list of scientists in agreement with Butler, qualified as some of his citations are by the admissions that "none of these was distinctly influenced by Butler", or "I have found the name of neither Butler nor Hering, but the treatment is essentially on their lines"[294]; or for C.E.M. Joad to argue, in 1924, that "the prevailing tendency of thought to-day is vitalistic, whereas when Butler wrote it was mechanistic. Butler played a considerable part in initiating this change of outlook."[295] In his objectively directed thought, Butler was lucid in exposition, pertinent in allusion, and pointed in criticism. Although he declared that his aim in "Life and Habit" was "simply to entertain and interest the numerous class of people who, like myself, know nothing of science, but who enjoy speculating and reflecting (not too deeply) upon the phenomena around them"[296], he took pains to provide a considerable number of illustrations in support of his contentions, and argued from observed facts in the best scientific manner, even if the observation was originally the work of Darwin or of Ribot, of Dr. Carpenter or of Sydney Smith. The opening chapter is a perfectly serious attempt to prove by means of examples that "consciousness of knowledge vanishes on the knowledge becoming perfect"[297]; it is quite straightforward, and no worse than many a scientific treatise, unless readability be considered a defect. This chapter, however, is followed immediately by one which contains passages baffling even to Jones, who made himself the arch-interpreter of Butler. In extending his principle to cover

"mental habits generally", Butler found opportunity to talk, if not quite "of shoes and ships and sealing wax", yet on a variety of matters introduced apparently at random, with a number of irreverent reflections on Descartes, or rather the Cartesian "cogito ergo sum", an unnamed Archbishop, Charles Spurgeon, Darwin, Milton, Goethe, Lord Bacon, Dr. Arnold, and later Marcus Aurelius and James I, all men of reputation, and at first sight quite irrelevant to the case Butler was concerned with proving, that heredity is memory. It is usual to assume that Butler was merely taking every opportunity to air his personal prejudices, and to indulge in his favourite recreation of "heaving bricks among the learned"[298]. But since in fact there are no random associations, but only associations whose genesis is unrecognised, it becomes clear that Butler related these particular instances as examples of "those who know that they know too well to be able to know truly"[299], in contrast to the "true and thorough knowers" whom he described in the words of his namesake, "He knows what's what, and that's as high As metaphysic wit can fly."[300] For in this chapter, Butler set forth his real thesis, for which the rest of the book is merely the vehicle, and to do so, he had recourse to the Pauline distinction between grace and the law. Those who "know that they know things" "are no longer under grace but under the law"[301]; whereas "it is . . . those who do not know that they know so much who have the firmest grasp of their knowledge"[302]. Theirs is an effortless entering into the inheritance which has been

prepared for them, and there is no need for any of this company to stoop to conscious creation. Indeed, "it is a 'lache' in him that he should write music or books, or paint pictures at all; but if he must do so, his work should be at best contemptible."[303] "Go to the masterpieces of Greek and Italian art," Butler recommended, "the truest preachers of the truest gospel of grace . . . inasmuch as beauty is but knowledge perfected and incarnate . . . it must be so incarnate in a man's whole being that he shall not be aware of it, or it will fit him constrainedly as one under the law, and not as one under grace."[304]

The importance which Butler attached to this idea of "grace" is evident from the language in which he describes it. It is "the old Pagan ideal whose charm even unlovely Paul could not withstand, but, as the legend tells us, his soul fainted within him, his heart misgave him, and, standing alone on the seashore at dusk, he 'troubled deaf heaven with his bootless cries', his thin voice pleading for grace after the flesh. The waves came in one after another, the sea-gulls cried together after their kind, the wind rustled among the dried canes upon the sandbanks, and there came a voice from heaven saying, 'Let My grace be sufficient for thee'. Whereon, failing of the thing itself, he stole the word and strove to crush its meaning to the measure of his own limitations. But the true grace, with her groves and high places, and troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers, and singing of love and youth and wine - the true grace he drove out into the wilderness - high up, it

may be, into Flora, and into such-like places. Happy they who harboured her in her ill report."[305] This passage is worth quoting at length, for it is of great significance. It occurs also in the Notebooks, in which Butler imprisoned the fleeting inspiration of the moment. It was only on rare occasions that he essayed such eloquence, preferring for the most part to concentrate upon clarity of meaning rather than cadences of style; but in passages such as this, where he touched upon beliefs most dear to him, his language took on a poetic quality which in itself breathes a spirit of reverence. The true grace, according to Butler, is pre-Christian and pagan; it dwells in the groves and high places, which from time immemorial have been sacred to the worship of the Great Goddess, the feminine earth principle which sends forth life and receives it back into herself again, who remains, eternal and eternally fruitful, the continuing force of life linking the successive generations of her children. It is the same principle which is also revered as the power of Nature, which is always creative, but unconscious of creation. This "image in the human psyche," says Neumann, "manifests the unconscious and unwilled, but purposive, order of nature. Cruelty, death, and caprice stand side by side with supreme planning, perfect purposiveness, and immortal life."[306] There is an obvious similarity between Butler's picture of grace and his descriptions of the "unknown world"; both are contrasted with consciousness and the domination of thought. The very terms which he used to describe the "unseen kingdom,

within which the writs of our thoughts run not"[307], "beyond the jurisdiction of our thoughts"[308], echo the antitheses of grace and the law, with their legal phraseology; and indeed, to be under grace is to derive from that world the perfect knowledge which it alone can give. As he derived his language from St. Paul, so Butler also ascribed to him the banishment of grace into the wilderness. With the coming of Christianity, especially the ecclesiastical Christianity founded by St. Paul, the law seemed to have ousted grace and established itself as sole arbiter, denying and repressing the earlier instinctive knowledge. In this sense, the law is for Butler the patriarchal order which he saw embodied in the Christian Church, and which seemed also through his father to menace his own individual existence, asserting the validity of its authority by appeals to reason and the acquired knowledge of experience, against which Butler could oppose only his faith in the evidence of things not seen. For the biologist, the chief value of "Life and Habit" lies in Butler's equation of heredity and memory; for the student of Butler, it is in Butler's discovery of the creative unconscious, by whatever name he chose to describe it. His recognition of the conflict between grace and the law made his defence of the Lamarckian view of evolution inevitable. For the instinctive and purposive striving of the organism to fulfil its nature is simply the working of grace, like the artist's "impulse to deliver himself of his glimpse into another world"[309]. Butler's description of grace is obviously

fantasy-thinking, through which, according to Jung, "directed thinking is brought into contact with the oldest layers of the human mind, long buried beneath the threshold of consciousness."(310) Unwittingly, therefore, he raised up unconscious images, with their power of fascination over the conscious mind, and strove, as best he could, to assimilate them by a process of rationalization, with only imperfect success.

The contradictions in Butler's work may be traced to the confusion between these two kinds of thinking. The images brought by fantasy from the unconscious had somehow to be transformed to be acceptable to his conscious mind, with its natural preference for directed thought. So the vision of grace, of the instinctive and intuitive knowledge of the unknown world, became a scientific theory upon the question which had assumed an unrivalled importance in the entire range of human speculation. The problem of evolution presented Butler with the opportunity to translate his unformulated perception into terms which he could assimilate. For the mystics, such visions had to be brought within the less terrifying framework of established religion before they could be contemplated at all; for the poets, they had to be clothed in the veil of language, as things seen through a glass darkly. Neither of these courses was wholly open to Butler; he was undoubtedly endowed with the gift of words, but it was not his consciously to command; and since the symbols of the Christian faith were powerless for him, he had recourse to a philosophical conception

which from time immemorial had served a similar purpose. Since the time of Akhnaton, the idea of a "life-force", an innate vital principle, divine in origin and natural in operation, had occurred and recurred in human thought, under various disguises, but still obviously the expression of the same mysterious primordial image, whether as "anima mundi", or "plastic principle", or "will-to-live". For Butler, the term was "unconscious memory", which looked on one side to the objective thinking which defined heredity in terms of memory, though even here the omnipresent archetypal influence played a part, and on the other to the fantasy-thinking which spoke of grace and the unknown and unknowable world, and a God who is life, "into whose presence none can enter and from whose presence none can escape." Butler's panzootic deity is indeed a "contradiction in terms"; for his conscious mind could not remain satisfied with so abstract an object of worship. So, by the same process which in more primitive times led to the localising of the divine power in places, in shrines, and, above all, in objects and individuals, Butler translated the "life-force" into the forms in which it was made manifest, and God became simply the sum of every living creature; when he came to attribute life to inorganic as well as to organic matter, he was bound to see this as another extension of God. His original pantheistic views were set forth in a series of articles which were later published as "God the Known and God the Unknown"; in "Unconscious Memory", however, he realised that the only alternative to "a

spontaneous generation of living from non-living matter", even "if it was 'only a very little one', and came off a long time ago in a foreign country", was the inference "that there is a low kind of livingness in every atom of matter".[311] He intended to revise his earlier articles in the light of this conclusion, but this revision was never carried out; when he was reminded of this discrepancy, he replied: "Yes, I know; there's a mess, and I'm in it. Stones must be our relations - poor relations, no doubt, but still relations."[310] This gradual imprisonment of the spiritual quality of divinity in the tangibility of reality was, of course, an inevitable process of diminishing numinosity; and to re-establish the power of the divine, Butler was compelled to infer the existence of another and greater God, who was the creative force expressed in the lesser God, as the lesser God was expressed in the universe. Basil Willey finds it "remarkable that Butler, having reduced God to 'all life considered as a whole', goes on to bring in - almost as an afterthought - this super-God who really is transcendent, and who has designed the world and the World-Gods"; but it is merely a necessary result of the diminishing, by conscious reasoning, of the divinity of the earlier God, who "lacks the numinous quality of the Super-God; he has no power to inspire reverence or demand service."[313] It is, quite literally, an after-thought, following the subsequent application of the conscious process of directed thought to the psychically perceived image of the collective archetype, which is not lost, but transferred; as

one deity fades, another arises to take its place.

It is clearly impossible that such a God could be confined within a theory of evolution, for religion cannot become rational. On the other hand, such attempts must constantly be made, for "the culture-creating mind is ceaselessly employed in stripping experience of everything subjective, and in devising formulae to harness the forces of nature and express them in the best way possible."(314) Butler, however, was fully justified in maintaining that the individual experience of the grace within possessed a wider validity, and could therefore legitimately be considered objectively as well as subjectively. As Jung says, "Freud himself has pointed out on more than one occasion how much unconscious motives are grounded on instinct, which is certainly an objective fact. Equally, he half admitted their archaic nature . . . The instinctive, archaic basis of the mind is a matter of plain objective fact and is no more dependent upon individual experience or personal choice than is the inherited structure and functioning of the brain or any other organ."(315) So God, for Butler, was both without and within. "We believe," he wrote, "that what we call our life is part of the universal life of the Deity - which is literally and truly made manifest to us in flesh that can be seen and handled - ever changing, but the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."(316) Because we partake of this greater life, we have within us an instinctive recognition of it, and the knowledge that "life eternal is as inevitable a conclusion as matter eternal".(317)

Tennyson, in spite of Butler's contempt for him, had expressed, even before the publication of "The Origin of Species", the same sense of a living continuity, although in a specifically Christian context:

"The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest-God within the soul?"[516]

The grace which, according to Butler, Paul drove out into the wilderness was also the grace given by God, whose command was "Let My grace be sufficient for thee". It is significant that when Butler desired the blessing of the Church for his pantheism, he imagined himself to find encouragement and support in "Paul's notion of the unity of all mankind in one spirit animating, or potentially animating the whole". "We not only accept his words," he went on, "but we extend them, and not only accept them as articles of faith to be taken on the word of others, but as so profoundly entering into our views of the world around us that that world loses the greater part of its significance if we may not take such sayings as that "we are God's flesh and his bones" as meaning neither more nor less than what appears upon the face of them."[517] By this harmonising of St. Paul's belief with his own, Butler was attempting to reconcile grace and the law which drove grace out. To effect the appearance of reconciliation however, he was forced to have recourse to arguments based upon the interpretation of words, in the old tradition of scholasti-

cism, which had placed the emphasis, for generations to come, firmly upon directed thinking. In all his work, therefore, Butler himself was not under grace, but under the law; and this he acknowledged in words which are not easily forgotten, difficult though their content may be. "Above all things," he warned, "let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in me. In that I write at all I am among the damned. If he must believe in anything, let him believe in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians."(320)

In part, too, Butler's emphatic championship of the creative and purposive principle which he perceived at work in the universe was his response to the growing mechanistic temper of the age. It was a time when the young sciences, having served their speculative apprenticeship with philosophy, were eager to cast off their allegiance and substitute the new rule of proof, scientific proof as opposed to philosophical conjecture; for such proof had now become a tangible reality in many matters where for centuries conjecture and supposition had been the imperfect means of knowledge. The microscope had made available for studied observation the hitherto unseen world of the infinitesimal; the mysterious tracts of "unknown" which had been so conspicuous on the map of the world were being replaced by rivers and mountains and other physical features recognisably related to the geography of the rest; towards the end of the century, archaeology and anthropology had become sufficiently

mature to offer some assistance to the historian in his reconstruction of the past; and even where there had seemed no possibility, however remote, of any tangible confirmation or refutation of theories long the subject of wearisome academic dispute, the past seemed for once willing to give up its dead, and Schliemann announced triumphantly that he had looked upon the face of Agamemnon. In 1858, Gladstone had complained, with ample justification, that "we once exalted into history the general mass of traditions relating to the ages which next preceded those of continuous historic records; we now again decline the labour of discrimination, and reduce them all to legend."(321) It was not long, however, before the spade provided such concrete grounds for argument that even the great myths with which man had sought to succour his feeble new-won consciousness were interpreted, not as symbolic representations of truths which defied more precise means of expression, but as corrupt versions of historical fact, and their widespread and apparently spontaneous occurrence among peoples of diverse and unrelated civilisations was also given a scientific explanation; for the discovery of Sanskrit had made plausible the conjecture of a common origin of speech, of race, and of culture. Even the mind of man himself had escaped from philosophy into the new realm of psychology, which preferred to restrict its scope to little more than physiological observations and the study of behaviour. In each sphere of knowledge, material advances were so rapid and so revolutionary that each part

seemed an adequate whole, and the absence of an integrating framework of belief was not noticed. Comte, as Ernst Cassirer has pointed out, "protested unceasingly against the fateful dismemberment of knowledge, favoured by a false system of education and academic routine of which the evil consequences were becoming more and more noticeable. Yet Comte was witnessing only the beginning of a process that dominated all scientific research in the second half of the nineteenth century and more than any other thing stamped its character upon it."[324] The "universalistic way of thinking" which had prevailed even up to the time of Kant, "no longer obtains in the second half of the nineteenth century. Thinkers like Spencer still attempt to draft a synthetic philosophy, but it is precisely in them that one perceives very clearly how they fall into a one-sided dependence upon special scientific facts and theories, for example, the theory of evolution. The mood for an a priori metaphysic is gone, and with it, too, that for any thoroughgoing systematic thinking . . ."[325] Science became synonymous with rational and predictable processes, the causes, sequences, and results of which might be tabulated with a comforting degree of accuracy. Such secrets as remained needed only time for their unravelling, and the material prosperity of the age was reflected in its materialistic outlook. This was the wilderness in which Butler chose to lift up his voice, and proclaim that science had set her face firmly in the wrong direction, while he insisted upon using her own findings to prove the truth of

his assertion. Beginning with a legitimate scientific concept of heredity, he ended with a definition of life in terms of God, and of God in terms of life; and by so doing he defied the tacit convention that science and religion might not conflict if each were to confine itself to its own sphere, one to examine the physical world, and the other to appease the eternal, a division long ago approved by Francis Bacon, who declared that "out of the contemplation of nature to induce any verity or persuasion concerning the points of faith is in my judgment not safe"[324]. Butler, however, like Lamarck, ran counter to the prevailing tendency of his age, which encouraged an intense and unbalanced concentration upon one branch of study, to the neglect of other compensating and correcting influences. Darwin, for example, found his love of music deadened, his sense of wonder atrophied, until he realised that "it is an accursed evil to a man to become so absorbed in any subject as I am in mine"[325]. Butler, however, with his perception of the duality of things, could not be thus narrowly constricted. In spite of his choice of the scientific subject of biology, he retained the creative gift which made him unacceptable as a scientific writer; for, in Gladstone's words, "the artist as such is continually engaged in the endeavour to build the unseen upon the seen, to develop the seen into the unseen; and woe be to him as an artist, when the unseen ceases to bear him company."[326]

It was a similar appreciation of the tendency of the Cartesian philosophy towards materialism and atheism, in spite

of Descartes' retention of God as the original Mover of the world, that led the Cambridge Platonists to insist upon the presence of a vital principle reminiscent of Butler's theories. They saw God as inspiring the universe with his own divine activity, instead of remaining a passive onlooker while the laws of necessity prevailed. Cudworth, for example, saw nature as "such a thing as doth not know but only do",(307) as when bees make their cells or spiders their webs, a description which recalls Butler's "unconscious memory". This "plastic principle" possesses a sure and certain knowledge derived from its more than human source, "because it is the stamp or impress of that infallibly omniscient art of the divine understanding, which is the very law and rule of what is simply the best in every thing"; "not the divine art archetypal but only ectypal, a living stamp or signature of the divine wisdom".(308) Indeed, C.E. Raven's evaluation of Cudworth could legitimately be applied with equal accuracy to Butler: "His attempts to define constantly suggest some acquaintance with the subconscious levels of human personality; he is groping after an explanation of the phenomena of racial character, of routine behaviour and conditioned chains of conduct - though his knowledge is plainly fragmentary and unanalysed. It would be an exaggeration to interpret his thought in terms of Bergson's 'élan vital' or of Smuts's Holistic principle; but the purport of his endeavour is manifestly along similar lines . . . from his continuous emphasis upon an organic interpretation of nature and from his many and

suggestive foreshadowings of future ideas we can dismiss the belief that science has always and necessarily been mechanistic."[329]

Like the Cambridge Platonists, Butler too believed in "the maxim of Humanism - that the judgement of the well-instructed and virtuous man is to be trusted in religion, morals, and politics"[330], but with qualification. "Our criterion of truth," he said, "- i.e. that truth is what recommends itself to the great majority of sensible and successful people - is not infallible. The rule is sound, and covers by far the greater number of cases, but it has its exceptions . . . Reasonable people," he went on to say, "settle smaller matters by the exercise of their own deliberation. More important ones, such as the care of their own bodies and the bodies of those whom they love, the investment of their money, the extrication of their affairs from any serious mess - these things they generally entrust to others of whose capacity they know little save from general report; they act therefore on the strength of faith, not of knowledge . . . There can be no doubt about faith and not reason being the 'ultima ratio'."[331] The rationalistic temper of the time held forth the hope that before long there would be no need to continue "believing where we cannot prove", but again Butler shared the poet's wisdom, and knew the limitations of human comprehension. "Even Euclid," he wrote, "who has laid himself as little open to the charge of credulity as any writer who ever lived, cannot get beyond this. He has no demonstrable first premise. He requires postulates and

axioms which transcend demonstration, and without which he can do nothing. His superstructure indeed is demonstration, but his ground is faith. Nor again can he get further than telling a man he is a fool if he persists in differing from him. He says 'which is absurd', and declines to discuss the matter further. Faith and authority, therefore, prove to be as necessary for him as for any one else."[332] This passage might apply equally well to its author. For the existence of his "unseen kingdom" was beyond the power of proof, and he could claim validity for it only through the almost universal belief in its existence. "To be at all," he said, "is to be religious more or less. There never was any man who did not feel that behind this world and above it and about it there is an unseen world greater and more incomprehensible than anything he can conceive, and this feeling, so profound and so universal, needs expression."[333] If the unseen world cannot be proved to be true, at least it is undeniable that it is commonly believed to be true, and this is as scientific a fact as any. In Jung's words, "The idea is psychologically true inasmuch as it exists. Psychological existence is subjective in so far as an idea occurs in only one individual. But it is objective in so far as that idea is shared by a society - by a 'consensus gentium'."[334] To this extent, therefore, Butler was justified in assuming a more than subjective validity for his belief that the creative and purposive force evident in the continuing and developing universe was in truth the kingdom of heaven. Yet his experience and his expression of

it were of necessity essentially personal. He was aware that "if religion, then, is to be formulated and made tangible to the people, it can only be by means of symbols, counters and analogies, more or less misleading, for no man professes to have got to the root of the matter and to have seen the eternal underlying verity face to face - and even though he could see it he could not grip it and hold it and convey it to another who has not. Therefore either these feelings must be left altogether unexpressed, and, if unexpressed, then soon undeveloped and atrophied, or they must be expressed by the help of images or idols - by the help of something not more actually true than a child's doll is to a child, but yet helpful to our weakness of understanding, as the doll no doubt gratifies and stimulates the motherly instinct in the child."[335] Butler used the only symbols and analogies he had at hand, those of the Christian Church, and those of evolutionary doctrine, on occasion even combining the language of religion and science. "Men and women," he wrote, "are the organs of God as our limbs and machines are the organs of men and women. We are the tools with which he effects his purposes. Hence Paul's members of Christ is true in a way"[336]; and "the inorganic material world is as the bones of God, while the organic is his flesh and blood."[337] Indeed, his entire theory of development is perfectly comprehensible as a testament of faith. The controversy which was provoked into violent life by "The Origin of Species" afforded him a means of expression which must inevitably have been found elsewhere, had the question of

evolution never arisen. Yet Butler had a rare aptitude for utilising whatever lay ready to hand, and for selecting those topics which hid, beneath the immediately obvious issues, others of far wider and often unsuspected significance; this situation has a parallel in his own works, with their ostensible intellectual discussion imperfectly concealing the deeper levels of his thought. He himself had moments of awareness that this was so; he was also aware that an inversion of this process was current in scientific circles, where the lesser was made to comprehend the greater knowledge, so that "science is being daily more and more personified and anthropomorphised into a god", and Butler anticipated a time when "by and by they will say that science took our nature upon him, and sent down his only begotten son, Charles Darwin, or Huxley, into the world so that those who believe in him, etc.; and they will burn people for saying that science, after all, is only an expression for our ignorance of our ignorance."(338)

XI.

" . . . the child's instincts are disturbed, and this constellates archetypes which, in their turn, produce fantasies that come between the child and its mother as an alien and often frightening element."

C.G. Jung, Psychological Aspects of the Mother Archetype, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 85.

"But always towards the end of her vision there came a little coronation scene high up in the golden regions of the Heavens, and a diadem was set upon her head by the Son of Man Himself, amid a host of angels and archangels who looked on with envy and admiration - and here even Theobald himself was out of it."

Samuel Butler, The Way of All Flesh, chap. xii.

XI.

When, towards the end of his life, Butler looked back over a career which to most of his contemporaries must have seemed one of comparative failure and of unfulfilled promise, he made a list of those of his discoveries which were "the most interesting - or whatever the least offensive word may be".(339) In this he gave precedence to those theories which were first tentatively set out in "Erewhon" and then more fully elaborated in "The Fair Haven" and the works on evolution. His critics and biographers have for the most part agreed with this assessment; for Clara Stillman, for example, this is the focal point of all Butler(s work, and on an objective evaluation this is indeed so. But it must always be remembered that Butler's literary output continued after the publication of "Luck, or Cunning?", and that there is not a long hiatus between that work and "Erewhon Revisited". During this period, he turned his attention to other subjects, and ostensibly ceased to concentrate upon the doctrines which had hitherto engrossed his pen. An added inducement to pass over this period is the apparently unconnected nature of his interests at this time with those of his previous life. The writing of his grandfather's biography, in spite of its contradiction of the portrait of George Pontifex, is quite comprehensible, even if it is reckoned as no more than a family duty. But his sudden and strange addiction to Homer, or, more accurately, the poems attributed to Homer, has been a source of difficulty, and has for the most part been passed over

as an embarrassing aberration on the part of an author who would be much more consistent, particularly as a champion of truth, without this ridiculous excursion into a field in which his conjectures immediately took their place with the other curiosities of Homeric lore, ranking, in the estimation of classical scholars, at least, with such eccentricities as Joshua Barnes' proof that the Odyssey was composed by Solomon. The usual course, therefore, has been to remain safely non-committal on this aspect of Butler's work, and be content, like Clara Stillman or W.C. Bekker, with an uncritical resume of his Homeric theories, or, like C.E.M. Joad, to append a brief and inaccurate account to a more elaborate examination of his more comprehensible and congenial ideas.(340) No doubt it would have been much more convenient, especially for the tendency of criticism towards classification, if Butler had confined himself to expressing his views on science and religion in works of obvious controversial purpose; but since he did not, it becomes even more important to give due consideration to the exceptions which alone can prove the rule.

"Luck, or Cunning as the main means of Organic Modification?" was published in 1887. This was the last of Butler's works on evolution. Miss Savage, upon whose affectionate counsel he relied more than he cared to admit, had died suddenly of cancer in 1885; his father's death followed in 1886, and he was relieved from financial anxiety for the rest of his life; in 1892, the year in which he delivered his lecture on "The

Humour of Homer", he was deprived by her death of the companionship of Madame Lucie Dumas, who had been his mistress for twenty years. But he had formed new relationships, of a more paternal character than any he had known hitherto; in 1887, he had engaged Alfred Cathie as his clerk and general attendant, and his Notebooks began to include anecdotes in which Alfred's unimaginative practicality was affectionately portrayed. In the same year, Henry Festing Jones became formally employed by Butler, whose interests he shared, and whose opinions and prejudices he believed himself to hold on his own account. For Butler, it was a time of altered circumstances and of changed relationships, not comparable, indeed, to his exchange of the life of a Cambridge undergraduate for that of a New Zealand sheep-farmer, but certainly more of a departure from the set tenor of his ways than he had known since his return to England. Even his journey to Canada to salvage what he could from the wreck of the tanning company in which he had been misguided enough to re-invest his capital, was not so unsettling, because it occurred within the framework of his life's routine. As on his annual visits to Italy, he returned to the same companions and correspondents, and all went on as before. The effect upon him of these changes in his restricted circle of friends and associates cannot be overlooked, although it is customary to regard "Erewhon Revisited" simply as a sequel to "Erewhon", without any indication that a lifetime lies between. To use Butler's own terms in a different context, there is indeed a

continuity and an abiding personality between the successive generations of his work; yet here, too, "knowledge descends with modifications"[340], even although they are as subtle and as slight as Darwin's minute variations. Isolated as Butler was in his Ishmaelitish existence, he could not be completely indifferent to the changed pattern of his life.

Within the space of seven years, Butler was deprived of the companionship of the only two women with whom he had been able to form an enduring relationship, unsatisfactory as it may have been in either case, for different reasons. Their place was supplied by the masculine society of Jones and of Alfred, apparently to Butler's entire satisfaction. Yet in this period, he turned suddenly from the rational field of science to the irrational field of literature, to a poet unregarded for thirty years, and drew upon himself the mockery of the learned world by insisting that one of the world's greatest literary masterpieces, written, according to Chapman, by "the prince of poets", was in fact the work of a woman, and bore in its structure, its language, its plot, and its details, the unmistakable traces of its feminine origin. The abrupt change in the subject of Butler's interest cannot be dismissed as fortuitous, or the result of a casual caprice; nor can it be considered in isolation, without reference to his other works. If "The Authoress of the Odyssey" is to be understood at all, it must be recognised as a mixture of subjective fantasy and objective fact; and as his attitude to Darwin can be appreciated

only by reference to his earliest impressions of the father figure who dominated his childhood, so the Authoress harks back to the image of the feminine which must, as always, have first been constellated by his mother, whose portrait, as he saw her, is contained in the character of Christina in "The Way of All Flesh".

In later life, Butler could not remember a time when he had not hated his father. Towards his mother, however, he felt a warmth of affection which persisted in spite of repeated betrayal. "It was long," he said of Christina, "before she could destroy all affection for herself in the mind of her first-born. But she persevered."(342) To Ernest, his mother offered a delusive sympathy, only to betray him to his father's wrath; yet he could not but respond when she suggested "a little quiet confidential talk", for which "she always selected the sofa as the most suitable ground on which to open her campaign . . . Once safely penned into one of its deep corners, it was like a dentist's chair, not too easy to get out of again." "All mothers do this", said Butler, extending his individual experience into a general principle, and indeed, his description of Christina's attempt to extort a confession from Ernest of a sin so far from his thoughts that he did not even suspect he was suspected of having committed it, suggests by its language that it had a wider significance. Butler continually employed terms reminiscent of warfare, and even of torture. Christina "opens her campaign", and the sofa "suits her strategic

purpose, her favourite manoeuvres". "His mother saw that he winced," he continued, "and enjoyed the scratch she had given him. Had she felt less confident of victory she had better have foregone the pleasure of touching as it were the eyes at the end of the snail's horns in order to enjoy seeing the snail draw them in again - but she knew that when she had got him well down into the sofa, and held his hand, she had the enemy almost absolutely at her mercy, and could do pretty much what she liked."[343] There is no mistaking, beneath the apparent calmness of Butler's description, the bitterness of personal suffering. Even his metaphors are significant, and reflect clearly the emotions still so powerfully active at this time of their later recollection. Like the snail, Ernest was a creature unprotected, tormented, incapable of altering its natural character to avoid further torment; and he, too, had not sufficient sense to keep within the safety of his shell, but allowed himself to be drawn out by soft words, "for he still believed that she loved him, and that he was fond of her and had a friend in her - up to a certain point". In a sense, it was not his mother alone, but his own susceptibility which betrayed him, and her strength was founded upon his weakness. The snail, defenceless against its tormentor, is also Butler himself, an unevolved creature, still in the early stages of development, and bound to find its own fulfilment, or perish. It is a low and elementary form of life, with a purely instinctive and unreasoning response to its environment. It is, in fact, governed almost

entirely by those laws which Butler, considering evolution as a scientific theory, declared to be the least fallible, the laws of instinct and its inherited unconscious knowledge. Instinctively, Ernest turned to his mother for love and protection, and this had been reinforced in his personal experience "through sheer force of habit, of the sofa, and of the return of the associated ideas." It was necessary, therefore, for Ernest, and Butler, to evolve from this unconscious and undifferentiated stage of being into a stage where a new access of consciousness would provide him with the power of resistance to the maternal blandishments. Since Christina was behaving simply according to the universal nature of mothers, the only way of salvation open to Ernest was to become aware of the danger, and to resist, not his mother alone, but all that she represented of the unconscious feminine world; for "the carrier of the archetype," says Jung, "is in the first place the personal mother, because the child lives at first in complete participation with her, in a case of unconscious identity. She is the psychic as well as the physical precondition of the child. With the awakening of ego-consciousness the participation gradually weakens, and consciousness begins to enter into opposition to the unconscious, its own precondition."(344) No longer, therefore, could Ernest react with the unreasoning behaviour of the snail; he had to become aware of the insidious seduction of the Siren's song, and like Odysseus, stop his ears with wax, knowing that he was being lured to his own destruction. For in this instance Butler was

quite positive that the instinctive response was the way of betrayal. "Ernest," he said, " . . . was still so moved by the siren's voice as to yearn to sail towards her, and fling himself into her arms, but it would not do; there were other associated ideas that returned also, and the mangled bones of too many murdered confessions were lying whitening round the skirts of his mother's dress, to allow him by any possibility to trust her further."(345) Again the choice of metaphor is not accidental, though Butler might have justified his comparison by recalling the strongly classical bias of the education which he had received. In reality, however, it satisfied him for the same reasons which have made the legend of the Sirens a universally satisfying expression of man's unformulated experience of the ambiguous and baffling realm which always appears to him as feminine and mysterious; and their song is the powerful attraction of the unconscious, and its threat to the consciousness which is drawn in spite of itself by a kind of natural inertia towards the source from which it has so painfully arisen. Thus Ernest was drawn towards Christina, not merely by a son's natural affection for his mother, but by the instinct which leads man to seek new life at the source from which all life began, and by this regression to resume again his upward progress; "for the 'mother', as the first incarnation of the anima archetype personifies in fact the whole unconscious. Hence the regression leads back only apparently to the mother; in reality she is the gateway into the unconscious, into the

'realm of the Mothers' . . . regression, if left undisturbed, does not stop short at the 'mother' but goes back beyond her to the prenatal realm of the 'Eternal Feminine' . . ."[344]

There is a significance, too, in the progression from one metaphorical idea to another contained in the two or three pages which Butler devoted to the description of this last "sofa-talk" of Christina's, and they depict a process of evolution much more rapid than any known to natural science. From the instinctive life of the snail, Ernest progressed to a more conscious stage of existence, in which he could become aware, not only of the danger lying in wait for him, but also of the possibility of avoiding it. The classical method of resisting the fascination of the Siren's song, however, is typically Odyssean, requiring cunning rather than courage, resource rather than heroism, for it consists in acquiring a temporary and convenient deafness, by which the steersman may be enabled to hold his course while the sailors, chained to their places, may be racked with longing, but however hard they row, the tiller remains firmly guided past the beaches and the bones. It is a solution by evasion, however, leaving the Siren's power unbroken, and highly conducive to a state of mutiny among the crew. Like all repressive behaviour, its success is partial and impermanent, and it is invariably attended by conflict and rebellion. Butler, however, went on to propose a much more decisive encounter. The task that awaited him was none other than that of St. Michael, and nothing less than the slaying of

the dragon would suffice to set him free. Here again Butler seized upon a comparison equally universal, and equally expressive of an aspect of psychic development. The fight with the dragon occurs again and again in myth and in legend; it has been defined by Neumann as "a central chapter in the evolution of mankind and of the individual, and, in the personal development of the child, it is connected with events and processes which psychoanalysis knows as the Oedipus complex, and which we call the problem of the First Parents."[347] It was a conflict which Butler, although fearful of its inevitability, yet postponed as long as possible, a hesitation which he also attributed to the archangel; for "if the truth were known, it would be found that even the valiant St. Michael himself tried hard to shirk his famous combat with the dragon; he pretended not to see all sorts of misconduct on the dragon's part; shut his eyes to the eating up of I do not know how many hundreds of men, women and children whom he had promised to protect; allowed himself to be publicly insulted a dozen times over without resenting it; and in the end when even an angel could stand it no longer he shilly-shallied and temporised an unconscionable time before he would fix the day and hour for the encounter."[348] There is an immediately obvious self-identification with the archangel on a more objective plane; for Butler, too, believed himself to have been tried to the point "when even an angel could stand it no longer" before he revolted against his parents, against the Church, against Darwinism. His quarrels, like his

theories, he imagined to have come unbidden and unsought, without suspicion of the powerful unconscious attraction which brought him face to face with the very aspects he sought to avoid. The dragon-fight, in particular, was none of his seeking, with the result that "at last it was but a half-hearted encounter . . . much such another 'wurra-wurra' as Mrs. Allaby had had with the young man who had in the end married her eldest daughter, till after a time behold, there was the dragon lying dead, while he was himself alive and not very seriously hurt after all." Butler's description of the dragon-fight is a close parallel of his own conduct. Like St. Michael, he shut his eyes to the full terror of the destructive reality, and sought refuge in the more human and comprehensible figure of Theobald's mother-in-law. Yet even this escape was not without significance, for it brought in the grandmother of Ernest Pontifex, a more powerful reinforcement of the mother figure. "As the mother of the mother," says Jung of the grandmother, "she is 'greater' then the latter; she is in truth the 'grand' or 'Great Mother' . . . The transition from mother to grandmother means that the archetype is elevated to a higher rank."[349] The dragon, with its constant demand for the sacrifice of living flesh, is a common representation of the Great Mother, in her terrible aspect; for she is the earth which receives again its children, to be revivified by their life, and to spring into new fruitfulness; she is the threat to the masculine consciousness, with its terror of annihilation in the darkness of the

unconscious depths.

Butler intended his references to the Sirens and to St. Michael and the dragon as whimsically exaggerated comparisons, a kind of light relief lest he should be accused of treating this little skirmish between Ernest and Christina with a high seriousness which it did not merit. While he tried, however, to minimise the significance of this incident by insisting upon regarding it in an exclusively personal light, he was constantly betrayed by the associations which came unbidden to his pen. It was not mere chance which recalled to him the metaphors of the Siren's circle of whitening bones, and the human sacrifices devoured by the dragon, for these are universal images, and arise whenever the negative form of the mother archetype is evoked. In spite of himself, he could not help treating Christina on an impersonal plane, seeing her not only as the mother of Ernest, but as a composite of all mothers, the prototype of the species; "all mothers do this," he said, revealing by the simplicity of this statement not so much cynicism as hopeless acceptance. Like Ernest, Butler underestimated the dragon; he believed himself to have slain it, and was relieved to find the struggle no worse. Despite his apparent initial victory, however, Ernest was brought to book through what seemed to be mere circumstantial chance. "No ostensible punishment was meted out to him," wrote Butler, "Ernest, however, tells me that he looks back upon this as the time when he began to know that he had a cordial and active dislike for both his

parents, which I suppose means that he was now beginning to be aware that he was reaching man's estate."(350) Butler, then, was well aware that this incident, seemingly trivial in itself, was yet a critical point in the development of his Ernest-self, and that it marked the beginning of his separation from the existence which he had shared with his parents. He was even prepared to propound a general rule that a similar crisis must occur in the life of every individual, and he might have gone so far as to argue that such separation was prompted by an instinctive desire for self-fulfilment, and was therefore based upon the inherited experience of untold generations. What he did not and could not be expected to realise was that such an infinite inheritance had invested the personal mother with a transpersonal significance, so that upon the individual was projected all man's experience of woman and the dark feminine world; neither was he conscious that it was from this archetypal situation that he sought to free himself, and that such emancipation could not be effected merely by personal repudiation or by physical removal, but could be achieved only at the cost of a fight with the dragon in which the fullness of its terror and its power were recognised. Ernest, however, refused to meet such a challenge; he escaped by "extricating himself from his mamma's embrace and showing a clean pair of heels." Throughout his life, Butler maintained this attitude towards every aspect of the feminine, whether exemplified in the women of his acquaintance, or in the Church, or in his own

creative nature. He distrusted it, was fascinated by it, and repelled; and yet he would neither yield to it, nor face it boldly, maintaining an uncomfortable ambivalence between sacrificial victim and hero, avoiding destruction only at the cost of renouncing redemption.

"Christina," wrote Middleton Murry, "is, by any standard, a remarkable creation. Butler was 'all round' Christina. Both by analysis and synthesis she is wholly his. He can produce her in either way. She lives as flesh and blood and has not a little of our affection; she is also constructed by definition, 'If it were not too awful a thing to say of anybody, she meant well!' - the whole phrase gives exactly Christina's stature."(351) In truth, however, Christina was not Butler's creation at all, any more than the Sirens were; and only a few months later, Murry, having read the newly published Memoir, recognised that "even The Way of All Flesh, which as an experimental novel is a very considerable achievement, becomes something different when we have to regard it as a laborious and infinitely careful record of experienced fact . . . Butler loses almost the last vestige of a title to be considered a creative artist when the incredible fact is revealed that the letters of Theobald and Christina in The Way of All Flesh, are merely reproduced from those which his father and mother sent him. Nor was Butler, as a copyist, always adequate to his originals."(352) But Butler's novel is not merely a "record of experienced fact"; it is a record of experience, which is a vastly different thing. Christina is

not simply a copy of Mrs. Butler, as she is equally not an imaginary creation; but she does portray, with a decisiveness which was responsible for Middleton Murry's first conclusion that "both by analysis and synthesis she is wholly his", Butler's experience of his mother, which was partly personal but largely transpersonal, so that she is endowed with that semblance of life which springs from the spontaneous recognition of a universally known reality. Similar figures occur in his other works, sharing some of Christina's attributes, and arising from the same source. The mother of John Pickard Owen shared Christina's hopes for her children, which might indeed also be understood as indicative of the devouring character of the Great Mother. Like Christina, Mrs. Owen cherished a "conviction that my brother and myself were to be the two witnesses mentioned in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Revelation, and dilated upon the gratification she should experience upon finding that we had indeed been reserved for a position of such distinction. We were as yet mere children, and naturally took all for granted that our mother told us; we therefore made a careful examination of the passage which threw light upon our future; but on finding that the prospect was gloomy and full of bloodshed we protested against the honours which were intended for us, more especially when we reflected that the mother of the two witnesses was not menaced in Scripture with any particular discomfort."[353] In a similar ecstasy of maternal solicitude, Christina fondly and firmly believed that "for Ernest, a very

great future - she was certain of it - was in store . . . Heaven would bear her witness that she had never shrunk from the idea of martyrdom for herself and Theobald, nor would she avoid it for her boy, if his life was required of her in her Redeemer's service. Oh no! If God told her to offer up her first-born, as He had told Abraham, she would take him up to Pigbury Beacon and plunge the - no, that she could not do, but it would be unnecessary - someone else might do that."(354)

The details of these dreams, as quoted by Butler, were by their very matter-of-factness a mockery of ambition. In the case of Mrs. Owen, "her notion clearly was that we were to be massacred somewhere in the streets of London, in consequence of the anti-Christian machinations of the Pope; that after lying about unburied for three days and a half we were to come to life again; and, finally, that we should conspicuously ascend to heaven, in front, perhaps, of the Foundling Hospital."(355) Yet this same prosaic manner of recital of miraculous events had parallels in Butler's pseudo-reverent accounts of the Resurrection which he regarded as being equally fantastic. The comparison is sufficiently obvious to recall again Butler's fear of being identified with Christ, the supreme sacrifice. He believed that there might indeed be no lack of maternal love: "truly, Mrs. Theobald loved her child according to her lights with an exceeding great fondness"(356); but he also knew that this exceeding great love may be compelling and demanding, even going beyond all reason in its demands. The mother of John Pickard Owen

"loved us no less ardently than my father, but she was of a quicker temper, and less adept at conciliating affection . . . We therefore naturally feared her more than my father, and fearing more we loved less . . . She tried to upbraid us, in little ways, into loving her as much as my father; the more she tried this, the less we could succeed in doing it . . . Not but what we really loved her deeply, while her affection for us was insurpassable; still, we loved her less than we loved my father, and this was the grievance."[357] Even in the idealised family life of the Owen household, Butler could not resolve the ambivalence of his attitude towards his mother. Owen's father was a reverse portrait of Theobald; but his mother was akin to Christina, and yet not quite alike, for she was obviously the dominating figure in the family, and it was she, and not the father, who was the source of punishment. In the will to sacrifice, however, even her first-born son, she and Christina were at one, and the threat was none the less real because of the comparative physical weakness of the mother. "Someone else might do that" - in Ernest's case, Theobald was the dispenser of punishment, as Christina was the temptation to betrayal; and the Owens, however fortunate in having an understanding father, did not on that account escape, but found their mother prepared herself to administer the chastisement which she could delegate to no one else. Both parents, it seemed, shared in a conspiracy, of which the children were inevitably the victims, snared by the bonds of filial affection, and sacrificed for the fulfilment of their

mother's dreams. In regarding both parents as allies, however unconsciously so, in maintaining their system of discipline, with its impossible emotional demands, Butler showed some awareness of the relationship between the father and mother images, in which, according to Neumann, the former "is the destructive instrument of the matriarchate, as its henchman; he is its authority, as the maternal uncle; he is the negative force of self-destruction and the will to regression, as the twin; and finally he is the authority of the patriarchate, as the Terrible Father."[356] Ultimately, surrender to one means also invasion by the other, and whether this is achieved by yielding to the overwhelming power of instinct, or of some spiritual force, the end is the same. "In the vortex of the divine pleroma," says Neumann again, "the paternal and maternal aspects of the uroboros fuse into one. Annihilation through the spirit, i.e., through the Heavenly Father, and annihilation through the unconscious, i.e., through the Earth Mother, are identical, as the study of every psychosis teaches. The collective spiritual forces are as much parts of the uroboros as the collective instinctual forces pulling in the opposite direction."[359] It is small wonder that Butler saw little chance of escape; and that, with his perception of the destructiveness of parents even towards their own offspring, he should have distrusted their efforts to guide the course of his life. "The Way of All Flesh" shows how real were his fears in that regard; for while Theobald and Christina are vivid and remain in the memory, Ernest, who

is Butler himself, is a singularly colourless figure, in spite of being endowed with many of Butler's most striking mannerisms of thought and speech. As Middleton Murry aptly observed, "Ernest as a man has an intense non-existence."[360] This was what Theobald and Christina could achieve; and this was what Butler struggled to avoid.

"A man begins to quarrel with his father," he said, "about nine months before he is born. He then begins worrying his father to let him have a separate establishment, till the father finds him a nuisance and lets him have his own way."[360] In the fullness of time, he achieves a physical separation from his parents, though still emotionally and economically dependent upon them. If he is indeed to exist in his own right, he must also achieve psychic independence, and this second birth is more critical than the first. Butler severed one tie after another which bound him to the paternal order; he discarded his father's religion, not merely passively, but in active ridicule; he rejected every profession proposed for him, not merely the Church, which was his father's choice, but also medicine, which was originally his own, as soon as it had the taint of parental approval; and he broke the moral law laid down for him, not only in his own behaviour, but by his open advocacy of greater sexual freedom; yet the very continuation of his rebelliousness almost to the end of his life showed how firmly the old domination held him still. All of his positive work was marred by his need to fight against enemies which were invisible to the

rest of the world, and his creative energy was drained into channels of rebellion and resentment. In part, his deliberate non-conformity was an attempt to keep himself as immune as possible from further influence, and to rely upon the promptings of his own spirit. In a recent study of Butler, P.N. Furbank has remarked upon his "peculiar reaction to the subject of Possession, to the significance, that is, of the words 'one's own',"[362] and he concludes "it may be agreed that the distrust which Butler felt for all accepted reputations which he had not managed personally to test, led him both to make his own conquests, or acquisitions, in literature and elsewhere, too thoroughly his own - to work over them too minutely or repeatedly in his effort to rub them clean of all vestiges of previous ownership - and also to be liable to exaggerate the importance of these acquisitions and discoveries simply from the knowledge that they were his own."[363] But it was not from a desire to possess that Butler made them "too thoroughly his own", but rather from a dread of being possessed, of losing his birthright after the manner of Esau, by not being there to claim it. The problem of separation from the parents is universal, but its solution is of necessity individual and personal. A complicating factor is the interposition of a transpersonal image which is so powerful as to blot out the personal reality, so that the actual experience of the present is overlaid by the inherited experience of the part. "It would generally be supposed," writes Jung, "that one's own parents are the best

known of all individuals, the ones of which the subject is most conscious. But precisely for this reason they could not be projected, because projection always contains something of which the subject is not conscious and which seems not to belong to him. The image of the parents is the very one that could be projected least, because it is too conscious. In reality, however," he continues, "it is just the parental imagos that seem to be projected most frequently . . . since . . . consciousness of the object prevents its projection, there is nothing for it but to assume that parents are also the least known of all human beings, and consequently that an unconscious reflection of the parental pair exists which is as unlike them, as utterly alien and incommensurable, as a man compared with a god."[344] It was easier for Butler to rebel against his actual father and mother, and even to find ample external justification for his rebellion, than to recognise in the other objects of his antagonism some projection of the unconscious image, and it was for this reason that his efforts towards emancipation met with something less than complete success. The dragon must be known before it can be fought and slain.

The most memorable characteristic of Christina Pontifex is her addiction to daydreams and fanciful speculations. She transmutes all the dross of her existence into gold by the exercise of this faculty, and even Theobald is not beyond its alchemical power. On Butler's showing, it was as well that she was thus able to make the best of a bad bargain; but Christina's

visions were not merely an attempt to make the conditions of her life more tolerable. "Her principal duty was, as she well said, to her husband - to love him, honour him, and keep him in a good temper. To do her justice," said Butler, "she fulfilled this duty to the utmost of her power." Having persuaded herself that her husband "was the best and most generous of men", Christina dreamed of some preferment for him commensurate to his virtues: "considering his father's influence it was not at all impossible that Theobald might be a bishop some day." But the preferment was not to be desired entirely on Theobald's account, for "then - then would occur to her that one little flaw in the practice of the Church of England - a flaw not indeed in its doctrine, but in its policy, which she believed on the whole to be a mistaken one in this respect. I mean the fact that a bishop's wife does not take the rank of her husband."(365) Her child, no less than her husband, was marked for especial favour, in which she might, with all modesty, claim a share. "When water from the sacred stream," she reflected, "was wanted for a sacred infant, the channel had been found through which it was to flow from far Palestine over land and sea to the door of the house where the child was lying. Why, it was a miracle! It was! It was!" And laying it up in her heart that Ernest had by this act of providence been baptized with water from the Jordan, Christina recalled that "it was a woman and not a man who had been filled most completely with the whole fullness of the Deity."(366) Even when the factual evidence of Ernest's own watch

seemed to prove that he was not as innocent as had at first appeared of any relations with the dismissed housemaid Ellen, Christina contrived to find comfort therein. "Ernest's official purity was firmly established, but at the same time he had shown himself so susceptible that she was able to fuse two contradictory impressions concerning him into a single idea, and consider him as a kind of Joseph and Don Juan in one. This was what she had wanted all along, but her vanity being gratified by the possession of such a son, there was an end of it; the son himself was nought."(347) Butler was very sure, then, that Christina's fantasies had but one purpose, to gratify her vanity and provide the illusion of power; her dreams reveal her as a true child of the matriarchy, for whom husband and son were as naught, and existed only that she might be glorified in them. It is the same desire which is more clearly seen in her dreams of martyrdom for her sons, and it is shared by the mother of the Owens, who intended, indeed, to allow them the full glory of a martyr's death, and to content herself with surviving them "many years on earth, living in an odour of great sanctity and reflected splendour, as the central and most august figure in a select society." Her only reward was to be that "she would perhaps be able indirectly, through her sons' influence with the Almighty, to have a voice in most of the arrangements both of this world and the next."(348) Mrs. Owen, too, was jealous of the affection given by her sons to their father in preference to herself. The world depicted in these maternal dreams conceals

behind its superficial display of affection an unadmitted desire for domination, and for the subjugation of man to the rule of the feminine.

XII.

". . . there is an identity of fundamental human conflicts which is independent of time and place. . . We have merely succeeded in forgetting that an indissoluble link binds us to the men of antiquity."

C.G. Jung, Introduction, Coll. Works, vol. 5, p. 4.

"We are too fond of seeing the ancients as one thing and the moderns as another."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 193.

XII.

For Butler, fantasy and the works of the imagination partook of this insidious character, and were the objects of profound mistrust. His Notebooks abound in uncomplimentary remarks on the work of authors "the viewless arrows of whose thoughts were headed And wing'd with flame". "I am not a poetically minded man," he declared; "I have never read and never, I am afraid, shall read a line of Keats or Shelley or Coleridge or Wordsworth except such extracts as I occasionally see in Royal Academy Catalogues. I have read The Idylls of the King, and I do not like them. I have never read a word of Browning - save as above. The poets of the day are names to me, and nothing more. I have read Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, but neither of them kindles any warmth within me."(369) He and Jones agreed "that Blake was no good because he learnt Italian at 60 in order to study Dante, and we knew Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as for Tennyson - well, Tennyson goes without saying."(370) The mere fact of being a poet was on occasion sufficient reason for condemnation. "I do not know enough of Goethe," he admitted, "to be able to say why I detest him so heartily, but I know that he disgusts me."(371) Even in the case of Robert Bridges, who supported his theory of the feminine authorship of the Odyssey, and whose verse-dramas he read out of friendship for their author, Butler damned with faint praise: "The extracts they give in the papers seem all right - quite as

good as other poetry; but I cannot read poetry, and indeed, read as little of anything as I can."[372] Even prose, according to Butler, should be "such prose as we write and speak among ourselves. A volume of poetical prose, i.e. affected prose, had better be in verse outright at once. Poetical prose is never tolerable for more than a very short bit at a time."[373] To be "poetical" is to be "affected", to gloss over the truth by shaping it, as Christina did her dreams, to the gratification of self, and as such, it was included in Butler's crusade to make men "leave off lying to themselves". Of course, he was not wholly consistent in his opposition. He knew too well the compulsion which comes upon the artist "to deliver himself of his glimpse into another world".[374] His occasional passages of fine writing were part of his concession to the fantasy which could not be entirely repressed; and a more subtle manifestation is to be found in those parts of his argument which appeal neither to sense nor to reason, but are based upon the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. That such passages, and the beliefs they contain, are not fully integrated into Butler's work is a direct result of his failure to achieve a completely satisfactory synthesis between the conflicting elements of his own personality. His attitude towards the products of his own fantasy-thinking was reflected in Ernest's attitude towards Christina; he wanted to yield, and to trust, but he remembered his first experience, and was afraid.

With such a prejudiced attitude towards imaginative literature, it is surprising that Butler should have been attracted to the Odyssey at all; but even more surprising is the interpretation of the poem which emerges from "The Authoress of the Odyssey" and from the translation which he also published. To all but a very few Homeric scholars Butler's theory of feminine authorship is a ridiculously misguided speculation, meant, perhaps, as seriously as the evangelism of "The Fair Haven". The general opinion of his contemporaries was summed up by F.M. Cornford: "We incline, however, to the view that the whole theory of female authorship is intended as a joke, a satire upon the sex."[375] And S.E. Bassett was fully justified in his prediction that "The Authoress of the Odyssey will be read by lovers of Butler, rather than of Homer".[376] As J. Middleton Murry remarked, however, "an amusingly wrong-headed book about Homer is a peccadillo; ten years of life lavished upon it is something a good deal more serious."[377] Butler had, of course, studied Greek at Shrewsbury, which was famous for its classical learning (one of its pupils, while still at school, defeated such a redoubtable rival as Gladstone for the Ireland Scholarship), and at Cambridge, but neither of these institutions had inspired him with any love for the literature of antiquity which he was compelled to read. Homer was probably less tainted by this enforced early acquaintance than, for example, the more generally studied Attic tragedians, towards whom Butler maintained a strong antipathy; according to M.L. Clarke, "since

Butler's (i.e. Samuel Butler's grandfather) day, Attic Greek had been the speciality of Shrewsbury and Homer was comparatively neglected"[378]. At the Universities, too, Homer received scant attention, and Gladstone's three volumes of "Studies in Homer", which he published in 1858, were an attempt to revive interest in a poet whom he felt to be unjustly overlooked. Butler's own comment was that "if they would make it compulsory on the Universities to put a little more life and human sympathy into their study of Greek it could do us no harm"[379]. When he approached the Odyssey, therefore, he did so in the belief that "we are too fond of seeing the ancients as one thing and the moderns as another"[380], and he introduced into the ancient poem his own interpretation of the environment in which he found himself. If this is on occasion at variance with his intuitive perception of another world, from which the inspiration of the Odyssey was derived, it is an illuminating reflection of Butler's own duality.

The impression that "The Authoress of the Odyssey" is "intended as a satire upon the sex" might be strengthened by the title given by Butler to his opening chapter, "A Woman's Natural Mistakes", in which he argued that only a woman would be ignorant of shipbuilding, of growing timber, of sheep-herding, and the like. Some of Butler's assumptions were based upon mistranslation or simple misunderstanding of the Greek[381]; but even were this not so, they prove no more than ignorance, which is common to both sexes. In his review of "The Authoress",

Richard Garnett pertinently asked: "Who weighed the horses as well as the men at the Derby? Who made a hero throw a cricket-ball 200 yards? Man has done these things, and more outrageous."[382] The general picture, however, which Butler went on to build up is of a world in which women are not handicapped by their lack of knowledge in such practical matters, but, on the contrary, possess a much more subtle understanding which makes men their servants. "Throughout the Odyssey," he declared, "it is the women who are directing, counselling, and protecting the men."[383] Among the Phaeacians, for example, a people who, like the Erewhonians, are richly endowed with natural grace, it is the queen, Arete, who has the real power. To some Homeric critics she is the symbol of the domestic order which Odysseus is soon to restore in his native land of Ithaca; Butler, however, saw in her neither dignity nor succouring wisdom, but merely another version of Christina, going about her business like a good parson's wife, secure in her knowledge that she is "respected beyond measure by her children, by Alcinous himself, and by the whole people, who look upon her as a goddess, and greet her whenever she goes about the city, for she is a thoroughly good woman, both in head and heart, and when any women are friends of hers, she will help their husbands also to settle their disputes."[384] There is in this passage an unmistakable echo of the ambitions of the mother of John Pickard Owen, which were to be realised at the cost of her sons' martyrdom. Although Butler's words were ostensibly a translation from the Greek, the flavour

is unquestionably Butlerian. Indeed, the feminine characters of the Odyssey, with the necessary exception of Nausicaa, who, as the Authoress, claimed a separate existence, were endowed by Butler with a specious similarity. "Penelope, Helen, and Arete," he said, "are only one person"[385], and this composite identity immediately recalls Christina, with her concealed appetite for power, and her unscrupulous use of emotional weapons to achieve her ends. Penelope shares Christina's addiction to tears, and her vanity, displaying, in Butler's estimation, an equally self-centred cunning in devising stratagems "not so much in order to delay a hateful marriage, as to prolong a very agreeable court-ship"[386]. Whether by intention or by unconsciously influenced carelessness, Butler in fact on several occasions omitted to translate the epithet "hateful", which is applied by Homer to the second marriage which Penelope hoped to avoid, or at least to postpone, presumably because his Penelope could have no strong objections to being sought again in marriage. Admittedly, the part of the virtuous wife, with nothing to do but wait, is at best a negative one, and Penelope is a rather shadowy figure. But she is obviously an integral part of the legendary material from which the Odyssey is largely fashioned, and it is even possible that this is a survival from an earlier matriarchal period, in which the right of succession was preserved in the female line, and the male authority had to be sanctioned by marriage to the heiress of his predecessor. In Egypt, some such system was probably responsible for the incestuous marriages of

the Pharaohs, and the tale of Oedipus and Iocasta suggests that a similar custom may also have prevailed at one time in Greece.[387] Butler, however, drew upon his knowledge of the world around him for his picture of "an artful heartless flirt who prefers having a hundred admirers rather than one husband".[388] His proof that this view of the situation was essentially correct was the suggestion that if Penelope had really cared to get rid of her suitors, she had only to bore them to distraction, or send them on innumerable trivial errands, according to Victorian convention.[389] Butler was unable to regard the Odyssey as being in any way a traditional poem. In his desire to emphasize the "abiding personality" between the past and the present, he attributed a similar continuity to the external details of custom and convention, and imported the structure of contemporary society into the archaic and almost legendary world of the Odyssey, much as the Elizabethan stage portrayed its ancient Greeks and Romans in ruff and farthingale. Butler had a profound admiration for the Elizabethan attitude to antiquity, as evidenced in their translations: "they did not lard a crib with Chaucerisms, and think that they were translating."[390] Their anachronisms, however, remained mere superficial embroidery, and they based no arguments upon them; whereas Butler made his anachronisms an integral part of the plot, imposing the nineteenth century upon pre-classical Greece, and thereby finding a means to antedate his own views by some thousands of years.[391]

Even Helen was forced by Butler into the universal

pattern. The poet of the Iliad tells how even her veiled beauty warmed the old men on the walls of Troy, who had seen destruction and the sorrows of war brought upon their country for her sake, and yet could not find it in their hearts to blame her. In the Odyssey, too, whether the poet be the same or no, there is a similar understanding that she is the victim of divided desires, expressed, according to the epic convention, by the attribution of her human action to the divine influence of Aphrodite. The epic poet had no other means of treating questions of emotional and psychological import save by recourse to such externalised forms of expression. Thus when Helen complains that Aphrodite is responsible for her folly, she is not simply seeking to represent herself as guiltless; on the contrary, she might have said with St. Paul that "the good that I would I do not; but the evil that I would not, that I do." But no such subtleties of interpretation existed for Butler. He preferred to retain what might be called the literal misinterpretation of such passages, and to regard such observations as those of Helen as expressions of the poet's own attitude. Aphrodite, to him, was no poetic convention to illustrate the curious conflict of human impulse, but a mere excuse, dragged in to satisfy Victorian and not epic convention, since "it was held better to redeem her as far as possible, by making her more or less contrite".(392) With the figure of Christina constantly before him, he saw Helen as conforming to the same mould, dreaming in her turn of past conquests rather than of future glories, but with an equal

disregard of the suffering which others might have to bear for the fulfilment of her dreams. In Butler's Helen there is no warmth, no understanding, only a specious fascination as cruel as that of the Sirens. In the works of which he was himself the author, it was natural that Butler should create such figures as Christina out of his own experience of the feminine; but the extent to which he was tyrannised by this experience is more fully illustrated by his inability to allow it to be extended or complemented by the vision of others. Arete, Penelope, and Helen for him are truly one and the same, recurring instances of the same projection, unrecognised and unresolved; so that even the Odyssey, in Butler's hands, became another illustration of the way of all flesh, and the trials of an unheroic hero.

If the women in the Odyssey were alike to Butler, the men were no different. "Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus and Alcinous are every one of them the same person playing other parts,"[393] he wrote, and his version made plain the direction in which he felt their similarity to lie. To Butler, the feature which was most conspicuously common to all four was their weakness, their lack of individuality. Nestor, with his ineffectiveness hidden by the garrulity of old age and the accumulation of reminiscent anecdote; Menelaus, no more master in his own house than is Alcinous, with his weakness for making over-merry and for talking over-bold; and even Odysseus, at the mercy of one female, whether human or divine, after another, with no power of his own to work out his own salvation - these, like Ernest Pontifex,

are all victims of the devouring mother, the feminine power which saps the active quality of masculine consciousness and decision, and which, when challenged, retreats into the refuge of fantasy and the unreal. "It shows the worth of literary criticism," said Butler of the Odyssey, "that for three thousand years it should have been reckoned a heroic poem."(394) In Butler's interpretation, the Odyssey became, like Thackeray's "Vanity Fair", "a novel without a hero". It was not a poem, he maintained, but a novel; "it was only written in metre because everything that was written at all was in those days written in metre."(395)

There have been many translations of the Odyssey, and every translation is of necessity an interpretation; but from the time of the rediscovery of Homer at the Renaissance, he was at once recognised as "the prince of poets". In 1570, in "The Schoolmaster", Roger Ascham advised: "Yet, if a gentleman will needs travel into Italy, he shall do well to look on the life of the wisest traveller that ever travelled thither, set out by the wisest writer, that ever spake with tongue, God's doctrine only excepted; and that is Ulysses in Homer." Chapman, the author of the first English translation, was largely influenced by the comedy of manners, and his equation of the Homeric characters with its stock figures persisted long after his version had been superseded in popular appeal; but his Odysseus is undoniably heroic, struggling to achieve the mastery of himself, the command of his own resources, which should succeed,

with the help of heaven, in restoring the peace of Ithaca which had for so long been tormented by the unbridled appetites of the suitors, and in reuniting him with his wife, after her twenty years of prudent patience. For a later generation, Pope, with equal success, interpreted Odysseus' task as the quest for external order, the governance of all things well. To both these translators, it seemed obvious that the purpose of Odysseus was "to settle order once again". For Chapman, the settlement was subjective and personal; for Pope, objective and external; but both, in whatever sphere they imagined Odysseus' task to lie, of necessity saw in its accomplishment a structural design in the Odyssey. A similar discernment of its essential unity of purpose led other and later poets, like Matthew Arnold and Andrew Lang, to insist upon unity of authorship, in defiance of the formidable linguistic arguments arrayed against them by the German school of Higher Criticism, and by Grote and his followers in England. Even Goethe, who had at one time been persuaded by the original reasoning of Wolf to welcome his hypothesis as a deliverance from the tyranny of the super-poet who put all others to shame, was compelled to recant by the simple power of the Odyssey and Iliad themselves, and to acknowledge once more that such works could not be other than artistic entities. In this unfamiliar company Butler found himself with his assertion of an obvious unity of authorship; of unity of conception and design, however, he saw no trace. For him, therefore, the wanderings of Odysseus showed forth no such purpose as had been

apparent to Chapman and to Pope, but were simply unrelated episodes, haphazard happenings which could not possibly be regarded as influential factors in the development of Odysseus. Indeed, he saw no such development, because he saw no need for it. Had he applied his own principle of evolution, he must have found some evidence of striving towards fulfilment, of growth towards a necessary end; but, as he so often accused his Authoress of doing, he sinned against his own knowledge, and left Odysseus in a world ruled by chance, and the whims of its feminine creator.

The Odyssey itself begins, according to the advice of Horace, "in medias res". Odysseus' adventures are almost at an end, and the scene is being set in Ithaca for his return. Before this takes place, he himself narrates his earlier experiences to the listening court of Alcinous, who conveys him on the last stage of his journey to the resumption of his rule in Ithaca. It is a plan of comparative subtlety for so early a composition, but it conceals an even greater subtlety of structure. For Odysseus' adventures are not all of the same pattern, but form two parallel sequences, culminating respectively in the episodes of Circe and of Calypso. This apparent repetitiousness, with these similar feminine figures, has been admittedly a source of difficulty to many Homeric commentators, who have felt that such similarity must be a sign of flagging invention or of careless composition, or perhaps even an indication of the imperfect fusion of two originally independent poems with a

similar thematic structure. In point of fact, it is in this parallelism that the whole meaning lies. In his earlier encounters, with the Cicones, the Lotos-eaters, the Cyclops, the Laestrygonians, the qualities demanded of Odysseus are those of a commander of men - courage, and decisive action; he has to learn how to react to external circumstance, and his difficulties are caused by his own recklessness and the rebelliousness of his companions. This period is followed by the year's rest with Circe, who sends him to the underworld to learn what he must do next.(396) His men journey with him, as far as a ship may go; but Odysseus alone holds converse with the dead, including his mother and the wise old prophet Teiresias, thus foreshadowing the essential difference in the adventures yet to come. For they demand that he shall learn to control his own passions, and find within himself his salvation. His companions fail, and perish, as Homer says, "through their own frowardness"; but Odysseus survives, until he comes, alone, to the island of Calypso, where he abides for seven years. Circe, like the Great Goddess, dwells among deep woods, rich in game; the men who are cast ashore on her island she first seduces, and then degrades by her sorcery to beasts, for she functions on a low and instinctive level, offering satisfaction only to the primitive appetites of hunger and thirst and sexual desire. Yet her palace is also "in a place of wide prospect", and there is knowledge and help to be won from the "dread goddess of human speech"; such knowledge, however, can be obtained only at the point of

the sword, and only when she is subdued, as she is by the forewarned Odysseus, can she give him the assistance he needs. The analogy is surely obvious; Circe is the primitive instinctual life which can reduce man to beast, unless it is recognised and subjected to temperate control, when it may be enjoyed, and used to attain a higher plane. It is a collective experience, for Odysseus still has his comrades with him; but it is also insidiously enervating, so that he is reluctant to leave, until the impatience of his companions forces him on. Calypso, on the other hand, dwells apart, in an island far out in the ocean, "the navel of the sea", where men come never, and the gods but seldom.(317) No shipwrecked sailors are subdued by her enchantments, as they are by Circe. To reach her island, Odysseus has to journey almost to the edge of the world, and he is now alone. Circe had given him supplies, and sent him to Aeolus to secure the aid of the winds, but through his own negligence these have turned to destroy him; and he is left helpless, except for the help which is in himself. Calypso offers Odysseus, not the sensual pleasures of earth, but the spiritual delights of heaven. If he will stay with her, she will give him immortality, and he may become a god. As with Circe, the temptation is strong, but again surrender implies the abandonment of Ithaca, with his responsibilities as husband, father, and ruler, and there is no doubt that Homer intended the return to be the culmination and the fulfilment of Odysseus' wanderings. Domination by instinctual or by spiritual forces is a negation of such fulfilment, yet

both must be experienced, accepted, and transformed. Of the two, the spiritual is perhaps most to be feared, for its dangers are not so obvious. Calypso will not transform Odysseus into a beast, and herd him into the sty with the rest of the swine; but she will separate him as effectively and as permanently from the rest of mankind, in an isolation not to be borne by humanity. So it is that at last Odysseus grows weary of her, and weeps for home and the hazards of human existence. Calypso gives him no help such as Circe gave, but only the materials with which he may fashion his own escape. At this stage in his development, the hero has become an individual, with power to create what is necessary for his task. Circe and Calypso are complementary aspects which he must meet, and reconcile in himself, before the great task can begin of re-establishing order in his native land.

It is certain that the poet of the Odyssey did not deliberately seek to embody in his tale any such universality of application or profundity of meaning; any more than the creators of the myths which have come down from the dawn of civilisation realised the depth of their symbolism; for such creation is of necessity never conscious, as the Greeks themselves well knew. Yet even when the Odyssey is not subjected to any close scrutiny but is read simply for delight, it satisfies largely through the polytropic quality which it shares with its hero, whose literary wanderings in the past three thousand years have been as strange and as varied, and at the same time as significant,

as those which were related to the Phaeacian court.[398] For thirty years, Butler had not read the Odyssey, and he turned to it again only to verify the details of the plot for the Handelian oratorio which he and Jones were proposing to write on the theme of "Ulysses". His own prefaces and Festing Jones' Memoir provide detailed accounts of how this renewal of a perfunctory early acquaintance led to his cherished belief in the Authoress of the Odyssey. Why this subject should have been chosen for the successor to "Narcissus", however, remains unexplained by either. The original intention was that Butler and Jones should each write his own parts of the music but that they should collaborate in writing the words; and Jones was first to prepare a general outline, to leave Butler free to work on the biography of his grandfather. "For this purpose," says Jones, "I used The Adventures of Ulysses by Charles Lamb . . . Butler accepted my proposals for the general scheme of the whole but, when he had time, he looked again at the Odyssey in the original, just to make sure that Lamb had not misled me. He had not forgotten all his classics and found the original poem so delightful that he could not put it down."[399] One of Butler's favourite passages in this oratorio was a chorus for Circe's pigs; and in his re-perusal of the Odyssey, it was when he reached the Circe episode that he felt forced to the conclusion that the poem in question was "the work not of an old man, but of a young woman".[400] It would appear that Circe represented for Butler so positive and familiar an aspect of the feminine that he recognised it at once, though

defensively transferred to a question of academic argument. Not even Nausicaa had evoked such an immediate response. In his own relationships with women, Butler preferred to avoid any level above the more satisfaction of appetite. "We may say what we will," he said, "but Life is, au fond, sensual."[401] Odysseus, he felt, was fully justified in making the most of the opportunities afforded by his enforced sojourns with Circe and Calypso, between whom he decided, as many critics have done, there was in fact little distinction. It did not occur to him that these episodes might be significant turning-points in the poem, or that they had their part to play in the preparation of Odysseus for the climax of the Return. "He had stayed seven years with Calypso," Butler concluded, "and seems to have remained on excellent terms with her until the exigencies of the poem made it necessary to send him back to Ithaca . . . If he had seriously wanted to get back to Penelope his little cunning that is put in evidence would have been exercised in that direction."[402] Butler could appreciate the attraction of Circe and Calypso, but he failed to take into account the necessary evolving of the hero, as Homer is careful to emphasize, "at the appointed time", beyond the stage of sensuality into a more spiritual sphere. He therefore continued to visualise Odysseus as another Ernest Pontifex, but without Ernest's freedom to escape from the power of convention, exemplified in this case by "the exigencies of the poem".

XIII.

"For the son, the anima is hidden in the dominating power of the mother, and sometimes she leaves him with a sentimental attachment that lasts throughout life and seriously impairs the fate of the adult."

C.G. Jung, The Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 29.

"How like maternal solicitude is this! Solicitude for the most part lest the offspring should come to have wishes and feelings of its own, which may occasion many difficulties, fancied or real."

Samuel Butler, The Way of All Flesh, chap. xxvi.

XIII.

The timid revolt of Ernest which revealed to him his dislike of both his parents was occasioned by his sympathy for the housemaid Ellen, dismissed, in the best Victorian tradition, because she had conceived a child without first acquiring a husband. Although Butler was no advocate of women's rights (he declared, for example, that he would vote for woman's suffrage "when women have left off making a noise in the reading-room of the British Museum, when they leave off wearing high head-dresses in the pit of a theatre and when I have seen as many as twelve women in all catch hold of the strap or bar on getting into an omnibus".(403)), he would have agreed with Miss Pankhurst on the question of a woman's right to gratify her inherited instinct, in defiance of society, if need be. Ellen, then, marked the beginning of Ernest's emancipation; and on meeting her again after his release from prison, he married her, partly because he felt she was as good a wife as he could expect to deserve, and partly because she was secure on her own level, and he hoped to share that security. Ellen, at any rate, would never dream of being a "femme inspiratrice". With her, Ernest was content to be a dealer in old clothes and second-hand goods, a symbolic withdrawal from the task of individualised creative development. Soon, however, Ellen's alcoholic excesses brought home to him the folly of their ill-assorted union, but there were no positive measures which he could take towards its dissolution. Finally, in order to rescue his hero from this impasse, Butler

was forced to the explanation that it had all been an illusion on Ernest's part, and he was freed from his incubus only by the discovery that his marriage had in fact never been valid. Yet even then he continued to feel sympathetic towards Ellen, and made her an allowance for old times' sake. Ernest was liberated, therefore, by a new access of consciousness, which showed him that he had no need to perpetuate a bondage which had no objective reality; but he did not seek a more satisfactory marriage with a partner more capable of sharing his interests. Having disposed of his children so that they might be as unlike himself as possible, Ernest avoided the risk of all further matrimonial adventures, and settled down to a literary life similar in all respects to Butler's own. In his own life, Butler was more wary than his fictional self, and avoided marriage, which appeared to him as merely a constricting and less satisfactory form of sexual relationship, by means of which a man might be penned like a victim of Circe's enchantments. He was especially fond of quoting the remark that it is cheaper to buy milk than to keep a cow, and he arranged for himself a safe and regular source of supply in the person of Lucie Dumas, whom he always called "Madame". "Madame had had predecessors," says Jones, "but during the twenty years of her intimacy with Butler she had no rivals."[404] Jones omitted to say, however, that in order to avoid the entire responsibility of her affection, Butler preferred to share, not to monopolise, her favours. He valued Madame's judgment, respected her good sense, and accepted her

regard for him, but he had no intention of allowing her claims to develop further. He knew that, with her French realism, she did not aspire to the dignity of his wife; but he was equally determined that her role as mistress should not develop into an unofficial form of marriage. In order that she might not be bound to him by a necessary financial dependence, he bought her a sewing-machine at the beginning of their association, so that she might have the means of continuing her trade as sempstress; and to keep their emotional relationship on a similarly uncommitted level, he later introduced Jones to her, in order that she might serve him in the same capacity. Alfred Cathie, as an old man, described their arrangement to Malcolm Muggeridge: Butler visited her on Wednesdays, Jones on Tuesdays, and they paid her a pound a week each, throughout the year. Cathie spoke of her as being "a fine woman, dark, large, not a regular street-walker, but receiving gentlemen in her room"[405]. In this sharing of his mistress with his friend and disciple, Butler was not simply being generous with his own; he was rather underlining the fact that he was prepared to accept Madame on the prostitute level, but as nothing more. For Jones, the arrangement had obvious advantages. By visiting Madame, he at once defied his over-solicitous mother, and yet was at the same time reconciled to her; and by visiting Butler's mistress, he was able to extend his identification of himself with his master. For her part, Madame had few illusions, and had never been encouraged to have hopes. So she extended to Butler a generous understanding

and in time - fifteen years, to be precise - he came to trust her sufficiently to let her have his real name and address. Like Rumpelstiltskin, Butler feared lest he gave away more than his identity.

The same preference for women of the prostitute type was evinced by Butler's younger brother Tom, but in a more uncontrolled degree. There had been various lesser escapades, but the great scandal came when Tom's current mistress, Barbe Kuster, accompanied him from Brussels and lodged in a hotel near by while Tom visited his father. Butler has left a graphic picture of how "while Tom was in the drawing-room at my father's, after all the blinds were drawn down for the night and the curtains drawn, she had come into the garden and had tapped quietly at the window to call Tom out, and her footsteps were noticed next morning, but were not supposed to have anything to do with my brother."(406) Canon Butler had already been suspicious about the life his younger son was leading in Brussels; now his suspicions were confirmed, and Tom, having no further use for concealment, abandoned his wife and family to concentrate upon his chosen pursuits. Their support devolved upon Canon Butler, for Tom sent them nothing except some cards with the appropriate adornment of forget-me-nots. His wife was given to understand that he had contracted some venereal disease, and it was a relief to all of his family, Samuel included, when, after a long silence, news was received of his death. Characteristically, Jones shrouds the whole affair of Tom's dissolute life in vague respectability.

Tom, he says, "was known to be travelling, but nothing had been heard from him for a considerable time, and his wife and family had become anxious, when news came . . . that he had died in Corsica".[407] Butler had presumably still to be protected from the contagion of his brother's disgrace, even at the cost of concealing facts which might lead to a truer appreciation of the problems of the inheritance which both brothers must have shared. The earlier critics of Butler were as reticent as Jones on the subject of Tom, but they did not have the advantage of his fuller knowledge of the circumstances. The Butler family was therefore taken to be the very epitome of Victorian respectability, with Samuel the only black sheep, in spite of Jones' devoted whitewashing. More recently, in one of the most enlightened studies of Butler, Philip Henderson has argued that the necessity of his revolt against the oppressive atmosphere of Langar is underlined by the similarity of Tom's reaction: "Fortunately, he was able to canalize the emotions generated in this struggle into creative and critical work, whereas the reaction of his brother Tom to the same environment, though equally violent, was purely self-destructive. As for his sisters, Harrie and May, they were everything that a Victorian country parson's daughters should be."[408] The daughters were apparently able to endure the discipline of the Butler household, and even to identify themselves with it. Butler always regarded his sisters as being on the side of his parents against him. Both sons, however, rebelled, and to a certain extent demonstrated

their renunciation of their upbringing in a similar fashion. On the surface, it might seem that Tom's revolt was at once more complete, as it was more violent, than his brother's; in reality, however, it achieved less. The women with whom he consorted were so many embodiments of the feminine principle which he had first known in his mother, and to which he became so hopelessly enslaved that he was finally driven to his own destruction. He had so little power of resistance to Circean sorcery that he succumbed completely, until he was, to use his wife's phrase, "in absolute slavery to more than one person . . . he lives in a hell than which I think there can be no worse."[409] "Whenever the ego is overwhelmed," says Neumann, "by the sexual, aggressive, or power instincts of the male, or by any other form of instinct, we can see the dominance of the Great Mother. For she is the instinctual ruler of the unconscious, mistress of animals . . . ."[410] For Tom, there was no escape from the Great Mother; he returned again and again to seek her in the women who, belonging to all men, belonged to none, until the comedy ended, as always, in degradation and death. One of the typical effects of a mother-complex, according to Jung, is Don Juanism, in which the son "unconsciously seeks his mother in every woman he meets. The effects of a mother-complex on the son may be seen in the ideology of the Cybele and Attis type: self-castration, madness, and early death."[411] The same problem was shared, in a varying degree, by both brothers. It has been usual to regard Butler's resentment as being directed entirely against his father, to

become incensed at the stupidity and petty tyranny of Theobald, and to smile at the amiable vagaries of Christina; but in Tom's case, the influence of the mother may be more clearly traced, and the presence of a similar complex in the other brother immediately suspected. Butler, however, was never completely overwhelmed, though often sorely tempted. But had he been able to recast the Odyssey in his own chosen mould, Ithaca might have waited long enough for her king's return, while he enjoyed the delights of Aeaea or Ogygia, and Telemachus would have had no need to hasten back from Sparta in time to stand beside his father in the great hall. Butler's escape, like Odysseus', was due to his greater degree of consciousness, partial though it may have been. If he was never able to break the Acaean attraction, at least he avoided the sty and the complete sacrifice of his manhood.

According to "The Way of All Flesh", Butler's disillusionment began at a comparatively early age, if his account of Ernest's emotional experiences can be taken, as seems probable, as an adequately accurate record of his own. There can be no doubt, too, that the actual recall of these experiences which was involved in the composition of his autobiographical novel was an important factor in making possible their revaluation on a more conscious plane. The inspiration and the constant encouragement required for Butler to enter upon this task of recollection was provided by Miss Eliza Savage, with whom he maintained, until her death, a relationship curious in that it

was almost exclusively epistolary. For Butler, she seemed to personify some guiding and intuitive power, and he was happier when he could confine her to some such capacity,without the troublesome necessity of more personal contact. In his interpretation of the Odyssey, his picture of Athene at once recalls the very uncelestial figure of Miss Savage, and reveals another aspect of the feminine, with which, however, he was less at ease. Behind Odysseus the goddess is ever present, ready to guard and to guide when the time is ripe for her intervention. The special bond between them is made evident at the very beginning of the poem, where it is Athene who reminds the other gods that the time has now come when, according to their divine purpose, Odysseus should be granted his return to Ithaca; and throughout the poem, she is ever beside him except for the period of his wanderings. Her own explanation for this absence is that she feared Poseidon's wrath, but this, like most Homeric explanations which involve the gods, is not necessarily to be taken at face value. Butler found her absence during this critical period difficult to reconcile with her professed affection for Odysseus, and, indeed, he also found her assistance of little value. His Athene has few godlike attributes beyond the power of sudden and miraculous disguise, and he conceived her role as the last barrier against the fatal self-destruction of weakness, rather than as the divine complement of human strength. He explained her temporary withdrawal, therefore, by borrowing an explanation from the analytical school of

Homeric criticism, and assumed an imperfectly harmonised variation of purpose on the part of the Authoress. The wanderings of Odysseus, he claimed, must have been composed first, before Athene was intended to play so large a part in the action.[402] Again, it is obvious that Butler's view destroys the unity and the structural design of the poem, and once more the fault can be traced to his conception of Odysseus. Although Athene is prepared to remind her fellow immortals of his existence, and of the promised end to his journeyings, and to encourage Telemachus still to look for his father's return, she gives no direct aid to Odysseus himself until the testing time of his ordeals is over; even during his last struggle to reach the Phaeacian coast, she leaves him to succeed as best he can. But when he has succeeded, at once she appears, and her care of him assumes a more practical form. Odysseus needs her assistance for survival, not to speak of success; but that assistance can be obtained only when he has exerted himself to the utmost, and done all that may become a man. In this sense, Athene is indeed his last resort, but she has no help for him until his own resources are exhausted, and he crawls from the sea upon the Phaeacian shore, naked, alone, weak, and little knowing that his wanderings are almost at an end. Then she sends Nausicaa to bring him to her father's court, and advises Odysseus to approach Arete as a suppliant, showing plainly that his salvation is to be brought about by these female figures. On Butler's interpretation such an explanation is impossible; if Odysseus' wanderings are

a mere haphazard chain of events, unconnected save in the loose relationship of a picaresque tale, and if Odysseus himself is no more a hero at the end of them than at the beginning, there can be no significance in Athene's intervention.[413] She remains, therefore, in Butler's view, another Alethea Pontifex, who favoured Ernest largely because he so obviously required protection from his own follies.

In the case of Alethea, Butler made no attempt to disguise the fact that his model was Miss Savage, and she suspected as much herself, not altogether to her satisfaction. Butler relegated Alethea, as he did Athene, to the wings, allowing her little in the way of direct intervention, and saving her in case a "deus ex machina" should be required. Athene, of course, was naturally fitted for such a role; Alethea, being subject to human limitations, could summon to her aid no miraculous power, but she did her best by leaving her money to Ernest, thereby endowing him with an almost godlike ability to command the resources of the earth. Even in this fictional disguise, Butler would not allow Miss Savage too close a contact with himself; Alethea saw little of Ernest in his childhood, and intervened only to provide him with the solace of music during his miserable schooldays. In this detail, Butler was drawing upon his recollections of his aunt, Mrs. Bather, who seems to have given him some of his brief childhood glimpses of kindness and understanding of his aspirations. These were qualities so appropriate to Miss Savage that Alethea is at this point a composite portrait.

Of course, Butler did not meet Miss Savage in real life until he enrolled as an art student at Hatherley's, and their friendship was of even later date, so that he had no actual early acquaintance with her upon which to draw. He lacked facility in the invention of situations, preferring to use actual incidents experienced by himself or by others, but his perception was so accurate that these illustrations are invariably part and parcel of the fabric of his work, possessing there a fitness more appropriate to art than to reality. If Miss Savage did not encourage the youthful Butler in his admiration for the music of Handel, she supplied a much more necessary inspiration to his more mature talents, so that Gilbert Cannan was tempted to describe her as "the Authoress of The Way of All Flesh"(414). After the success of "Erewhon", it was Miss Savage who gave Butler no rest until he took up his pen again, and she shared his mischievous delight when the irony of "The Fair Haven" was accepted in some quarters at its face value, and his counterfeit currency offered to their readers as the genuine article by such religious periodicals as "The Rock". Neither was she content to allow him to confine his literary efforts to polemics against Darwinism and panegyrics in praise of his panzootic divine force; she wanted a novel, a story of human life, and Butler gave her the only life-story he had to give, his own. He acknowledged her place in it by introducing her in a dual capacity as Alethea, who was at once the friend of Overton, the narrator, Butler's older self, and yet the distant protectress of Ernest, whose

care began even before his birth, and continued after her death. Although Butler founded his novel upon fact, upon people and incidents known to him, he nevertheless remained aware that to have any value it must be a record of his subjective experience of the external world; and on occasion, he was better able to express the truth, as he saw it, by a re-arrangement of physical fact. As a painter, he was unable to do more than reproduce what he saw before him; as a writer, he allowed himself to be more of an impressionist, so that Alethea, if not an accurate portrait of Miss Savage in factual detail, is more revealing as a description of how she appeared to Butler. Without Alethea, Ernest could never have attained the life of literary leisure which he enjoys at the end of the last chapter; she "never gave him a syllable of good advice"(MS), she did not even interfere between him and Theobald, and she did not care that he should be sure of his inheritance too soon, but she was as mindful that he should some day come into his own as ever Athene was of Odysseus. Like Athene, too, she was content to let her protégé suffer, even more than a little, and she did not expect too much of him. She knew that he was "shifty, shrewd, and plausible" in the words of Butler's translation, and liked him the better for possessing qualities similar to her own. And, above all, Alethea made no emotional demands upon Ernest, and forced no confidences in talks upon the sofa, or excursions round the garden. "She became fonder of him from day to day," said Butler, in spite of his many faults and almost incredible foolishnesses

. . . she became strengthened in her determination to be to him in the place of parents, and to find in him a son rather than a nephew."[416]

Miss Savage, of course, was not rich like Alethea, or powerful like Athene; she was poor in this world's goods, and even the loss of a sixpence was a serious matter to her, though she treated her poverty with a wry humour. To Butler, however, she appeared able to bestow some means of independence, of establishing him in his birthright; and all she had to give was her advice and her encouragement. She watched over the growth of "Erewhon": "will you read the MS. by small instalments?" Butler asked, "I am not at all sure that I shall publish it, and you may save me from committing a grave indiscretion,"[417] and he acted upon some of her suggestions. But he would not be entirely guided by her, and protested that he had better things to do than write fiction. "It's all very well," he complained, "but I cannot settle down to writing a novel and trying to amuse people when there is work wants doing which I believe I am just the man to do, and which it seems to me is crying to be done. I shall never be quiet till I have carried out the scheme that is in my head."[418] He had conceived the idea of "The Fair Haven", and he refused to be turned aside. He wrote again to Miss Savage: "So that is what you want me to do. 'To sit down with the foregone conclusion to write a novel, etc.' with oddity rather than originality for the result. No. If I have talent, it may be safely let alone to work its own way out: if

I have not, it does not matter two straws what I do - only the best thing would be for me to do nothing."[419] On her part, Miss Savage accepted "The Fair Haven" as a temporary substitute for the great task she had in mind for him, much as Athene might have regarded Odysseus' dalliance with Circe or Calypso, but she did not relinquish her argument. "You have individualized Purdoe," she wrote, "(for I tell you I will not have him as Pickard) all through without any seeking after it. That is why I am so sure you would write such a beautiful novel . . . The moral is this - that I want a novel - ever so many novels - and that I have come to look upon you as an admirable novel-making machine, and that you ought to be set going."[420] Butler's critics have disagreed with Miss Savage's assessment of him as "an admirable novel-making machine", and have concluded, probably rightly, that he had no more than one novel, "The Way of All Flesh", in him. He knew himself that he lacked facility of invention. "The plot is nothing," he said, "I never could make one. If I write a novel I shall take one and alter it."[421] And in effect that is what he did; for his own experience supplied the ready-made plot, and also the power to alter it. Yet Miss Savage's exhortations are not therefore to be regarded as over-flattering estimates of his ability. In "The Way of All Flesh" Butler wrote of Alethea: "I remember once hearing her press a well-known philosopher to write a novel instead of pursuing his attacks upon religion. The philosopher did not much like this, and dilated upon the importance of showing people the folly of

much that they pretended to believe. She smiled and said demurely, 'Have they not Moses and the prophets? Let them hear them.'"[422] The retort is typical of Miss Savage. She was aware that Butler was likely to expend his entire energies in fruitless crusades to drive the infidels from the holy places of his faith, and she knew that these were not the real issues. Controversy, to Butler, was the important thing; Miss Savage rated creation more highly, and it was towards this end that she urged him on. It is true that his imaginative range was limited, but he had within himself, as every man has, access to the inherited store of human experience. Miss Savage knew that John Pickard Owen sprang from Butler himself, but she thought him no less real for knowing his origin. She believed that Butler could endow other parts of his own experience and personality with life, and this was what she wanted; that he should utilise his own resources to their fullest extent, like Odysseus, and find within himself the impulse towards self-fulfilment, to practise his own belief, in fact, instead of being content to preach it. Butler, however, could see no creative growth within himself, as he was later to see none in Odysseus. He preferred to continue fighting his battles, and attempting vainly to solve his problems by projection. But Miss Savage had her way, in part, at least; for he began "The Way of All Flesh", and worked at it until her death, when he left the manuscript as it then stood.

It was Butler's normal practice to get his books into print as soon as possible, even if no publisher were willing to

undertake the financial risk. He sent the manuscript of "Erewhon" a second time to Trubner's, and complained that they "never so much as looked at it before, and said they supposed it was something to do with the contagious diseases act. Now I am to pay their reader a guinea for reading it and giving an opinion."(423) Butler could afford the reader's fee, but he had to borrow from Henry Hoare to meet the cost of publication. Fortunately, "Erewhon" sold well enough to leave a small profit, but his later books did not even cover the cost. Yet he persisted in publishing work after controversial work, each of which met with the expected lack of public response. His translation of the Odyssey was rejected by thirty publishers before it appeared in print, but appear it did. Even his Notebooks were revised continually and indexed, as was also his correspondence, to facilitate publication at some later date. Of all his works, "The Way of All Flesh" alone was held back and denied a wider circulation. Butler gave various reasons for the delay in publication: it required further revision; it might be kinder to wait till the other members of his family were no longer alive to read what he had to say of them; the time was not yet ripe for a novel of such revolutionary import. These reasons were valid enough, though Butler had shown little sign of such tactful consideration towards his family, or of disinclination to disperse his iconoclastic propaganda, premature or not. But it is certain that he had a very real reluctance to making "The Way of All Flesh" generally available. It was, of course, an

intensely personal document, over and above its renewed utterance of all Butler's cherished theories. It was also a record of Butler's struggle to save his own soul, and the very fact of its composition was an achievement in that direction. On its posthumous publication, it was seized upon at once as a powerful weapon against parental tyranny, and it continued to appeal to the following generation, who felt their freedom as yet insecure. As an attack upon the system represented by Theobald and Christina, it was immediately successful, and from being merely the "enfant terrible of literature", who quarrelled with every theory except his own, Butler came to be more sympathetically regarded as the man who defied his father and got away with it. He believed that he had succeeded in breaking the bond between himself and his parents, just as he had broken away from the Church; but as he still attended church from time to time, and cast longing eyes towards the security he had left, so he still turned back to his father and his family, taking care that they should know of each new book, each little piece of worldly success. Canon Butler must often have been tempted to think of his son in the words of Lewis Carroll: "He only does it to annoy, Because he knows it teases," and Butler would not have contradicted this explanation. His failure to break off relations completely with his father, however, is of a piece with the desire for reconciliation which showed itself in other directions also, provided that it could be brought about without surrender on his part. The publication of his autobiograph-

ical novel would have made further contact with his father impossible; the portrait of Theobald was too cruel, and too plausible, to have been glossed over by any repentant words. So Butler kept his supreme gesture of defiance in reserve, and issued his irrevocable declaration of total warfare only when, for him, the contest was over.

XIV.

"The development of consciousness and of free-will naturally brings with it the possibility of deviating from the archetype and hence from instinct. . . . This is usually felt as very unpleasant, for it takes the form of an inner, unconscious fixation which expresses itself only symptomatically, that is, indirectly. Situations then develop in which it seems as though one were still not freed from the mother."

C.G. Jung, Analytical Psychology and 'Weltanschauung', Coll. Works, vol. 8, p. 374.

" . . . three of my nearest and most intimate friends have all been mothered to the verge of the grave; and as all the mothers are yet alive, we cannot be sure that they will not mother their offspring right into it before they have done."

Samuel Butler, Further Extracts, p. 272.

XIV.

Both Alethea Pontifex and the goddess Athene watched over their respective charges with a truly maternal solicitude, which in Athene's case was extended to Odysseus' son Telemachus, whom she protected as tenderly as she protected his father; and Alethea admitted that she regarded Ernest as a son, and tried in herself to atone for some of the deficiencies she detected in Christina. In myth and legend, it is common for heroes and great personages generally to have a spiritual as well as a physical mother, and the same situation is still current in comparatively modern times; Leonardo is a case in point.(424) Butler did not in so many words claim for himself this heroic privilege, but he recognised that Athene stood to Odysseus in some such relationship, and he arranged that Ernest should be thus endowed with a second mother, through whose wisdom and foresight he achieved even his limited freedom from complete domination by his physical parents. It is not difficult to recognise in Athene, the virgin goddess who sprang fully armed from the head of Zeus, a figure akin to the mediaeval conception of Sophia, a more spiritual aspect of the feminine, whose inspiring influence is nevertheless an essential complement to the instinctual rule of the Great Mother; in Alethea, it is not so easy to detect an embodiment of the same principle, yet the parallelism exists, and Alethea is founded upon Butler's experience of Miss Savage. He would have scorned the suggestion that there was anything in the least maternal in their relation-

ship. She was almost the same age as himself, and in many ways a typical spinster of her generation; yet he found in her a feminine quality which he would gladly have found in his mother, had that been possible. Miss Savage did not make her sympathy conditional upon Butler's conformity to the standards of Langar; and though she hoped to see her dreams fulfilled in him, her visions, unlike Christina's, did not seek her own exaltation through his sacrifice. As the inscription runs upon her tombstone, "she sought not her own". Her letters reveal her as Butler's equal in the employment of language, and in the sly, ironic humour which he made his own; and as incomparably his superior in emotional understanding and in delicacy of expression. As Middleton Murry remarked, "to us he appears a hobbledehoy by the side of Miss Savage"(425). She encouraged Butler to develop fantasy- rather than directed thinking, with the result that he has enjoyed a longer and fuller existence in the thoughts and on the lips of men (the only existence he believed worth having)(426) than he could have hoped to attain merely as a controversial writer. By her fostering of "The Way of All Flesh", she helped Butler to express not only his ideas but himself, for she knew intuitively that argument merely intensified the strain of the tensions within him, but that in creative work his sufferings might be transformed. For Butler, however, there was no such consummation; he remained, to the end of his life, a man divided, incomplete, and yet not altogether unsuccessful in coming to terms with the world in which he found himself. "The Way of All

Flesh" was not merely a history of his own experience; it was a re-creation of that experience in terms of an artistic unity, so that his personal life took on an ordered form and a wider and transpersonal significance, and he was able to view it in clearer perspective. However ironically he intended his appended quotation - "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God" - there is a lessening sense of personal bitterness in his later works, which cannot be attributed entirely to advancing years. And at the last, "Erewhon Revisited" made some concessions to human weakness, and admitted the occasional desirability, and even necessity, of illusion and of adaptation to the attainable.

The relationship between Butler and Miss Savage was, however, an uneasy one. On Butler's side, there was a profound distrust of any feminine influence, and an inherent difficulty in recognising any category beyond mother and mistress. Of the two, Miss Savage came nearer to the mother image, and in their early correspondence there is an indication that, in Butler's mind, at least, she was associated with his mother. She had sent him a letter full of humorous complaints of the various small misfortunes which had befallen her, including a commission to write some articles "about the medical act and the registration of births. I am supplied with pamphlets and speeches on the subject, but reading them makes me so very stupid that by the time I know all about it I shall not be in a condition to write anything. I dare say you will never have another letter from

me."[427] Butler was usually sensitive to nuances of expression, as his later appreciation of Buffon was to prove; but on this occasion Miss Savage's letter coincided with the news that his mother was ill at Mentone. "What do you mean," he asked, "by pretending that your letter was possibly the last I should ever receive from you? You frighten me. My mother is ill - very ill. It is not likely that she will recover - 'I had rather it had been my father'. I am pained about it - she is at Mentone, and though my father writes as if he had no hope, they clearly do not want me to come, which is as well, for though in such a case I should travel, yet the less I am on my feet the better - I ought to keep them up. What pains me is that I cannot begin to regain the affection now which Alas! I have long ceased to feel."[428] There is an immediate transition from the comment which Miss Savage had never intended to be taken seriously, to the ambivalent emotions which Butler entertained towards his mother, as if one led directly to the other. It was not merely his fears for his mother's life that he felt it necessary to express; what concerned him more deeply was his own reactions towards her, the old mixture of attraction and repugnance, with the conflicting demands of filial duty and independence, complicated by guilt and remorse. A similar attitude was to develop towards Miss Savage herself, and after her death Butler was tormented by similar feelings of resentful regret. In his mother's case, it was comparatively simple for him to find a plausible explanation for his confusion, in terms of a conflict between

his natural impulse to love, and his parents' rejection of the love he offered. By this means, he transferred the responsibility back to them, and interpreted his own sense of guilt as an indication of the strength of his thwarted affections. He was not to blame because he could not continue to supply filial love on demand, as a constant sacrifice. While he could not justifiably complain that Miss Savage had deliberately set out to destroy his regard for her, Butler again attempted to exonerate himself by suspecting her of requiring from him an emotional response which it was not in his power to give. As usual, his explanation contained sufficient truth to offer a superficial satisfaction; but he imagined the desired response to be one of those with which he was already familiar, whereas her demand was for an extension of his range of awareness. He came, therefore, to the conclusion that here was a more subtle form of Circe, and that he was being enticed towards a sexual relationship more constricting than those upon which he had entered so easily, and one which would imprison him for ever in the bonds sanctioned by church and state, and also by the more pervasive power of conventional morality.

It may be no more than coincidence that the name of Christina which Butler bestowed upon the mother of Ernest Pontifex may have been suggested to him by Miss Savage. It was naturally a suitable appellation for the daughter of one clergyman and wife of another, and one, moreover, so dedicated to the service of her faith; but it pleased Miss Savage for another

and more personal reason. "Christina," she wrote to Butler, "was the name of the lady who prayed (when she was being looked at by me - or rather by the little Owens) in The Fair Haven."[429] This anecdote of Miss Savage's childhood had been borrowed, with her ready permission, by Butler as an illustration of the means whereby John Pickard Owen had been fashioned into a disillusioned seeker after truth, and the lady in question was undoubtedly akin to Mrs. Pontifex. "She was so profoundly respected," ran Miss Savage's description, "and always looked upon with a sort of veneration, which puzzled me very much when I was a small child, for there was nothing about her to account for such distinction, except that she was a Victim and a Martyr. Her children were most beautifully devoted to her, and she accepted all their sacrifices as her due. Her eldest son was the most devoted of all; he never left her, and never even seemed to wish to do so. However, poor fellow, he died when he was about 45 . . . ."[430] Behind the outward appearance of saintliness is the typical figure of the devouring mother, who makes such demands upon her children that an early death is their inevitable fate; and the resemblance to the daydreams of Christina and of Mrs. Owen is immediately obvious. At this time, Butler had not progressed beyond Theobald's courtship in his novel, and Christina's children, and her ambitions for them, were yet to come; but the picture drawn by Miss Savage is so clearly appropriate to Christina that his choice of name may have been influenced by an unconscious recollection of her earlier account, and a

similar association may have prevailed with regard to the fantasies in which both women indulged. Butler himself was unaware of any such indebtedness, which he would certainly have acknowledged as freely as he did his other borrowings from known sources; but to Miss Savage, at least, the connection was obvious.

Butler's inability to conceive of any higher level of relationship between man and woman is illustrated by his failure to distinguish between Circe and Calypso, the instinctual and the spiritual aspects which Odysseus had to encounter, so that from his union with them he might derive the necessary power to make the transition, with divine encouragement, from the fantasy-world of his adventures through the gateway of Phaeacia to the reality of Ithaca. To Butler, both goddesses were no more than typical maiden ladies, with such a spinsterish distrust of men that they preferred to maintain entirely feminine households. Although he was aware of the emphasis of the feminine element in these episodes, characteristically he preferred not to broaden his understanding of the world around him through the aid of the universal images invoked by the poet, but rather to circumscribe these images within the narrow limits of individual experience. His reactions towards Miss Savage he analysed in much the same manner; he could account for her concern for himself and for his affairs in no other way than by assuming that she wished to enjoy the enhanced status of a married woman. "Women," he said, "have been proposing to men all their lives,

yet they grieve to remember that they have been invariably refused"[431]; and "in matrimony, to hesitate is sometimes to be saved"[432]. These comments of Butler's are more than mere flippancy, and betray a very real fear. He was not by nature promiscuous, preferring a permanent arrangement with Madame to a succession of amatory adventures, and rating the satisfaction of appetite more highly than the excitement of conquest. But he was afraid of the committal implied in marriage, lacking as he did the power to evolve from the parentally-dominated consciousness of his youth. Miss Savage, for her part, may very well have cherished hopes, at the beginning of their friendship, that it might have ripened into marriage. Jones' impression was "that, if he had proposed marriage during the earlier years of their friendship, she would have accepted him; but I doubt whether she would have done so later . . . their friendship drifted on, she offering him all she had to give, he taking all he wanted and making such return as he could, but despising himself, unhappy and discontented because he could not give the one thing which he believed her to be asking; and all the time puzzled and wondering whether he was not misjudging her."[433] Miss Savage, with her intuitive perception, could not have failed to realise that her relationship with Butler could not develop beyond his capacity, and she accommodated herself with remarkable charity to his limitations, maintaining their correspondence on the acceptable level of intelligent but not altogether serious chatter, offering him the tit-bits of observation in which he

delighted, and scrupulously avoiding any intrusion into his life beyond the region which he consented to share with her. For Butler, the acceptance of such a situation was more difficult. Whether Miss Savage refrained from any suggestion of a closer intimacy was of little real importance, as long as he was aware of some such obligation; for, as in his other relationships, the personal was easily obscured by the transpersonal, and the impulse from within translated as a demand from without. On a purely physical level, he was able to enjoy a successful liaison with Madame, uncomplicated by any more spiritual considerations; this was the only plane on which he could be at ease with any woman, and it was impossible for him to approach Miss Savage on these terms. In addition, his vague association of her with a mother-figure, which appears from the letters quoted and from the role assigned to Alethea Pontifex, at once aroused a feeling of guilt at the mere suggestion of the possibility of marriage,[434] and Butler was not altogether in error when he believed his guilt to arise from his inability to implement their relationship as Miss Savage expected, however mistaken he may have been in his definition of her expectations. He knew some further response was required of him, but he reasoned in terms of a physical response to the person of Miss Savage herself, thereby adding greatly to his confusion, since it was not easy to equate such a demand with his knowledge of her. Yet he made a valiant attempt to prove to himself, at least, that his only fault had been in refusing to enter into a commitment which would have

been morally wrong. "I wish you did not know right from wrong," she had written to him, in a letter which Butler preserved only in part, so that the whole context of this sentence is missing, though it seems to occur at the close of a paragraph referring to the affairs of the Canada Tanning Extract Company.[435] Jones was undoubtedly correct in his supposition that "she was referring to his scrupulousness in matters of business, as she says in her letter to him of October 15th., 1874: 'You told me what you had been doing - buying back other people's shares in the Company.'"[436] In editing their correspondence after her death, however, Butler seized upon this isolated phrase, and saw in it a confirmation of his suspicion of "the wrong I did, in that I did no wrong".[437] Perhaps the greatest unkindness, among many, which he did to her is the sonnets which he wrote, almost at the end of his life, to explain his own position.

"I liked, but like and love are far removed;
Hard though I tried to love I tried in vain.
For she was plain and lame and fat and short,
Forty and over-kind. Hence it befell
That though I loved her in a certain sort,
Yet did I love too wisely but not well.
Ah! had she been more beauteous or less kind
She might have found me of another mind."[438]

The description of Miss Savage may have been accurate enough in physical detail, for all its blunt crudity; but the interpretation of her motives does not ring true. It was from Butler himself

that there arose the insistence that the only possible relationship which was at all practical between man and woman must of necessity be erotic and nothing more; and since in this context Miss Savage was "an all too, too impossible She"[439], he had nothing else at hand to offer her, except the responsibility for his failure. The old conception of woman, learned in infancy and confirmed throughout life, had to be fitted to Miss Savage, lest by her very existence she should break the spell. The dark, unreasoning, instinctual life, the mother who holds her sons for her victims, could not be cast aside for the creative and inspiring power which is also feminine. In his last sonnet on Miss Savage, Butler attempted to imagine the circumstances under which he might have been attracted to her, in terms which at once recall the episode of Odysseus and Circe:

> "Had I been some young sailor, continent
> Perforce three weeks and then well plied with wine,
> I might in time have tried to yield consent
> And almost (though I doubt it) made her mine.
> Or had it been but once and never again,
> Come what come might, she should have had her way."[440]

In other words, had he been able to recognise in her no more than the Circean instinctuality, which desires only the gratification of the moment and cares no more than the beasts of the field to consider the consequence, he could have responded on this level. Like a pupil partially prepared, Butler was naturally aggrieved when he was confronted with a question for which his

studied answers were inadequate, and in true schoolboy fashion he concluded that the question was unfair. Like many another man whose power of development has been atrophied early in life, he made the old excuse for his failure to break the old pattern of behaviour - "being loved, I could not love again"[441], at least, "not in that way".

"A man will yield for pity, if he can,
But if the flesh rebels what can he do?"[442]

Althea is, of course, not a literal, but an idealised portrait of Miss Savage; yet here, too, Butler attempted to bring her closer to the type of woman whom he could understand. Alethea shared Butler's objections to marriage - "living in open matrimony" was a phrase of which he was particularly fond - but "she by no means, however, railed at men as she railed at matrimony, and though living after a fashion in which even the most censorious could find nothing to complain of, as far as she properly could she defended those of her own sex whom the world condemned most severely."[443] Miss Savage, in spite of her jokes about male and female umbrellas[444], was not at all likely to have approved of what were popularly termed "fallen women", but in crediting Alethea with a sympathy for those who had defied convention in pursuit of the satisfaction of instinct, Butler was attempting an approximation to his own chosen level of relationship, and emphasising as best he could Alethea's lack of antagonism towards the aspect represented by Ellen. He could not go so far as to involve Alethea in any affairs herself, but he

required from her at least an absence of condemnation. He well know that Miss Savage disapproved of the episode in "The Way of All Flesh" in which Towneley, arriving early for his appointment with Miss Snow and finding Ernest there, at once assumed that Ernest's errand was the same as his own. "Your Towneley, too, must be toned down," she advised, "- a coarse creature with vicious propensities which he indulges in a slum such as you describe, Ashpit Place." (445) Whether or no she understood Towneley's behaviour to be founded upon incidents in Butler's own life is uncertain, and unimportant; for she was certainly fully aware that he represented an aspect of Butler which she regarded as dangerous and degrading, without reference to its experiential realisation. Whereas Butler regarded sexuality and its gratification as simply amoral, Miss Savage found it shockingly immoral, and his knowledge of her conventional equation of sexual pleasure with sin contributed greatly to his sense of guilt when he imagined that he detected in her an unexpressed desire to place their relationship on such a footing. He did his best to minimise his awareness of her disapproval by making Alethea sympathetic towards the Miss Snows of this world, without venturing to express any tolerance on her part of Towneley; and Ellen is not introduced until Alethea is safely dead and buried, and Ernest's affairs are beyond her active concern. He felt no remorse himself on the score of his liaison with Madame, or of any of his earlier experiences, but he knew that Miss Savage's strict morality would condemn rather than condone such

behaviour. His feeling of embarrassed guilt was a natural consequence of his unawareness of any other possible response to her undoubted affection save one which she would be certain to regard as an insult, the outcome of "vicious propensities" rather than the consummation of a natural and reasonable desire; and finding himself responsive only on this level, he was at a loss to know what else she could want of him. In "The Way of All Flesh" Butler smoothed out the difficulties in their actual relationship by attributing to Overton and to Alethea the perfect understanding of each other's attitude which was so lacking in reality. He also avoided the awkward necessity of too accurate an analysis by his assumption of such an understanding, so that there was no need for him to explain "how it was that she and I never married. We two knew exceedingly well, and that must suffice for the reader."(446) Miss Savage may have had a clear indication of how matters stood; but Butler was never able to resolve his confused emotions towards her, and the final verdict contained in his sonnets was merely the best solution he could find to a problem the nature of which he could not understand. Indeed, her presentation of such a problem was perhaps not least among the services which Miss Savage rendered to Butler; for even after her death she continued to challenge his preconceived ideas, and to leave him dissatisfied with the only answers he had at his command. By so doing, she opened up the possibility of a fresh access of awareness, by ensuring that he should never become complacently unconscious that there still existed a

mystery beyond his comprehension. "The serious problems in life," wrote Jung, "are never fully solved. If ever they should appear to be so it is a sure sign that something has been lost. The meaning and purpose of a problem seem to be not in its solution but in our working at it incessantly. This alone preserves us from stultification and petrifaction."[447]

The conflict which Butler experienced in his relationship with Miss Savage was also expressed in the physical symptoms from which he suffered increasingly in her actual presence. "She oppressed me with her very brilliancy," he wrote, "- may bored me, for there is no bore like a brilliant bore - she rarely left my rooms without my neck swelling and my head for a time being all wrong, from the effort it cost me to conceal the fact that she had been too much for me."[448] On other occasions, too, Butler had experienced similar discomfort; in an earlier letter to Miss Savage he remarked: "The lump on my neck is smaller, and I don't get deaf immediately that any one has bored me for more than five minutes - in fact I am rested, but I am pulled down."[449] He himself associated these symptoms with boredom and oppression, and that they should have been provoked by Miss Savage's visits is an indication not only of the intensity of the problem which she presented, but even more of its unconscious nature, which was compelled to find such indirect and substitute means of expression. Her physical proximity emphasised for Butler her lack of attraction: "I had come to look upon her as an impossible person . . . she was fully 36 . . . she was very lame, was plain,

and generally unattractive to the outward eye."[450] Butler attached an almost moral significance to the attributes of youth and beauty, believing fully in the old classical association of καλὸν κἀγαθόν, the beautiful and the good, the outward appearance reflecting the qualities within.[451] As a distant Alethea, reshaped and brought nearer to the heart's desire, Butler could adjust himself to Miss Savage; on the safe terms of correspondence, it was still possible to evade the direct and disturbing challenge of her individual reality; face to face, however, the disharmony could not be ignored, and Miss Savage herself could not be brought by pretence into conformity with any conception of the feminine already familiar to Butler. So her presence became an intrusion, and her death a relief which Butler could not admit, in his perplexity of guilt. He derived some comfort from keeping her memory as a kind of hair shirt with which to torture himself, finding in his induced remorse some sense of atonement. In his usual fashion, he found good and sufficient reasons for behaving as he did; like his father, like Darwin, Miss Savage had offered much, but had demanded more, even to the impossible. But as usual, too, he failed to convince himself, and continued to wrestle with the problems within in terms of external situations, in which he could hope to achieve at least a workable compromise.

On the whole, Butler was less than competent in depicting the female characters in his works. Christina is a notable exception, because here Butler was drawing upon his own assured

knowledge, not of an individual woman, but of the maternal feminine. She is convincing and real because she is the translation of a universally known reality, the product of the repeated experience of countless generations, and as such her validity is immediately recognisable. The same convincing reality is apparent in Mrs. Jupp, whose earthy vitality was drawn from a charwoman of Butler's own acquaintance; he delighted in her honest and unashamed vulgarity, which pretended to be nothing better. Alethea, on the other hand, has a slightly unreal air, as if in her case Butler were unsure of his model, as was indeed the case. It might be more accurate to speak of his two models, which were imperfectly harmonised, so that there remained a discrepancy between the personal and the transpersonal, between Miss Savage, and the inspiring semi-maternal archetype. Part of Butler's unexpressed resentment against Miss Savage was occasioned by her lack of co-ordination with the preferred image, her failure to keep within the limits of his inherited experience and to cease her unspoken demand for an emotional re-adjustment on his part. Miss Savage herself, with her keen critical sense, detected an artificiality about Alethea. "I think you make the aunt a little ridiculous," she wrote to Butler, "when you say that she preferred to encourage others rather than to write or paint herself. When people don't do things themselves, it is either because they couldn't if they tried, or because they are lazy, or because they have something else to do, or because they are morbidly vain. But Aunt Alethea was perfect. You make

her like that most odious of women, Mrs. John Stuart Mill - who, though capable of surpassing Shelley preferred to efface herself for the greater comfort of Mr. John Stuart Mill! At least that is what he was so extraordinarily simple-minded as to be taught to believe."[450] Alethea, for all the derivation of her name,[453] is in fact a pretence, and the clearest possible demonstration that Butler was at a loss where Miss Savage and the images she aroused were concerned, so that they continued to defy his powers of definition. Miss Savage's comparison, too, is not without significance; for the self-effacing Mrs. John Stuart Mill is recognisably of the same order as Christina and Mrs. Owen, so that Butler had unintentionally contrived to suggest a resemblance of which he was consciously unaware. And it is undoubtedly true that Alethea is more of a mother to Ernest than a companion and friend to Overton.

In general, then, Butler's approach to his female characters was tentative and uncertain in the extreme, except where they could reasonably reflect the only feminine reality which he had experienced, and his comments upon the Odyssey show that he was equally limited in his appreciation of the characters portrayed by others. The heroine of his earliest work, "Erewhon", revealed the essential narrowness of his conception of woman. Arowhena is meant to be the embodiment of the Erewhonian ideals of physical grace and spiritual simplicity, yet the translation of her name, by the simple process of reversal, is a clear indication of the limited function which she can fulfil. She

supplies a conventional part in the action of escape which is necessary to bring the narrative to a close, and she also serves Butler's purpose by explaining Erewhonian religious doctrine to the disadvantage of orthodox Christianity; but her significance is so slight that she has no share in the narrator's plans for the future, which are concentrated upon the exploitation of Erewhon in accordance with the best principles of profitable colonisation. When Butler returned, at the end of his life, to the scene of his first - and only - literary triumph, he realised that he had no further use for Arowhena; despite the experiences of marriage and of motherhood, she lacked even the potentiality of maturity, and it is an indication of some development in his own understanding that he could now be aware of this. He described, therefore, how Arowhena had died in the intervening space of time, "not so much from active illness, as from what was in reality a kind of 'maladie du pays'."[454] She was incapable of existing in any greater reality than that of Erewhon, and Higgs "could never divest himself of the feeling that he had wrecked her life by inducing her to share her lot with his own; to say that he was stricken with remorse on losing her is not enough; he had been so stricken almost from the first year of his marriage."[455] In "Erewhon Revisited", Arowhena is a phase outgrown, and she is superseded as heroine by Yram, who appeared in "Erewhon" as the jailer's daughter, but who now enjoys a comfortable social position as the wife of Mayor Strong. Like an Erewhonian Arete, she displays the well-meaning and mani-

pulative benevolence characteristic of the Phaeacian queen. With Yram, Butler succeeded for the first time in his long literary career in creating a convincing portrait, without satire or malice, of a woman of a different stamp from Christina. Even here, however, the old insensitivity was not completely resolved; Yram confesses to her son George that the rumour naming Higgs, now known as the Sunchild, as his father was indeed true, and describes how "about a month after Higgs had gone, having recovered from my passing infatuation for him, I took kindly to the Mayor and accepted him, without telling him what I ought to have told him - but the words stuck in my throat. I had not been engaged to him many days before I found that there was something which I should not be able to hide much longer," in this predicament, she sought the help of Mrs. Humdrum, who advised that the Mayor should be told at once, and released from his engagement should he so desire. "Truth bred chivalry in him at once," said Butler. "'I will marry her,' he said, with hardly a moment's hesitation, 'but it will be better that I should not be put on any lower footing than Higgs was. I ought not to be denied anything that has been allowed to him.' . . . 'Come to my house this evening,' said Mrs. Humdrum, 'and you will find Yram there!'" (45a) It may have been chivalrous in the Mayor to hold to his offer of marriage, knowing that he was binding himself to the support, not only of a wife, but of another man's child, and to provide Yram with the protection of his name against social disgrace; but his stipulated condition is crude in the extreme, and only

Butler could have felt that in allowing the Mayor to anticipate the privileges of marriage Yram was making ample return for his readiness to undertake its responsibilities. But it is in Yram's placid acceptance of this arrangement that Butler's lack of awareness is most obviously displayed, and it is impossible to ignore the resemblance to his own arrangement with Madame, whereby he enjoyed her favours on the evenings following those on which Jones had been similarly accommodated. By his insistence upon entering into immediate possession of the property which, despite its liabilities, he was still willing to acquire, the Mayor degraded Yram to the level upon which Butler employed Madame; by her acceptance of his proposal, Yram acquiesced in her degradation, and it is this acquiescence which is at once felt to be entirely incompatible with the portrait Butler has presented to his readers. His plot demanded that George should be Higgs' son; it was also necessary that Yram should not be exposed to the disgrace of bearing a child known to be illegitimate; and it was wholly consistent with her honesty and the Mayor's shrewdness that, while he was a consenting party to the general deception, no attempt should be made to deceive him with regard to the paternity of his wife's first-born son. But there is no such justification for Butler's introduction of a condition which is creditable neither to the Mayor nor to Yram. Despite the new understanding which made the creation of Yram possible, the old attitudes and prejudices persisted, and found expression in details such as these. In "Erewhon Revisited", according to

Philip Henderson, "Butler did something he had never succeeded in doing before: he created a charming woman and family relations founded upon tolerance, affection and intelligence"(457). In this belated and partial re-adjustment, he at last widened his perception beyond the bounds fixed by Christina, with her intolerance of his independence, her affection which concealed her lust for domination, and her intelligence which was directed towards the achievement of this end through the exploitation of his weakness; and with perception, there inevitably came a proportionate release from the power which this image had maintained over him. The persistent echoes of the old distrust and denigration of woman emphasise the strength of this power, and the incomplete nature of his emancipation; yet this new and higher conception of the feminine, while never fully integrated, was responsible for the mellowing of Butler's later years, and for this new growth of consciousness, slight and belated as it was, his rediscovery of the Odyssey was to a great extent responsible.

XV.

"The behaviour of new contents that have been constellated in the unconscious but are not yet assimilated to consciousness is similar to that of complexes. . . In the realm of artistic and religious phenomena, these contents may likewise appear in personified form, especially as archetypal figures."

C.G. Jung, Psychological Factors in Human Behaviour, Coll. Works, vol. 8, pp. 121-2.

"They say no woman could possibly have written the Odyssey. To me, on the other hand, it seems even less possible that a man could have done so. As for its being by a practised and elderly writer, nothing but youth and inexperience could produce anything so naïve and so lovely."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 198.

XV.

The changing pattern already noted in Butler's relationships undoubtedly contributed to the powerful effect which the Odyssey had upon him; the external circumstances of his life, with their essential disruption of the old routine, made more easily acceptable any extension of experience and of understanding. He had also reached a time of life when the natural process of development tends towards a resurgence of those functions of necessity repressed in youth, or towards their more rigid suppression in order to maintain the dominance of the pattern already established, now that the reason for its establishment, the adaptation to outward circumstance, has been achieved; a time when, according to Jung, "an important change in the human psyche is in preparation . . . Often it is something like a slow change in a person's character; in another case certain traits may come to light which had disappeared since childhood; or again, one's previous inclinations and interests begin to weaken and others take their place. Conversely - and this happens very frequently - one's cherished convictions and principles, especially the moral ones, begin to harden and to grow increasingly rigid until . . . a period of intolerance and fanaticism is reached."[456] In Butler's case, this critical juncture occurred rather later than is usual, and his reactions were equally untypical and individual. By choice, he remained as unrepentant a rebel as ever he had been, repeating his old revolutionary slogans, and revelling in his reputation as the "enfant terrible

of literature"; but in spite of himself, there developed in him a greater charity towards the world, and even a capacity on occasion to suffer fools patiently, if not gladly. He would not openly abandon the principles which he had advocated so vociferously and long, but he confessed to a desire for reconciliation which is amply illustrated by "Erewhon Revisited". It would seem as if all occasions did indeed conspire against him, to revive the atrophied powers of relationship and creation, and to assist him to achieve some measure of peace with himself and with the world.

Butler himself had no doubts as to the importance of the Odyssey in his life. "Nothing has ever interested me," he wrote to Colonel Lean, "(except, of course, Handel) so much as this Odyssey business has done; it is by far the finest piece of good fortune that ever happened to me."(457) On the surface, his theory of feminine authorship may easily be taken as another example of his repudiation of orthodoxy, an attack upon another citadel of established opinion, as if Butler chose perversity for its own sake. In spite of his reputation as an ironical writer, there is ample evidence that Butler was serious in his contention that the Odyssey was of feminine composition; his own references, both in his published writings and in his private letters, are wholly consistent with such a belief, and Jones was equally positive with regard to Butler's sincerity in this respect. In support of his revolutionary theory, Butler adduced a variety of arguments, some of them extremely ingenious,

and his deficiencies as a Homeric scholar are not immediately apparent; it is therefore fatally easy to fall into the error of considering "The Authoress of the Odyssey" and the Homeric translations merely as contributions, however doubtful, to what Gladstone called Homerology, rather than as highly reliable sources of information about Butler, and to find the Odyssey replacing "The Authoress" as the subject of discussion and argument. As Butler himself wrote: "A deep distrust of the over-obvious is wanted, before men can be brought to turn aside from objections which at the first blush appear to be very serious, and to take refuge in solutions which seem harder than the problems which they are intended to solve."(460) The important point is not the origin of the Odyssey, but the origin of the Authoress, the portrait of Nausicaa which derives from Butler and not from the Greek unknown who first employed that name; for even in Butler's own work, there are admissions that the two are not identical, although they may be described as variations upon the same theme, and his interpretation of the Odyssey altered as the figure of the Authoress became more clearly defined in his own personal terms. As her portrait grew in detail, so his theories were developed to form a frame to suit. The necessity of localising all the settings of the poem within a limited radius was forced upon him, not by the Odyssey itself, but by his determination to prove the existence of the Authoress as he had pictured her, unable by reason of her youth and sex to have acquired much knowledge of the cities, however acquainted with the minds,

of men, and sharing his own inability to create what eye had not seen and ear had not heard. Butler's arguments in favour of the Sicilian origin of the Odyssey were in truth secondary, necessary only because he had to give this newly discovered creature a local habitation and a name before he could safely assume her reality. With his persistent habit of externalisation, it is not surprising that he should have sought to fix her in historical time and geographical space, itself a defence against the recognition of her participation in his own existence, a known and yet an unknown part of all human life.

The Authoress was Butler's explanation of the feminine quality which he felt to exist in the Odyssey. Even as a boy, he had been proud of his remark that "the Iliad was the work of a clergyman, and the Odyssey was the Iliad's wife"[461], and he regarded it as a prophetic anticipation of his later discovery. In this classification by male and female he had support from the great Bentley, who had remarked of Homer that "the Ilias he made for the men, and the Odysseis for the other sex"[462]. Butler knew little of Bentley, but he found this obiter dictum quoted by Jebb in his "Introduction to Homer", and promptly borrowed the reference as corroborration for his own theory, though in all probability Bentley was merely contrasting the subject-matter of the two poems. Butler's own schoolboy criticism is more enlightening, particularly in view of his analysis of Christina, the clergyman's wife par excellence, some resemblance to whom he must have detected in his early reading of the

Odyssey. To Butler, such intuitive and unsought discoveries were true by reason of their very spontaneity, and required only the labour of finding the proof which must of necessity exist, in order to be confirmed; and there is no reason to doubt that the intuition which so often led him to anticipate the thought of a later generation played him false on this occasion. For in a very real sense the Odyssey, like every other creative work, is indeed feminine in origin, shaped though it may be by masculine consciousness: "in the creative man, especially," says Emma Jung, "this feminine attitude plays an important role; it is not without cause that we speak of the conception of a work, of carrying out a thought, delivering oneself of it, or brooding over it."(463) It is the unconscious, feminine, productive side of the masculine psyche which gives life to such fantasies as the Odyssey, with its inexhaustible wisdom and wealth of symbol. In his youth, Butler recognised the feminine quality of the poem, but he had no other experience of the feminine beyond that afforded by his mother, so that he could describe it in no other terms than "a clergyman's wife"; in the more mature period of life, however, in which he returned to the study of the Odyssey, he had been prepared, principally by his prolonged wrestling with the problem presented by Miss Savage, for an extension of this experience, and the acceptance of a more evolved conception than the negative mother image. The Odyssey still appeared to him as essentially feminine, but its femininity was expressed in terms new to Butler, yet familiar in literature and legend

throughout the ages: a capricious immaturity, possessing together with the innocence of youth an age-old wisdom, provocative, tantalizing, teasing, and yet suggesting "that the world for all its joyousness was nevertheless out of joint - an inarticulate, indefinable half pathos, half baffled fury".[464] "In 'The Authoress of the Odyssey'," declares Philip Henderson again, "Butler arrived at a real understanding of a woman for the first time in his life, and as the woman had been dead some two thousand five hundred years he felt quite safe in falling in love with her. One can feel him responding to the charm of Nausicaa as he writes, like old Paul standing among the dried canes on the sandbanks crying out for grace after the flesh."[465] An earlier critic, W.O. Bekker, could find no other word to describe Butler's attitude than "infatuation"[466], an appropriate term for his sudden succumbing to the powerful fascination of the archetypal image, with its inexhaustible reserves of energy, which Nausicaa had conjured up for him. It is no mere figure of speech to speak of Butler as falling in love with the Autheress; for the same unconscious influences were at work, the same projections caught, though in his case the beloved had no existence in flesh and blood. Although this may be regarded as an insuperable obstacle to the happy consummation of a love-affair, it is, on the other hand, an aid to the completeness and continuation of the projection; so Butler was able to elaborate the vision which appeared to him, without the danger of a rude intrusion of reality.

"Every man," says Jung, "carries within him the eternal image of woman, not the image of this or that particular woman, but a definite feminine image. This image is fundamentally unconscious, an hereditary factor of primordial origin engraved in the living organic system of the man, an imprint or "archetype" of all the ancestral experiences of the female, a deposit, as it were, of all the impressions ever made by woman - in short, an inherited system of psychic adaptation."[467] This image he defines, as far as it is capable of definition, as the "anima", which is also a man's own unconscious femininity. "So long as the anima is unconscious she is always projected, for everything unconscious is projected. The first bearer of the soul-image is always the mother; later it is borne by those women who arouse the man's feelings, whether in a positive or in a negative sense."[468] In his mother, Butler had found something very different from the enchantment of the Authoress; the fascination of the Sirens had been soon dispelled by the visible relics of past destruction and he had looked in vain all his life for a suitable carrier of the projection. "The anima image," says Jung again, "which lends the mother such superhuman glamour in the eyes of the son, gradually becomes tarnished by commonplace reality and sinks back into the unconscious, but without in any way losing its original tension and instinctivity. It is ready to spring out and project itself at the first opportunity, the moment a woman makes an impression that is out of the ordinary."[469] It was Butler's misfortune that none of the women in his life possessed

the power to evoke this image, with its potentialities as a bridge between the conscious and unconscious worlds, with the possible exception of Isabella, the innkeeper's daughter at Arona with whom he fell in love on one of his early Italian trips, and whose memory he cherished throughout his life. There was, of course, no possibility of marriage between them, for Butler was not so defiant of social convention as to bring home an Italian peasant bride. For several years he avoided Arona, lest he should meet her again, perhaps from guilt that he had not already proposed marriage to her, or from fear that he might yet propose it. His own account is quoted by Jones: "I have never seen any woman comparable to her, and kept out of her way on purpose after leaving Arona as the only thing to be done, for we had become thick. I kept away from Arona for years; but at last returned with Jones, for I wanted to show her to him and to see her again, which I might now safely do." He came upon her "looking much older, and, as usual, very sad, when her face was in repose. It made me feel unhappy; but I went on, and she woke up from her dreaming when she saw strangers approaching." "She smiled as she held out her hand," says Jones, "and came down the steps to meet him, like Elizabeth greeting Mary in the Salutation Chapel on the Sacro Monte."[470] In any event, it was an affair best left as it was. While never a great and tragic love loke that of Romeo and Juliet, or Tristan and Isolde, Butler's brief interlude with Isabella was equally ill-suited to the more permanent union of marriage. The projected images must

gradually have faded, leaving a sense of disillusionment and loss; and it may be that Butler was unconsciously influenced to avoid the attempt to translate his idyll into fact. With the clearer insight displayed in "Erewhon Revisited", he based Yram's account of her relationship with the Sunchild upon his old romance with Isabella. "As for Higgs," he made Yram confess, "he liked, but did not love me. If I had let him alone he would have done the like by me; and let each other alone we did, till the day before he was taken down to the capital. On that day, whether through his fault or mine I know not - we neither of us meant it - it was as though Nature, my dear, was determined that you should not slip through her fingers - well, on that day we took it into our heads that we were broken-hearted lovers - the rest followed."(470) Like Yram, Butler did not regret what had happened; but he perceived, as clearly as she did, that there was a certain impersonal element in such mutual attraction, a momentary compulsion which would grow irksome if prolonged beyond its natural term. "We neither of us meant it," he could say, giving expression in his own form to his recognition that "one should on no account take this projection for an individual and conscious relationship," as Jung says. "In its first stage it is far from that, for it creates a compulsive dependence based on unconscious motives other than the biological ones. Rider Haggard's 'She' gives some indication of the curious world of ideas that underlies the anima projection. They are in essence spiritual contents, often in erotic disguise, obvious

fragments of a primitive mythological mentality that consists of archetypes, and whose totality constitutes the collective unconscious. Accordingly, such a relationship is at bottom collective and not individual."[473] For once, therefore, Butler did the right thing where a woman was concerned, even if at the time it was for the wrong reason.

Nausicaa, as described in the Odyssey, is herself typical as well as individual. In his analysis of heroic poetry into three stages, primitive, proletarian, and aristocratic, C.M. Bowra has pointed out how "at the aristocratic stage we find another type of woman who seems to appear here and nowhere else - the young princess who has a large allowance of liberty and uses it to display royal qualities of style and charm and courage. . . . The classic case of such a woman is Homer's Nausicaa."[475] She has also her counterpart in other forms of literature, for such a universally experienced image has found frequent expression. Jung has on many occasions referred to Rider Haggard's "She" and Pierre Benoît's "L'Atlantide" as fictional descriptions of the anima. In art, too, the elusive smile of the Mona Lisa and other Leonardo portraits owes its fascination to the immediate and spontaneous recognition of the archetypal feminine. The writing of "The Way of All Flesh" had brought into consciousness much of Butler's attitude towards his mother; he had been left, for the first time, without any close female companionship, for there was no woman among the restricted circle of his acquaintance intimate enough with him

to dare intrude into the isolation of his self-sufficiency; like Titania under Oberon's spell, therefore, Butler was ready to seize upon the first creature which presented itself to his sight, as the object of his necessary adoration. As his interest in the Authoress grew, her portrait became further and further removed from the Nausicaa of Homer, as she fulfilled her anima-function of serving as a mirror to reflect Butler's thoughts and desires and emotions; and in his contemplation of this reflected self, he became aware of much that had remained hitherto unconscious.

In the preface to "The Authoress of the Odyssey" Butler declared: "I do not care whether the Odyssey was written by man or by woman, nor yet where the poet or poetess lived that wrote it; all I care about is the knowing as much as I can about the poem."(474) This is in direct contradiction to the view expressed in his Notebooks, that "the personality of the author is what interests us more than his work."(475) He was anxious to disclaim any prejudice in the case of the Odyssey, and any bias in favour of the Authoress. Yet there is evidence that his conception of the Odyssey was altered in order to harmonise with his conception of Nausicaa; for it was the Authoress, not the Odyssey, of which he was enamoured. Writing earlier of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress", he had found that work to be Odyssean "in its sincerity and downrightness, as well as in the marvellous beauty of its language, its freedom from the taint of the schools, and, not least, in complete victory of genuine internal zeal over a

scheme initially so faulty as to appear hopeless."[476] The unself-conscious charm of Nausicaa is recognisably part of a poem such as this; but the anima has nothing to do with sincerity or downrightness, for it "has a predilection for everything that is unconscious, dark, equivocal, and at a loose end in woman, and also for her frigidity, vanity, helplessness, and so forth."[477] "One could almost speak," says Jung, "of a definite 'anima type'. The so-called 'sphinx-like' character is an indispensable part of their equipment, also an equivocalness, an intriguing elusiveness - not an indefinite blur that offers nothing, but an indefiniteness that seems full of promises, like the speaking silence of a Mona Lisa. A woman of this kind is both old and young, mother and daughter, of more than doubtful chastity, childlike, and yet endowed with a naive cunning that is extremely disarming to men."[478] Butler could not have described the Authoress more clearly. Thus he gradually ceased to see the Odyssey by itself, and saw it only as a manifestation of the Authoress, loved only so far as he could detect her hand therein. The sincerity which he had once found the Odyssey to share with Bunyan was therefore discarded in favour of "a kind of art for art's sake love of a small lie".[479] The various discrepancies in the poem had been variously explained by commentators of varying schools of thought, from Horace's charitable concession that "bonus dormitat Homerus", to the imperfectly joined patchwork of the Higher Criticism; to Butler, they were merely so many examples of the endearing carelessness of his beloved, who on

so many occasions "sinned against her own knowledge". Although he detected two separate poems which had been joined to form the Odyssey, he attributed both to the Authoress, whose exercise of the feminine privilege of changing her mind was responsible for "the fact that the Muse, after being asked to sing of one subject, spent two-thirds of her time in singing a very different one, with a climax for which no one had asked her."[460] He was even prepared to strain the interpretation of certain passages, in order to provide some proof for the characteristics with which the Authoress was endowed. Homer's Nausicaa is a young girl, dreaming of the marriage which she hopes will not be too distant, though in true epic convention it is the goddess Athene who speaks to her in a dream; she is ripe for falling in love, especially with a mysterious and handsome stranger like Odysseus. When he bursts suddenly among her companions on the beach, she is not afraid of him, as he conceals his nakedness by the branch he holds before him, neither does she taunt him in his helplessness. The Authoress, on the contrary, attracts men by her very antagonism towards them. To prove this point, Butler indulged in a little amateur etymology, a science at that time much in favour among Homeric scholars in order to prove conclusions in themselves so eminently satisfactory that the end justified the means. He explained the name Phaeacian as a corruption of Phocaean, by the reasoning that "the name Phaeacians is not unsuggestive of a thin disguise for Phocaeans; hence iv, 441-443, moreover, will gain greatly in point, if we imagine that the

seals, or Phocae, with their disgusting smell, are meant for the writer's countrymen whom she evidently disliked, and that the words 'who, indeed, would go to bed with a sea monster if he could help it?' are her rejoinder to the alleged complaint of the young Phaeacians that she would marry none of them."[481] To classical scholars, whose interest lay in the Odyssey, and whose anima projections were presumably satisfactorily caught elsewhere, such reasoning was hardly to be taken seriously. "If this is meant for argument," wrote F.M. Cornford, "we are not surprised that no one has thought it worth while to dispute with Mr. Butler."[482]

It is doubtful whether Butler himself intended these arguments to be taken at face value. Although "strictly true", they were probably intended as an antidote to the two-thirds of "The Authoress" which were "sobriety itself".[483] His chief concern was with the exploration of the strange and adorable personality which he believed himself to have discovered. As each detail of his description was put into place, he sought some confirmatory proof in the incidents or the wording of the poem, but such proof was relatively unimportant, so strong was his faith in the rightness of his intuition. He grew to regard the Authoress as someone whom he knew so intimately that there was no need to quote chapter and verse to prove what he already knew. In a sense, he was fully justified, inasmuch as he described a figure which not only existed, but in projection seemed to be endowed with independent life, and his portrait is recognisably accurate;

only his Authoress is not necessarily Homer's Nausicaa, who need correspond no more than any living woman to the anima image to find it projected upon her. There are indications that Butler was not unaware of the objective unreality of the woman to whom he offered the Odyssey as a tribute. On at least one occasion, when he allowed himself to speculate as to the probable origin of the description of how Polyphemus startled Odysseus and his companions by tossing down his bundle of firewood, he admitted: "I like to fancy, for I know that it is nothing more than fancy."[484] And in his Notebooks, he is fond of referring to the Authoress in fairy-tale terms: "no young prince in a fairy story ever found an invisible princess more effectually hidden behind a hedge of dullness or more fast asleep than Nausicaa was when I woke her and hailed her as Authoress of the Odyssey."[485] In "The Fair Haven", Butler warned his readers that too much trust should not be placed in the literal interpretation of the views set forth therein, by informing them that at the end John Pickard Owen "fell into a state little better than idiocy".[486] In "The Authoress", there may be a similar admission in his remark that "at the same time I think it highly probable that the writer of the Odyssey was both short and plain, and laughing at herself, and intending to make her audience laugh also, by describing herself as tall and beautiful." Though he added immediately: "She may have been either plain or beautiful without its affecting the argument"[487], for a moment the ghost of Miss Savage has been conjured up - "short and plain, and laughing at herself".

When Jones first met her, he was astonished to find in the original of Alethea "that kind of dowdiness which I used to associate with ladies who had been at school with my mother. On the other hand, there was about her someting which I never remarked in any of my mother's schoolfellows - a most attractive expression of friendliness and good humour."[488] Gilbert Cannan, in an article, referred to Miss Savage as "The Authoress of The Way of All Flesh", the novel in which she appeared beautified as Alethea;[489] and it may be that in Butler there was a momentary awareness that for the Authoress, too, he was partially indebted to the woman who in life had bored him with her brilliancy, as the Authoress might also have done, had she existed as he described her, "a fascinating brilliant girl, who naturally adopts for her patroness the bluestocking Minerva; a man-hater, as clever girls often are, and determined to pay the author of the Iliad out for his treatment of her sex by insisting on the superior moral, not to say intellectual, capacity, and on the self-sufficient imbecility of man unless he has a woman always at his elbow to keep him tolerably straight and in his proper place". Jones, too, had "no doubt that in forming it (i.e. his theory of feminine authorship) he was influenced by his friendship with Miss Savage. Somewhere he speaks of the Odyssey as having been written by a prehistoric Jane Austen. What Jane Austen could do Miss Savage could have done."[490] By assisting Butler to achieve his first measure of independence from his mother, Miss Savage had made possible the transference of the

image from the mother to the ideal of Nausicaa, and thus eventually the access of new understanding and relatedness. Like Alethea, her influence for good did not end with her death, but was carried on by the inheritance which she left to be entered upon at the appointed time.

Butler had no wish, however, to integrate the image thus aroused into himself; he protected himself against this necessity by an elaborate barricade of factual and fictional argument in favour of the objective existence of the Authoress. If her environment could be proved to exist, her own existence was equally beyond doubt, in Butler's faulty reasoning. He believed that he had arrived at his identification of Scheria with Trapani in Sicily by an extremely scientific process. "The Phaeacian episode," he decided, "is the eye of the poem"[491], and he agreed with Colonel Mure that "there can be little doubt, from the distinctive peculiarities with which the poet has invested its inhabitants and the precision and force of the sarcasm displayed in his portrait of their character, that the episode is intended as a satire on the habits of some real people with whom he was familiar."[492] With this confirmation of his belief that the settings of the Odyssey must be drawn from life, as he himself would have been compelled to draw them, and of his further conception of the Authoress as "a young woman little likely to have travelled"[493], he needed to identify only one scene, any scene, in the poem, to have found her native place. Colonel Mure again saved him the trouble of looking

further: "I knew that Colonel Mure and a respectable weight of ancient testimony had placed the Cyclopes on Mt. Eryx, and it seemed to me that the island where Ulysses hunted the goats, and the whole Cyclops incident suggested drawing from life more vividly than any other part of the voyages."[494] He therefore consulted the Admiralty charts of that district of the Mediterranean in order to find somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mt. Eryx which would display all the physical features attributed to Scheria. At Trapani he found "the land's end jutting into the sea - the two harbours one on either side of it - the narrow entrance between two marshes - the high mountains hard by - the rock at the entrance to one of the harbours - the absence of any river"[495], and his search was at an end. His first journey to Trapani confirmed his theory, in his estimation, beyond the necessity of further proof. The logical sequence of his arguments is patently weak, resting at each step upon an assumption which ignores the possibility of an alternative at least equally if not more acceptable. There are other traditions, as venerable and as strong, which place Scheria in Corfu or Corcyra; Butler conceded their existence, but avoided entering upon a detailed refutation. "Eminent Homeric scholars," he said, "have told me . . . that my case rests in the main on geographical features that are not unknown to other parts of the coast, and upon legends which also belong to other places."[496] He had no need to consider theories which related only to Scheria, for since the entire Odyssey was to share a single location, Butler's task

was to solve, not a simple, but a simultaneous equation, in which the unknown equalled not only Scheria, but also Ithaca, and this he proceeded to do, with a degree of mystification and confusion which, as Alexander Shewan pointed out, is "hard to reconcile with the principle which the men of old themselves approved, haploun to palaion, that is; ancient (literary) ways were simple ways"(497). Butler, of course, possessed great ingenuity, and at this stage in his career he had had ample practice in devising whimsical arguments, which he treated with his cultivated ironic seriousness. He did so, not from any desire to mislead, for he retained his early respect for the essential truth, but from a conviction that truth, once realised, required no argument. Some evidence, it was true, was required to assist the comprehension of less acute observers than himself, but there still remained the great mass of those to whom Butler had piped, but they had not danced; who had chosen to follow after the false prophets of the Church and of science, and who could no longer recognise truth when it was revealed to them. It was for such as these that Butler produced his half-satirical arguments and reasons, parodies of the laboriously compiled volumes of data and deduction which were so conspicuous a feature of both Homeric and scientific scholarship. As he had parodied Darwin's illustrative examples by his own analogies drawn from more mundane things, so he now ridiculed the mass of evidence newly made available to Homeric studies by the rapidly developing science of archaeology. Schliemann had been honoured for

his discovery of Troy, because he had been able to point to walls and stones and other tangible remains, and Butler had to justify his claim that he had "unburied Scheria as effectually as Schliemann unburied Troy".[498] He therefore illustrated "The Authoress of the Odyssey" with photographs of Cyclopean blocks of stone, which looked as impressive in reproduction as any of Schliemann's ruins; an ancient and unidentifiable likeness of a young woman, acquired by himself through sheer accident and with no traceable connection at all with either Nausicaa or any other person, appeared as frontispiece, although Butler was careful to add that this was merely an indication of what the Authoress must have looked like; and finally, he cited as his solitary antiquarian witness a coin in the British Museum, with equally tenuous Homeric connections, which he claimed was an adequate answer "to those who ask me for monuments, ruins of buildings, historical documents", and with an echo of the Butler who ranked lack of money as the first of the seven deadly sins,[499] he added that "a coin will say more in fewer words and more authoritatively than anything else will".[500]

There was, however, some real justification for Butler's setting of the ideal world of the Odyssey amid the beloved reality of the Sicilian scene. Italy had always been to him a haven of escape from the constrictions of his life, and his first visit to Trapani brought him into the warm-hearted fellowship of the uncomplicated Sicilian peasantry. The atmosphere of Sicily was akin to that of the Odyssey, and especially to

the rich unreality of Phaeacia. In the people, too, Butler found another incarnation of his ideal; they were as natural and as unaffected as the Erewhonians, but they were also palpably real; and he was able to respond to their friendliness as easily as he responded to the affection of his little stray cats. Nor was he alone in detecting a resemblance between Sicily and the fabled land of Phaeacia; for Goethe, too, had visited Sicily when he proposed to write a tragedy on the theme of "Ulysses auf Phäa", and had found there something of the same paradisical perfection which Butler also felt. "As the people of the Odyssey were the true Urmenschen, so its scenic descriptions, now actualized in what Goethe saw for himself in Sicily, were the true Urlandschaft. In the luxuriant vegetation of the public gardens in Palermo he felt himself back with Ulysses among the Umpflanzen in the fabulous gardens of Nausicaa's father, King Alcinous."(201) For Butler, the association of poem and place had to be extended into identity; but, like Goethe, he was deeply aware of a natural beauty which at once seemed to satisfy the eternal human nostalgia for the paradise now lost. As men have variously sought this ideal in the unknown lands beyond the fringe of exploration, believing, like Tennyson's Ulysses, that "all experience is an arch wherethrough Gleams the untravelled world", and prepared to "sail beyond the sunset" till they die, so Butler too shared in the universal longing for a place on earth which should offer the fulfilment and the peace of the world made perfect as it was in the begin-

ning, before the irruption of consciousness and sin. Homer's Phaeacians dwell in such an earthly paradise, where "the fruit does not fade or fail, in winter or in summer, but lasts throughout the year, and always the breath of the west wind quickens some, and ripens others, pear upon pear matures, apple upon apple, fig upon fig . . . and there are neat gardens of every kind, which bloom all the year round; and two springs, one of which waters all the garden, and the other flows under the threshold of the courtyard towards the high-built house"; and as Nausicaa says, "the man does not and never will live who shall come in enmity to the land of the Phaeacians, for we are beloved of the immortals; we dwell apart in the sounding sea, the uttermost of men, and no other mortals come among us."(262) Such a country has no more terrestrial existence than the Garden from which Adam was sent forth, and is no more to be related to space and time than the myths of world creation, with which it has much in common; yet it is undeniably an image known and recognised by mankind in all ages and in all cultures, drawing for its features upon the universal store of symbolic expression. Butler, too, cried with the poet, "My soul, there is a country", but like the literal-minded lookers for the last day, he wanted it to exist here and now, or at least within some definable bounds of time and space. He studied the descriptions of Phaeacia for physical detail which he might trace upon the Admiralty chart; and in so doing, he was doomed to error from the start, because such universal fantasies must be interpreted after the

fashion of dreams, springing as they do from the same irrational source, and employing the same language of symbol and suggestion. He had long ago found Christianity wanting because he could not translate the events of the birth and death of Christ into the experience of human life as he knew it, while at the same time ridiculing those who were simple enough to accept the Scriptures as no more than literal truth. He knew the dangers of such literal interpretation, as his analysis of Wordsworth's lines on Lucy Gray clearly proves. "We cannot be too guarded," he wrote, "in the interpretation which we put upon the words of great poets."(693) Yet he was himself guilty of the same limited comprehension, the same denial of the "glimpse into another world", in his own insistence upon remaining faithful to the letter and not the spirit, in choosing to be not under grace, but under the law. For the Odyssey presented him with the old familiar problem, which remained ever unsolved, of reconciling the instinctive recognition of a world "within which the writs of our thoughts run not" with the obvious reality of the physical world, as it can be comprehended by the intellect and by the senses. It is, in fact, the eternal conflict between unconscious and conscious, instinctual and rational, feminine and masculine, from which arises the tension necessary to life. Butler's masculine reason proved to him that the Odyssey was merely a satirical parody of the Iliad, such as he might have written himself: "the interest of the poem," he wrote, "ostensibly turns mainly on the revenge taken by a bald, middle-aged gentle-

man, whose little remaining hair is red, on a number of young men who have been eating him out of house and home, while courting his supposed widow"[504], a judgment as accurate as the analyses so beloved of popular scientific magazines, in which humanity is reduced to a quantity of chemical substances. But the important word in Butler's description is "ostensibly", for he was at last able to pierce momentarily behind the obvious surface content, and see the hidden feminine creativeness which gives the poem its meaning. "In conveyancing," he wrote elsewhere, "the ultimately potent thing is not the deed but the invisible intention and desire of the parties to the deed; the written document itself is only evidence of this intention and desire . . And so it is with the words of literature . . ."[506] His work on the Odyssey taught him that "the ultimately potent thing" was the invisible spirit behind the words; and in this new knowledge he found a similar potency behind the account of the Resurrection, which was on the surface equally improbable, and admitted that illusion may on occasion be the closest form of truth.

XVI.

". . . the things which have the most powerful effect upon children do not come from the conscious state of the parents but from their unconscious background."

C.G. Jung, Introduction to Wickes' Inner World of Childhood, Coll. Works, vol. 17, p. 41.

"It is not unjust that the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children, for the children committed the sins when in the persons of their fathers; they ate the sour grapes before they were born."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 60.

XVI.

On the publication of "Erewhon Revisited", Butler was at once suspected of having intended another, but less violent, attack upon the Christian faith. It was remembered that he had already explained the growth of Christianity as the effect upon a simple and credulous group of men of an event inexplicable to them and therefore hailed as a miracle; and his latest work appeared to be another exposition of the same argument. Higgs returns to Erewhon to find that in the interval he has been metamorphosed into the Sunchild, and his escape by balloon has now become a flight to his heavenly home in the golden chariot of his father the Sun. The old religion of the Musical Banks has been superseded by the new and vital cult of Sunchildism, and his sayings are treasured and expounded as divine wisdom. Even those who knew him as human have acquiesced in his adoration as a god. The parallel was obvious, and Butler's use of the name Yram, the Erewhonian equivalent of Mary, appeared to at least one reviewer, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, as being in extremely bad taste, if not downright blasphemy. Butler protested that if he had offended "it is assuredly by inadvertence, for the idea of parallelism between the nuptials of Mr. Strong and Yram, and those of the Mother of Christ and Joseph never crossed my mind. I do not see the parallelism even now, for to make it close, Higgs ought to be the son of Yram . . . The name Yram was fixed, quite guilelessly, some thirty years ago, and could not be changed. That she should have had a son by Higgs was an

afterthought not contemplated till I began to write 'Erewhon Revisited' and saw how useful an ally a son would be to him."[506] Sincere as Butler's protest undoubtedly was, the name of Mary is too fraught with Christian significance to be used in such a context as "Erewhon Revisited" without some specifically Christian association being brought to mind, and the excuse that the parallel is not strictly accurate remains unconvincing, in face of the many details recalling the Scriptural accounts. Nor was it perhaps true for Butler to deny any forethought in the matter, although of conscious planning there may have been none. In his Notebooks, he remarked how "Jones says I am to make a note of the fact that many things, such as the clothes having been put upon a dummy; the two buttons given to Yram; the fact that the hero had announced himself as about to interview the air god; and many other like incidents seem almost to have been put into 'Erewhon' in preparation for its successor. It was not so. I had no intention of writing a successor to 'Erewhon' for many a year after it had been published. Nor did I read 'Erewhon' through in order to see what I could make use of; I took whatever suggested itself at the moment as giving me an opportunity for helping the new book to catch on to the old one."[507] Jones also remarks that "he wrote this book more easily than any other of his books, possibly because the idea had been in his mind for so many years; some of his notes for it are given in the 'Note-Books'. . . But he did not look through his Note-Books for material; he wrote the book straight off."[508] It is a reasonable

inference that the seeds of "Erewhon Revisited" had lain dormant for many years before Butler became aware of their existence; and that in fact they may have been present even during the composition of "Erewhon", so that the choice of the name Yram would have been as anticipatory as the incident of the two buttons which she received as a keepsake. In "Erewhon" itself the idea of a return, and moreover a return in a reforming capacity, is clearly explicit. Butler himself felt the appropriateness of this, his last work, and in one of the last letters he wrote, in the full knowledge that his final illness was upon him, he added a postscript: "You will not forget the pretty roundness of my literary career! α 'Erewhon', ω 'Erewhon Revisited'."[604] There is no suggestion that this was the result of any conscious arrangement on his part; but it not infrequently comes to pass that a pattern, satisfying in its rightness, may be traced in the entire output of an artist, as well as in each individual work, as if the same instinct which shaped each part were also concerned with shaping the whole. Thus it appears inevitable that Butler, with the habit of repetition and revision which is so amply illustrated by his Notebooks, should have chosen the first and fullest expression of his moral and social philosophy to use as the basis for the exposition of his more mature thought.

Although Butler sought to prove, to himself as well as to others, that there was no connection between Yram and the mother of Christ, he could find no more powerful argument than

the quibble that the parallelism was not exact. "I never meant," he wrote to Mrs. Fuller Maitland, "any allusion whatever to the Founder of Christianity. I fear you must have thought I meant to suggest likeness to him in the Sunchild. I meant to show how myth, attended both by zealous good faith on the part of some and chicane on the part of others, would be very naturally developed in consequence of a supposed miracle, such as a balloon ascent would be to a people who knew nothing about such things; and I meant to suggest a parallelism not between the Sunchild and Christ (which never even entered my head) but between the circumstances that would almost inexorably follow such a supposed miracle as the escape of the Sunchild, and those which all who think as I do believe to have accreted round the supposed miracle, not of the Ascension, but of the Resurrection. And I did not mean to poke fun at Christianity. Anything but."[510] Like the Player Queen, Butler is inclined to protest too much. He was also unaware that myths cannot be created, but must spring spontaneously from psychic sources; that they are as resolutely independent as the dreams whose language and mode of expression they so largely share. Miraculous events in themselves have no power to create a myth, which, in Mircea Eliade's definition, "describes an archetypal event in words".[511] By virtue of this power, the myth survives from generation to generation, and its protagonists in every culture satisfy the same universal need for expression. "A myth," says Eliade again, "may degenerate into an epic legend, a ballad or

a romance, or survive only in the attenuated form of 'superstitions', customs, nostalgias and so on; for all this, it loses neither its essence nor its significance . . . typologically, the wanderings of Ulysses, or the search for the Holy Grail, are echoed in the great novels of the nineteenth century, to say nothing of paperback novels, the archaic origins of whose plots are not hard to trace."[5(a)] In "Erewhon Revisited", Butler unintentionally overstepped the bounds of satire into those of myth, and in this sense it is true that he did not seek to offer a parallel to Christ, but rather that he was led to choose a theme older than the historical Christ who is its most satisfying exemplar, the theme of the hero.

Indeed, "Erewhon Revisited" is rich in heroes; like "The Fair Haven" and "The Way of All Flesh" it presents Butler under a ficticious personality as the narrator; there is also Higgs, an earlier mouthpiece of his author, now wondrously translated by the Erewhonians into the Sunchild, and forced to decide whether to challenge this deification, or to let it pass; and George, his Erewhonian son, of whose existence he was hitherto unaware, and who possesses, among other Odyssean attributes, the ability to lie convincingly upon occasion. Behind each of these figures is concealed some aspect of Butler, whose identification with the hero Higgs is apparent from the description given in the preface to "Erewhon Revisited": "there is no more likeness between Higgs and the founder of any other religion, than there is between Jesus Christ and Mahomet. He is a typical

middle-class Englishman, deeply tainted with priggishness in his earlier years, but in great part freed from it by the sweet uses of adversity." Butler had for long been subjected to the unconscious pressure of his mother's fantasies, with their dream of heroic martyrdom for her son. It was of no avail for him to combat his parents' suggestions for his profession in life, in an attempt to resist the crippling demand of which he could recognise the existence but not the nature. It was never visibly expressed, and he could only protest "you would, with the best intentions in the world, make me a bed that I know very well would not fit me."(513) Nor did the force of his mother's unconscious demand cease with her death, and Butler still continued to struggle against it, resolutely refusing to conform to any pattern presented to him, until the very consistency of his rebellion succeeded in forcing him into its own pattern, as typical and as restricting as any which he had rejected. His literary career is the tale of one disagreement after another. "I fear 'Erewhon' did not find favour with the religious world," he wrote. "Still less did its successor, 'The Fair Haven', do so. With 'Life and Habit' the fat was in the Darwinian fire, and it was war to the death between us. This, and its successors, 'Evolution Old and New', 'Unconscious Memory', and 'Luck or Cunning?', to quote the words of a leader of the Darwinian party that were reported to me, 'made Butler impossible'. I sandwiched 'Alps and Sanctuaries' in between the two last-named books, but I had got too bad a name for it to find favour with

more than a very few . . . Then came 'Ex Voto' in which I fell foul of Layard . . . Then came my 'Life of Dr. Butler' . . . and by tilting at Arnold I angered all Arnold's still powerful worshippers. Then came 'The Authoress of the Odyssey'. Why more? The fact is I have never written on any subject unless I believed that the authorities on it were hopelessly wrong."[514] There is a note almost of pride in this recital of opposition and persecution, which is also to be detected in the balance-sheet which he liked to compile, showing exactly how much his literary labours had cost him - "more than £1,100 to the bad with my books as a whole." "The consequence," as he declared himself, "is that I have throughout, I am profoundly thankful to say, been in a very solitary Ishmaelitish position"; and in the same letter, he pertinently asked, "How could I expect anything else?"[515] In fact, he had achieved his mother's ambition; he was a martyr in the sacred cause of truth, and he gloried in his martyrdom. He stood as a witness to the gospel he had received, believing as he did that his theories came to him from the instinctive knowledge of past generations, transmitted with life itself, and he refused to be cheated of his right to suffer for his faith. Persecution was necessary to him, and the innocent persecutors found themselves drawn into the age-old pattern, and played out their parts, even when, like Darwin, they had little relish for the role in which they were cast.

So familiar is the play, that it is not played out even yet. Butler's battles are still fought by his critics, who

become as caught as he was himself in the clash of opinion which concealed the essentially non-imtellectual underlying conflict. Mrs. Garnett went to great lengths to demonstrate that Canon Butler was no awful tyrant, but a normally kind and even humourous man of his generation; she quotes the little verses which he used to send with flowers to his wife when she was ill:

"There's no rhyme to Polyanthus,
So I must manage as I can, thus:
Will my wife accept a posy
For her pretty little nosey?"

and again: "I, in the innermost
Part of my cranium,
Thought you might like
A scarlet geranium."

These verses could not have been composed by Theobald, yet they were undoubtedly written by Canon Butler. The Terrible Father, however, is so familiar a figure that there is an almost overpowering tendency to identify with Butler's identification, and to see the Canon as the tyrannical parent of Victorian society, so popular in fiction and upon the stage. Against Mrs. Garnett's testimony there is set the undeniable evidence of Butler's very real suffering in his early years, with its inexorable aftermath of insecurity and fear; and the natural tendency to approve the revolt of the young against the rule of the old as a necessary part of progress induces a sympathy with Butler's cause which is really independent of Butler. In the same way that the

primitive mind seeks to prove the truth of its mythical explanations by pointing to the existence of the phenomenon explained, so the fact of Butler's unhappiness is used to prove that he was indeed as ill-used as he felt himself to be, and the impersonal and eternal struggle between father and son is revived once more. In a similar fashion, the old enmity between Butler and Darwin is interpreted as purely a clash of ideologies, of theories which both rest upon arguments not susceptible of complete demonstration. Even his work on Homer can be fitted into the same pattern of rebellion against established authority, although in this case there is lacking the bitterness of personal attack which is so conspicuous and so detracting a feature of his writings on the theme of evolution. Except for an occasional diatribe against Andrew Lang, Butler's target is vaguely defined as "eminent Homeric scholars", and even his opposition to Lang is not whole-hearted, as his translations of the Odyssey and the Iliad show; for in many passages his debt to the versions published by Lang and his colleagues is sufficiently obvious. Yet because his Homeric theories do not display the same personal antagonism which was aroused by Canon Butler and by Darwin, but reveal instead a changing emphasis from attack to defence, they have tended to be overshadowed by those controversies in which the well-known order is obeyed. Butler's appeal is largely based upon the sympathy which is universally felt for the outcast and the martyr, when once his position in that role has been firmly assured. It is the same emotion which leads the

public to add signatures by the thousand to a petition for the reprieve of a condemned murderer, while ignoring the subscription list for the victim's widow. Martyrdom may not be a requisite for canonisation, but it is the surest foundation. Butler was therefore not entirely mistaken when he believed that succeeding generations would render him more honour than his own; but like an actor stereotyped in one role, he has a public reluctant to accept him in any other, even as himself.

In playing out the role of the eternal rebel, Butler also fulfilled part of his father's unrealised life. Mrs. Garnett quotes a letter from one of Canon Butler's grandchildren, in which the same pattern of repression is already apparent: "My grandfather had been brought up at Shrewsbury school, as a boy greatly in subjection to his father, the headmaster, later, as a junior master under him, always under his eye and his control. He wished to go into the Navy, but was compelled by his father to take orders, and was appointed curate at Meole Brace, then a small village about a mile from Shrewsbury. Here he was still under family control, for Archdeacon Bather, Vicar of Meole, had married his eldest sister. From Meole Brace he went to his first and only living of Langar-cum-Barnston; and in that small village all his children were born and brought up, seeing little of the world for over forty years." (516) A lifetime of frustration is summed up in that phrase - "compelled by his father to take orders"; but the successful repression achieved by the father could not be maintained by the son.

Jung has pointed out that this inheritance is like the curse of Atreus: "The children are infected indirectly through the attitude they instinctively adopt towards their parents' state of mind and either they fight against it with unspoken protest . . . or else they succumb to a paralysing and compulsive emulation." This latter response was that chosen by Butler's father, "to fight the parents with their own weapons, that is, copy them". But Jung goes on to add the warning that "this trick only postpones the final reckoning till the third generation. The repressed problems and the suffering thus fraudulently avoided secrete an insidious poison which seeps into the soul of the child through the thickest walls of silence and through the whited sepulchres of deceit, complacency, and evasion"[277], a description which at once recalls the atmosphere depicted in "The Way of All Flesh". It was Butler's misfortune to belong to the third generation, and to enter into such an inheritance. Butler's novel makes it abundantly clear that Theobald merely administered to Ernest the bitter medicine which he had himself been forced to drink. The pattern of repression was first established by George Pontifex, and there is an avowal of sympathy in Butler's attribution to Theobald of his own hesitation before ordination, which cannot be entirely explained away by his desire to use every available character as his mouthpiece. For Butler it was indeed true that the fathers had eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the children were set on edge. "George Pontifex," said Jones, "is not a portrait of Dr.

Butler; he is but a reproduction of Butler's notion of his grandfather derived from what Canon Butler had told him."[518] Butler himself admitted, "I knew nothing about my grandfather except that he had been a great schoolmaster - and I did not like schoolmasters; and then a bishop - and I did not like bishops; and that he was supposed to be like my father. Of course when I got hold of his papers, I saw what he was, and fell head over ears in love with him."[519] While Butler could not see his father apart from the image projected upon him, his grandfather was sufficiently distant to allow a greater clearness of vision; and with the awareness that Dr. Butler and Canon Butler's honest impression of Dr. Butler were not necessarily coincident, there came the possibility of the further realisation that reality is not necessarily what is apprehended by personal experience. Butler had believed that the repression from which he had himself suffered so cruelly was inevitably recurrent from generation to generation, each passing on what it had received, without possibility of altering the chain of inheritance. Ernest Pontifex therefore removed his children as far as possible from himself, on the ground that there was something inherently destructive in the relationship of father and son. Yet the older Butler was to look longingly at this same relationship, which had hitherto seemed to him so troublesome, and say of his non-existent son: "Yet his thin ghost visits me at times and, though he knows that it is no use pestering me further, he looks at me so wistfully and reproachfully that I am half-

inclined to turn tail, take my chance about his mother and ask him to let me get him after all."[520] In fact, it was only in "Erewhon Revisited" that Butler permitted himself to have a son, and then not only one, but two; and of these sons, the most heroic bears the same name which Butler had given to his grandfather's portrait in "The Way of All Flesh", George, as if in an unconscious gesture of reconciliation.

"Erewhon Revisited" has been defined by Hugh Kingsmill as "Butler in search of a son".[521] Yet George is not merely Butler's son, but Butler's self, and the bringer of new awareness and hope. In him Butler at last found himself a hero, and a hero, moreover, who bears certain resemblances to the Christ-figure from which he had always longed to flee; only George does not have to be offered as a sacrifice, although he is willing to risk his life for love of his father. It is fitting that Higgs should have discovered this hero-son, his first-born, only late in his life, and that he should not even have suspected his existence until his return to the country whose very name sets it apart from the world of fact and reason. For Butler, too, was ignorant of the aspect represented by George, and could come to know it only by leaving the logomachy of opinion and intellectual argument, and returning to the creative source of fantasy. He had once thought it unfortunate that human beings could not come into the world isolated in independent cells, each conveniently lined with bank-notes, without the necessity of father or mother;[522] George, however, has not one father, but

two, a certain proof of his hero character. Mayor Strong has "a small joke, the only one I ever made", which he relates in all friendliness to Higgs: "Some men have twin sons; George in this topsy-turvy world of ours has twin fathers - you by luck, and me by cunning. Give me your hand." (523) So the two alternatives of Butler's title, "Luck, or Cunning?", are brought together. Ostensibly, George is the child of the Mayor, but he has always suspected what his mother knows to be true, that his true father is the divine Sunchild; like Leonardo, he has both a real and a spirit father. Butler had himself sought a spirit father, in the sense that he rejected the traditional authority which satisfied others, and looked for some other guidance in the panzootic force which he called God. "The creative man," says Erich Neumann, "like the hero of myth, stands in conflict with the world of the fathers, i.e., the dominant values, because in him the archetypal world and the self that directs it are such overpowering, living, direct experiences that they cannot be repressed. The normal individual is released from his heroic mission by his institutional education towards identification with the father archetype, and so becomes a well-adjusted member of his patriarchally directed group. In the creative man, however, with his predominant mother archetype, the uncertain, wavering ego must itself take the exemplary, archetypal way of the hero; must slay the father, dethrone the conventional world of the traditional canon, and seek an unknown directing authority, namely, the self that is so hard to experience, the unknown

Heavenly Father."[524] Butler was undoubtedly creative, though his power to create was warped and repressed, never attaining the fullness which might have been his. It was natural, therefore, that he should rebel against what seemed to him the tyranny of authority, but it was unnatural that this rebellion should be prolonged almost for his entire lifetime, so that the energy which might have been employed in the work of creation was squandered in pursuit of personal animosities and implacable dissensions, and his intuitive perception of universal principles channelled into factual arguments on a purely literal plane. The way of conventional conformity was automatically closed to him; and since, like Ernest Pontifex, he would rather put off the dragon-fight until some other time, he remained bound, in spite of his efforts to be free. "The Way of All Flesh" was his nearest approach to the destruction of his parents, and he was so afraid of the effects of the utterance of that hidden desire, by the publication of his novel, that he left it unreleased until the choice was no longer his. In "Erewhon Revisited", however, he not only supplied himself with a hero-son, but gave himself a heavenly father, whose worship expresses all that men know to be best in themselves, their highest vision of truth, the ideals which he had always declared to be what he understood by Christ; but this truth, instinctively known and recognised, is in danger of perversion, to maintain the rule of the old order, with its denial of the unconsciously remembered wisdom expressed in Sunchildism. Neither Higgs nor George can individu-

ally succeed in upholding the truth; George lacks the information with which Professors Hanky and Panky can be forced into surrender, and Higgs has only a knowledge of the original events too devastating to be uttered without destroying the good of the new faith with the evil of the old. Both together, however, can at least make a stand, and overthrow the old regime that the new may flourish. "Erewhon Revisited" does not culminate in such a scene of slaughter as the vengeance of Odysseus and his son Telemachus, but it has a similar result, in the establishment of rightful rule and the restoration of individual liberty. It closes, however, with the warning that such a settlement can be preserved only at the cost of continual vigilance; "we have only scotch'd the snake, not killed it."

The mother of George is no less significant than his father; for she is Yram, the fruit of Butler's experience of Nausicaa and all that she implied. She is the woman whom Higgs liked, but did not love, as Butler liked Miss Savage, and in preference to whom he chose the facile simplicity of Arowhena, who proved much such a child-wife as David Copperfield'd Dora. Butler's growth towards this new and mature conception of woman had been long and painful, but only thereby did he achieve the relatedness so lacking in his outward and inward life. The change in tone of "Erewhon Revisited" was apparent even to his reviewers. "If you knew," he wrote to one of them, " . . . how fiercely and continuously I have been vituperated almost from the very day on which 'Erewhon' ceased to be anonymous, you

would understand the relief it is to me to have at last written a book that has met with a cordial, generous reception. There have been few reviews of 'Erewhon Revisited' to which the most captious author could take exception." (536) Indeed, it is precisely because of this new toleration that "Erewhon Revisited" is inferior to its predecessor as satire; for the satirist cannot afford any attempt to "see life steadily and see it whole". From the union with Arowhena there was born the son whose task was to remain at home while his father resumed his adventuring, and to record these adventures, of which he had himself no experience, and to whom his father was an ordinary mortal being; Yram, on the other hand, gave birth to a son whose existence was well established before he knew his father, who shares his father's life in the fantastic Erewhonian world, and knows him to be, if not actually divine, at least the nearest to divinity that humanity can with safety conceive. In these opposing temperaments, the children of one father, Butler introduced another mythological theme, of the twin brothers; but here, too, there is reconciliation, in place of the fraternal struggle for dominion and power. Both sons are necessary to the full life of the father, and neither is to be sacrificed to the other, although their functions lie in different spheres. At last, Butler had come to a compromise between the conflicting worlds of grace and the law, of the unconscious creative impulse and the conscious imposition of order, the inherited instinctive knowledge and the reasoned individual application. Sunchildism

may not be the truth, but it is left undisturbed in Erewhon, because "though false in the letter, if good counsels prevail, it may be made true enough in spirit . . . Do what you will, you will not get perfect truth . . . if Hankyism triumphs, come what may you must get rid of it, for he and his school will tamper with the one sure and everlasting word of God revealed to us by human experience. He who plays fast and loose with this is as one who would forge God's signature to a cheque drawn on God's own bank."(524)

XVII.

"Our intellect has achieved the most tremendous things, but in the meantime our spiritual dwelling has fallen into disrepair."

C.G. Jung, Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious, Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p. 16.

"Intellectual over-indulgence is the most gratuitous and disgraceful form which excess can take, nor is there any the consequences of which are more disastrous."

Samuel Butler, Notebooks, p. 27.

XVII.

In this declaration, Butler re-stated the creed upon which all his work was founded, but in a more essential form. Even if for no other reason, "The Authoress of the Odyssey", in conjunction with the Homeric translations, amply repays consideration by its demonstration, more clear in this than in any other book of his prolific output, that in all Butler's work "the ultimately potent thing" is not the outward display of argument, however forceful, or of examples, however pertinent, but the deeply-held belief which so often emerges in fanciful illustration or mock-ironic comment. It is perhaps unfortunate that Butler's sharp wit and intuitive perception should so frequently have succeeded in anticipating as conjecture what later research has tended to prove as fact. Some of his suggestions as to the probable plan of the Homeric house, for example, have been supported by archaeological evidence impossible to obtain in his lifetime, and of which he had no suspicion; but this does not alter the fact that in such matters his ignorance was almost equal to his intuition, and produced errors equally striking.[297] Similarly, his awareness of the unremoteness of Homer's Olympians tends to suggest an equal appreciation of the tone of other passages of the poems; and this, again, is not so.[298] It is because of his flashes of insight that there is a strong temptation to be carried aside into the debate as to whether Butler was always right or always wrong, and to ignore the comparative unimportance of such details to Butler's main

thesis, which is simply his attempt to crystallise the fancy awakened in him by the Odyssey into terms of safely objective fact. With this knowledge, the works on evolution can be seen to present a similar appearance. In them, too, there are attempts to meet the experts, in this case the Darwinians, on their own ground, and to match insect against insect, organism against organism, so that they acquire an air of scientific biology. Again, Butler showed his ability to think as others have since thought, and he was eager to draw illustrations from observations of human behaviour, at a time when the nature of mental processes was a subject more for philosophic speculation than for scientific observation. It was left to others to conduct experiments to prove or to disprove the inheritance of acquired characteristics, a point upon which so much of the Darwinian controversy centred; others, too, notably Semon, have developed the same conception of memory with which Butler toyed tentatively. But these are like Butler's reconstructions of Homeric domestic architecture, the outward support for his real doctrine. The habits of caterpillars were of little genuine concern to Butler, whose true preoccupation was with those who, as Bertrand Russell has observed of the positivists of a later generation, "confess frankly that the human intellect is unable to find conclusive answers to many questions of profound importance to mankind, but they refuse to believe that there is some 'higher' way of knowing, by which we can discover truths hidden from science and the intellect."(529) In spite of his defensive barricade

of factual argument, Butler retained a faith which he was reluctant to accept as having no factual foundation. In his flight from the Terrible Father of his boyhood, he naturally sought refuge in a second father of the type which he bestowed upon George in "Erewhon Revisited", a spiritual higher authority to which his true allegiance was due; this authority he found eventually in the pantheistic spirit which he came to detect throughout the universe, supplying at once the impetus and the goal to all life. From this vital force he believed there arose "some 'higher' way of knowing", which was simply being in accord with the principle alive in all things. Such knowledge is indeed the "one sure and everlasting word of God", because this force is in very truth divine, defying by its omnipresence any judgment of man; and this power is no mysterious guiding principle removed outside the universe, a subject for speculation alone, because it cannot be comprehended by human wit, but it is implicit in life itself, so that man exists in God, and God in man. "I see the action of God throughout the universe," he wrote to Mivart, " . . . I see him as animating the universe - he in us, and we in him; so that the union between God and his creatures seems closer, more indissoluble, and, at the same time, more literal and bona fide than I can imagine it as seen from any other standpoint."[510]

As a biologist, Butler is of very little real importance in the history of the development of that branch of thought. In spite of his timely reminder that Darwin's interpretations were

not the only possibilities, and his lucid exposition of the theories, at least equally valid, of Lamarck and Buffon, Butler was rather in tune with the trend of biological speculation which has developed in accordance with these theories, than its originator. His approach to the problems of science was too "popular", in one sense of the word if not in another, for his arguments and observations to be taken seriously by professional scientists. Even those whose own conclusions had been in some degree anticipated by Butler, and whose work was in essence an extension of his beliefs, could acknowledge his priority without in any sense naming him as a necessary link in the chain of discovery. Semon and Rignano found in him something akin to their own definition of the nature of memory, and Reinheimer gave him credit for much that was in accordance with his own theory of symbiosis[530]; but these conclusions could, and doubtless would, have been reached without Butler's assistance. "He founded no school," as Jones remarked; and it is possible to compile an accurate and detailed account of the development of the opposing doctrines of evolution, without doing much more than mentioning Butler as a thorn in Darwin's flesh.[531] In the field of Homeric studies, his position is even weaker. Some few, in particular Farrington, have welcomed his Trapanese theory as a new advance in the investigation of Homer[532]; but for the most part, his work has taken its place with the many curious cul-de-sacs of classical learning. Butler's own attitude of contempt towards recognised reputation naturally encouraged retaliation

in kind; "the working classes," he said, "and the most cultured intelligence of the time reach by short cuts what the highways of our schools and universities mislead us from by many a winding bout, if they do not prevent our ever reaching it"[534], and universities were useful only as "an admirable provision against the inconvenient frequency of genius"[535]. Had Butler's financial position precluded the publishing of his books at his own expense, had his ideas never appeared in the dissemination of print, it is probable that the same developments, even those most in accord with his views, would still have arisen, because they drew their source from origins uninfluenced by Butler's polemics. This is not to suggest that Butler had nothing worth saying on any of the controversial issues upon which he was engaged - successful satire must be barbed with truth - or that it was not worth the trouble of saying anything at all. He possessed a store of uncommon sense which was highly salutary among the confusion of creed and dogma which so easily obscured the few facts discernible behind the conflicting interpretations, and his outspokenness, however uncomfortable, fitted into the general reaction soon to take place against what he called, in the context of classical scholarship, "the nightmares of Homeric extravagance which German professors have evolved out of their own inner consciousness"[536]. For if Butler did not stand entirely in the main march of scientific theory and physical investigation, he was undoubtedly firmly placed in a greater line of succession, which transcends such questions as the transmission of acquired

characteristics, or the birthplace of the author of the Odyssey.

Shortly after the turn of the century, there was a new movement afoot in many fields of study. Writing of the changing attitude in Homeric scholarship, E.R. Dodds described how "the exhilarating conviction that for several generations the best scholars in Europe had been playing the wrong game dawned on the public mind with surprising suddenness shortly after the First World War . . . Parallel changes occurred about the same time in New Testament criticism, where the confident claims of nineteenth-century analysts were similarly called in question; and in textual criticism proper, where the old arrogant disregard for manuscript tradition began to be replaced in many quarters by an almost superstitious reverence for it. And something not altogether dissimilar happened in philosophy, where the whole speculative structure reared by nineteenth-century idealism was swept away within a few years."(537) Such a reaction was inevitable, and had occurred from the earliest times whenever knowledge had become dangerously powerful, and had threatened man's relationship with his world. In post-Pythagorean thought, for example, a similar cleavage had occurred. "When God ceases to be the immanent Soul of the world," wrote F.M. Cornford, "living and dying in its ceaseless round of change, and ascends to the region of immutable perfection, it is because man has acquired a soul of his own, a little indestructible atom of immortality, a self-subsistent individual. 'Nature' likewise loses her unity, continuity, and indwelling life, and is re-

modelled as an aggregate of little indestructible atoms of matter. But note the consequence: she, too, is now self-subsistent. The world of matter becomes the undisputed dominion of Destiny, or Chance, or Necessity - of Moira, Lachesis, Ananke!"[538] The same process can be clearly traced in the opposition of science and nature which was one of the fruits of the New Philosophy after Newton. In the words of C.E. Raven, "the (eighteenth) century of analysis and particularity, taxonomy and dissection, necessary as it may have been for the progress of science but increasingly dominated as it was by the categories of physics and chemistry, and by inanimate and mechanistic analogies, went far towards destroying all consciousness of the wholeness of nature and of the integrative life of the organism. Split up into systems respiratory, digestive, reproductive and the like, man became a thing of shreds and patches, to be taken to pieces like the wheels and screws and spring of a watch, cleaned up and put together in better shape for keeping time. Cudworth's sense of the continuity and creativity of nature was being replaced by the concept of progress by random and unco-ordinated variation sifted by cut-throat competation in a world of robots."[539] There have always been those who could not accept this "domination of Destiny, or Chance, or Necessity"; to this company Butler belonged. "Matter and mind form one another,"[540] he remarked; and all things reflect the vital indwelling principle which gives to each its individual nature and also its place in the universal pattern. For despite his rejection of orthodox

Christianity, Butler remained one of those "who cannot dispense with God, exhausting their ingenuity in devices to get him back into touch with Nature, to restore to him the 'raison d'être' which he lost from the moment that he ceased to animate the world from within, to be the 'nature of things' itself."[540] His pantheism restored God, for himself at least, to this position, and in this sense, "man is the highest thing in God", inasmuch as he is the most highly developed form of life. Yet man is no separate phenomenon, but is bound by his common inheritance to all that exists, and stones are indeed our poor relations, in Butler's whimsical phrase. In his own Ishmaelitish isolation, Butler was yet conscious of the unity of life, which he expressed in his conjecture of "a body . . . with organs, senses, dimensions in some way analogous to our own, into some other part of which being at the time of our great change we must infallibly re-enter."[543] Yet Butler did not fall into the error of supposing that an aggregate, a multiplicity of individuals, was all-important, and that man's function was to be no more than a social unit. This was the tendency of the advancing scientific technique, to confer power upon the mass rather than upon the individual, in its demand for the co-operation of many individuals. Such a system is of necessity so absorbed in the accomplishment of its task that it ignores the ends towards which its processes are directed. This was precisely Butler's objection, that purpose was removed in favour of chance, and that without purpose there was left no possibility of choice. While he admitted the

presence of chance, he would have agreed with Teilhard de Chardin's contention that it illustrates, not the meaninglessness, but the mindfulness of nature, assuring by prodigality the progress that might otherwise be delayed, groping in "directed chance"[543]. Butler, too, saw a design in life, so that he could say with St. Paul, "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Butler was acutely aware of the tendency of science to usurp all authority, and remarked how it was becoming "daily more and more personified and anthropomorphised into a god"[544]. As he pointed out, however, even the scientific explanations of everything were based ultimately upon the inexplicable; Darwin's "origin of species" in reality left their origin as much in doubt as ever, and the most thorough-going evolutionary could not bridge the gap between inanimate and animate, except by the despised theory of spontaneous generation, "even if it was only a very little one"[545]. Butler, on the contrary, experienced no such difficulty, with his conception of life as including preconscious and unconscious existence. Here, too, he was guided by his sense of an all-pervading unity, in which all things were in a sense members one of another. Thus he believed what has since been succinctly expressed by Teilhard de Chardin again: "Taken at its lowest point, . . . primitive matter is more than the particulate swarming so marvellously analysed by modern physics. Beneath the mechanical layer we must think of a 'biological' layer that is attenuated to the uttermost, but yet

is absolutely necessary to explain the cosmos in succeeding ages . . . In a coherent perspective of the world life inevitably assumes a pre-life for as far back as the eye can see."[546] This is akin to Butler's question, "where is there a thing in which there is no 'insita vis' of any kind?"[547] and his speculation on crystals, "ought we not to see them as living so long as they continue to grow? . . . By living I do not mean living as protoplasm is, but having a strong saveur of life."[548] It is only when science insists upon the clear demarcation of every category of life that the satisfying vision of unity is shattered. This, for Butler, was the great danger of scientific enquiry, that, in its anxiety to bring all things within human comprehension, it should fall into the hubristic error of forgetting that man himself is part of creation, not its creator. "The attempt at over-definition," he said, "is the most self-stultifying that can be well conceived, it is the most germane to the vulgar, sordid, intellectual avarice, so to speak, of the intellectually 'nouveau riche'; but, as in the German fairy story of the fisherman's wife, in which Alice had one boon after another granted her until she prayed to be made lord of the Sun and the Moon, whereon all her past boons were withdrawn, and she was bidden go back to her ditch again, so, when we press science beyond the limits of common sense, the whole dissolves . . . Science," he continued, "is nothing if not logical, and logic is based on a series of beggings of the question."[549]

The same tendency to over-definition was also apparent

to him in the Church, where the natural desire to know more about God seemed to have resulted only in the anxiety to prescribe the laws by which he regulated his dealings with the universe he had created, and which so often appeared to be directly in opposition to man's instinctive modes of behaviour. Man's moral duty, according to the Church, was to deny himself, and repress all that was not in conformity with the pattern held up for his imitation. "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out" - this provided the authority for the ruthless suppression of all that was morally and socially unacceptable, and the injunction "be ye therefore perfect" was interpreted as a command to conformity. To Butler, therefore, the theologians and the scientists represented a common danger, in their denial of the value of the instinctive knowledge which could not be made subject to their ruling. "Religion is the quintessence of science," he said, "and science the raw material of religion; when people talk about reconciling religion and science they do not mean what they say; they mean reconciling the statements made by one set of professional men with those made by another set."(550) For both, the natural was the enemy of the ordered universe, whereas for Butler it was the truest revelation of the divine, "the one sure and everlasting word of God revealed to us by human experience". With his keen perception of the necessary complementariness of opposites, Butler had no illusion about the suppression of what seemed contrary to the accepted definition of good: "you cannot take all the Devil out of a

thing," he said, "without taking all the God too. There must be harmonics of God in the Devil, and of the Devil in God."[551] "In the midst of vice we are in virtue, and vice versa."[552] It is unrealistic, therefore, to make such a sweeping assumption as that the instinctual life is identical with evil and wrongdoing, and must be subjugated at all costs to a higher spiritual life; it is equally unrealistic to take refuge in Traducianism, and argue that there can be no "unnatural" instincts and therefore none that cannot be rightfully gratified. "The error," wrote Butler, "springs from supposing that there is any absolute right or absolute truth, and also from supposing that right and truth are any the less real for being not absolute but relative. In the complex of human affairs we should aim not at a supposed absolute standard but at the greatest coming-together-ness or convenience of all our ideas and practices."[553] Elsewhere, he emphasised that "life is not an exact science, it is an art. Just as the contention, excellent as far as it goes, that each is to do what is right in his own eyes leads, when ridden to death, to anarchy and chaos, so the contention that everyone should be either self-effacing or truthful to the bitter end reduces life to an absurdity . . . The higher rules of life transcend the sphere of language . . . They have their being in the fear of the Lord and in the departing from evil, without even knowing in words what the Lord is, nor the fear of the Lord, nor yet evil."[554] Ultimately, therefore, Butler returned to his belief in the unconscious knowledge which is man's surest

guide, because it is drawn from "the unfathomable and unconscious instinctive wisdom of millions of past generations", representing a wider range of human experience, and thus a clearer revelation of the word of God.

In his appreciation of the influence of unconscious factors in human development, Butler succeeded once more in making his work belong to the youth of an opinion. He himself knew little of the growing interest in the mysterious and uncontrollable mental processes which exercised such a profound and often unrecognised power over human behaviour, for he read little of foreign philosophy, and beyond the work of von Hartmann he had little inclination to go, finding therein the same tendency to substitute a new external governing force for the old which had repelled him in Darwinism, and the same denial of the purposive and conative nature of life. Yet Butler's conception of a racial memory had been anticipated as early as 1846 by C.G. Carus, who held that the accumulated recollection of repeated experience was also responsible for the common element in folk-tale and myth. And while post-Darwinian biology tended to deny the possibility of such inheritance, and developed in the direction of Weissmann's theory of germ-plasm, other authorities, concentrating less upon satisfactory theorising than upon unprejudiced observation, were finding themselves drawn towards concepts not unlike Butler's. For a time Freud himself considered the existence of a racial memory to be probable, and Lévy-Bruhl's studies of "How Natives Think", with

his "représentations collectives", played their part in influencing the thought of Jung, whose theory of the collective unconscious, with its dominating archetypes, is the fullest development in this field. In a footnote to his essay on "The Archetypes of the Collective Unconscious", Jung noted that "in his philosophical dissertation on Leibniz' theory of the unconscious . . . Hans Ganz has used the engram theory of R.W. Semon to explain the collective unconscious", and acknowledged that his own concept coincided "at certain points with Semon's concept of the phylogenetic mneme"[555]; and Semon's theory was derived directly from that of Hering, given in his paper of 1870, which was translated by Butler in "Unconscious Memory". The views held by Semon, however, may be understood in an exclusively biological sense, without any reference to consciousness whatever, at any stage of development, or any suggestion of an end towards which development is directed. There is therefore more affinity between Butler's point of view and Jung's, since to both there is a teleological aspect which cannot be ignored. "We then inquired," wrote Butler, "what was the great principle underlying variation, and answered, with Lamarck, that it must be 'sense of need'."[556] Fifty years later, Jung declared that "the only thing that moves nature is causal necessity, and that goes for human nature too . . . the developing personality . . . needs the motivating force of inner or outer fatalities . . . The development of personality . . . also means fidelity to the law of one's own being."[557] This is precisely

Butler's belief, which alone enabled him to endure the isolation of his life, the separation from his family and his fellows, in the faith that only thus could he be faithful to the law of his own being.

If "Life and Habit" and its companion works are considered in the light thrown upon Butler's methods of expression by "The Authoress of the Odyssey", it becomes clear that in them, too, there is a structure parallel to that which Freud detected in dreams, with the obvious content of illustration and argument masking the more important and less conscious latent content of an intuitive faith beyond the power of demonstrative proof. The fact of evolution he had no wish to deny, but he had a keener perception than many of his contemporaries of the dangers of uncritical acceptance of the biologists' findings as a universal principle, to be applied indiscriminately to every kind of development. "The concept of Darwinian evolution," said Johan Huizinga, "has fascinated whole generations, and it has permeated all our thinking. Its effect as a ready assumption is so persistent and so powerful that it almost always exerts an influence, consciously or unconsciously, whenever we attempt to consider a course of events in their interrelationship . . . The word has become so current that it is growing shopworn. It is losing the heavy implication of its gravid imagery and becoming a vague, thoughtlessly used substitute for predetermined causation in general . . ."[558]; and he went on to emphasise the danger of applying the biological

concept of evolution to the entire range of human activity, for "it is also useful in the history of science and that of technology, but it quickly fails one in the history of philosophy, religion, literature, and art"[559]. It fails in these spheres precisely because of its greatest merit in scientific eyes, its explanation of "all organic formation as the reaction of living matter". While Butler did not deny that in many instances this explanation appeared sufficient, he could not agree with the one-sided view that it must therefore be all-sufficient. Carried to its logical conclusion, his theory of unconscious memory would imply that the ideal life is the accurate repetition, through recollections stimulated by environment, of the preceding life of the species; and it would thus exclude the quality of purpose which he was insistent should be central to any conception of life, limiting it to the original impetus, and leaving no scope for further manifestations. Butler, however, was content to leave logic to the scientists, and, as he broke the inherited pattern in his own refusal to develop from son into father, so he broke the pattern of inherited knowledge by admitting lightly that "knowledge descends with modifications"[560], and each generation adds its quota of personal memory to the cumulative inheritance. "This memory," he wrote, "of the most striking events of varied lifetimes I maintain, with Professor Hering, to be the differentiating cause, which, accumulated in countless generations, has led up from the amoeba to man. If there had been no such memory, the amoeba of one generation

would have exactly resembled the amoeba of the preceding, and a perfect cycle would have been established; the modifying effects of an additional memory in each generation have made the cycle into a spiral, and into a spiral whose eccentricity, in the outset hardly perceptible, is becoming greater and greater with increasing longevity and more complex social and mechanical inventions."[61] For evolution, therefore, unconscious memory is not enough; there must be "an occasional resumption of consciousness"[62], before any progress can be made at all; and each successive stage of development comes about "as the joint result both of desire and of experience"[63]. These two, however, can be combined only if the new experience is compatible with the old, which has become unconscious memory, and thus even in its evolving each organism must remain "faithful to the law of its own being"! "We see that new ideas cannot be fused with old, save gradually and by patiently leading up to them in such a way as to admit of a sense of continued identity between the old and the new . . . . So the greatest musicians, painters, and poets owe their greatness rather to their fusion and assimilation of all the good that has been done up to, and especially near about, their own time, than to any very startling steps they have taken in advance. Such men will be sure to take some, and important, steps forward; for unless they have this power, they will not be able to assimilate well what has been done already, and if they have it, their study of older work will almost indefinitely assist it; but, on the whole, they owe their great-

ness to their completer fusion and assimilation of older ideas."[564] Butler's conception of inherited memory implies therefore a natural condition which is not static, but pregnant with the possibility of growth, and of new life of equal authenticity with the old, and it is from his closer contact with this stream of creativity that the artist derives his claim to that name. His own observation taught him that men must in fact live teleologically as well as causally; and the recognition of evolution as a continuous and continuing process demanded that account be taken of the trend of its progress, and the ends which it might possibly achieve. Although Butler insisted that he supported a purposive interpretation of life as opposed to the mechanistic universe of Darwinian theory, in his own belief he contrived to combine both points of view; each organism is aroused by the similar circumstances in which it finds itself to repeat the actions and reactions of its predecessors, with an automatic and unreasoning response; yet, inasmuch as it also inherits the sense of striving with which these actions were originally inspired, it retains the ability to modify them in accordance with that purpose. Butler had therefore in some measure anticipated the Jungian position that "external causes can account for at most half the reaction, the other half is due to the peculiar attributes of living matter itself, without which the specific reaction formation could never come about at all . . . Culture can never be understood as reaction to environment."[565] For even in "Life and Habit", written as "an

adjunct to Darwinism", Butler found that cultural achievement could not be contained within the letter of the law, and even his own modification of evolutionary theory left Bellini and Handel unexplained. The effortless instinctive knowledge inherited from the repeated experience of past generations could not account for the expression of such truth as he detected "in the music of Handel, the painting of Giovanni Bellini, and in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians"[566], for the heir to such knowledge, being one of "the people who know best the things which are best worth knowing"[567], could have no need for the striving after something as yet unknown in creation which leads men to "excel in music, art, literature, or theology"; "he should be above them all, save in so far as he can without effort reap renown from the labours of others. It is a 'lâche' in him that he should write music or books, or paint pictures at all; but if he must do so, his work should be at best contemptible."[568] The creativity of man, as always, defied definition.

Later, Butler was to attempt to explain one of the greatest creative works of literature, the Odyssey, in terms of personal experience and reconstructed fact; and once again, the essence of the work escaped him. Painstakingly he traced every feature of Ithaca and Scheria to the Sicilian scene, and peopled the Trapanese countryside with Cyclopes and Laestrygonians, Ithacans and Phaeacians alike; he proved to his own satisfaction that a young woman such as he pictured the Authoress could

easily have comprehended, even in her limited experience, situations and characters similar to those depicted in the Odyssey; he related the entire poem to the person of a young Sicilian girl, with one significant exception; "the journey to Hades," he said, "was wholly without topographical significance."[569] The visit to the underworld, the darkness symbolic of the unconscious, the source of creativity - the underworld, in which the hero encountered his mother and the wise old man of the past - is an appropriate omission in Butler's catalogue of identifications, for it emphasises again the factor which would not fit into his logical pattern, and yet, by reason of its undeniable existence, could not be left out. Happily, Butler was able to live with a contradiction in terms, so that he could view the Odyssey both as a satirical parody of the Iliad, neither satire nor parody being able to rise to great creative heights because of their necessarily destructive nature, and yet also as a supreme example of the artist's power to "summon spirits from the vasty deep". In the last resort, he had no doubts about the ultimate truth; the reasoning and the logic were to be ignored, the arguments and examples set aside, and in spite of all his contention that the best life is that lived in conformity with instinct, which does not compose music, or write poems, or paint pictures, he urged his readers to believe in these manifestations of an urge which man alone possesses among living things: "above all things, let no unwary reader do me the injustice of believing in me. In that I write at all,

I am among the damned."[570]

Early in his life, Butler had decided upon the front which he should present to the world; like the young Ernest, he had found his capacity for affection an embarrassment and a source of pain, and his childish attempts to establish satisfying relationships with his parents, his brother and sisters, his schoolfellows, had been so unsuccessful that in defence he stifled as best he could his later impulses in that direction. With his disillusionment in his mother, there developed in him a similar distrust of the feminine qualities within himself, which were naturally strong, and were suspected by others though unrecognised by himself. Speaking of Butler's affection towards the personifications of his masculine ideal, Pauli and Hans Faesch, J.M. Murry declared: "In love such as this there is a feminine tenderness and devotion which positively illuminates what otherwise appears to be a streak of perversity in Butler."[571] "I have never known," wrote Gilbert Cannan, "another male with a mind in the least like Butler's, but I have known three women with some of his gift of sweet unreasonable reason, and, like him, they dragged it into all their thoughts and feelings, except the secret and holy activity of the soul which they could not always keep hidden."[572] In his fear of the maternal, which appeared to him only as a disguised demand for destruction, he also turned aside from what Jung has called "the maternally creative side of the masculine mind"[573], and employed his own creative talents in the destructive media of parody and satire.

He busied himself with ideas in place of fantasies, endeavouring to "explain away" in terms of fact whatever seemed to him to spring from this unconscious source. He had no alternative but to emphasise his own masculinity, his independence of the feminine world of temptation and betrayal; and here the son was confronted with the terrible authority of the father, supported in this case by the power of social and moral convention, and yet suspect as the avenging agent of the mother, who delegated this function to preserve her deceit. In his own words, his past selves were living in him: "'Withhold,' cry some. 'Go on boldly,' cry others. 'Me, me, me, revert hitherward, my descendant' shouts one as it were from some high vantage-ground over the heads of the clamorous multitude. 'Nay, but me, me, me,' echoes another; and our former selves fight within us and wrangle for our possession. Have we not here what is commonly called an 'internal tumult' . . . ?" (574) Yet "every man was his mother once as well as his father" (575), and despite Butler's adherence to the masculine world of idea and of reason, the repressed feminine, after the fashion of all repressed unconscious contents, gathered strength and functioned as a source of disturbance. He succeeded in finding for himself an alternative Spirit Father, a higher moral authority, although not within the Church, which would have given him also a conjoined mother image; even his God had to appear exclusively masculine, spirit, the word which was in the beginning. Already he had begun to rely upon argument of a pseudo-scientific type, based upon the

factual reasoning of the new scientists, who needed no God save that of their own making. This attitude was the easier for him to adopt by reason of its general popularity at this time; there was an almost general predisposition to the self-sufficiency which was one of the attendant dangers of technical achievement, when man, as always, became eager to worship the idols fashioned by his own hands. Butler, however, could not remain content with this. In spite of his denunciation of the miraculous element in Christianity, his refusal to accept the historical Christ, on the ground that such an incarnation of God was "improbable", he pursued his divine principle until he had located it in life itself, containing and yet contained in every living thing, in very truth the word made flesh. And he realised that the dogmas of the Church and the dogmas of science, for all their masculine assurance, were not enough for him; to guide him he had only an illogical faith, which he could assign to no other source than an instinctive knowledge which baffles the conscious mind.

XVIII.

"The scientific approach makes the divine figure, which faith posits as being the supreme certainty, into a variable and hardly definable quantity, although it cannot cast doubt on its actuality (in the psychological sense). Science therefore puts, in place of the certainty of faith, the uncertainty of human knowledge. . . inasmuch as the scientific approach disregards metaphysics, basing itself entirely on verifiable experience, it plunges us straight into the uncertainty which is conditioned by the variability of everything psychic."

C.G. Jung, Coll. Works, vol. 5, p. 62.

"Will the reader bid me wake with him to a world of chance and blindness? Or can I persuade him to dream with me of a more living faith than either he or I had as yet conceived as possible? As I have said, reason points remorselessly to an awakening, but faith and hope still beckon to the dream."

Samuel Butler, Life and Habit, p. 307.

XVIII.

"Principles," said Butler, "are like logic, which never yet made a good reasoner of a bad one, but might still be occasionally useful if they did not invariably contradict each other whenever there is any temptation to appeal to them. They are like fire, good servants but bad masters." (576) He was fortunate in finding his own principles with the aid of that "gift of sweet unreasonable reason", but they were obscured, sometimes almost totally, by the facade of masculine logic with which he attempted to justify them. The argument was deliberate, the comparisons carefully chosen, the skill in parody and satire pointedly employed; the picture Butler wished to paint was of a dangerous controversialist, a Mr. Valiant-for-Truth, with too much sense to become entangled in the snares of sentiment or sentimentality, and during his lifetime he was so successful in this aim that even Darwin, who should have been inured to controversy, preferred to risk the reproach of discourtesy rather than enter into an epistolary duel with him. The same image was perpetuated to the best of his ability by Jones, who had formed himself upon the same pattern, as Butler was well aware; and it was possibly for this reason that he did not appoint Jones, the obvious choice as his faithful friend and disciple, whom he had once described as "far and away, out and out, much the ablest man that I ever did see, or am ever likely to see", to be his official biographer. The Memoir faithfully repeats Butler's own arguments, without criticism; contains a

great deal of genealogical information of an almost entirely factual nature; and expounds at length in its two large volumes what Butler said, wrote, did, even what was eaten at the dinners held in his memory, without revealing much of what Butler was. By the defences of habit and routine, Butler protected himself against the invasion of the unknown; his meticulously compiled and indexed Notebooks, written and re-written regularly, at fixed times, and copied out at one particular place in the British Museum, leaning on one particular book, were part of the same desire to contain his life within known and chosen limits, to encompass himself about with the certainty of the written word. His ideals were the masculine perfection embodied in Paull and Hans Faesch, and even his choice of residence in Clifford's Inn illustrated his determination to cultivate the masculine aspect of life. With the rejection of his mother, he thought to have rejected the entire feminine world, in all its manifestations, and to have chosen instead the safety of masculine consciousness, the world which would not cast him out; while in reality his very faith in the effectiveness of this rejection bound him more firmly, because unconsciously, to the mother from whom he had to separate in order to live.

Such separation from the mother is a necessary part of the development of all human consciousness, whether in the race or in the individual, and is invariably experienced as a rejection. With the rise of consciousness, says Neumann, "the male proceeds to deny the genetic principle, which is precisely

the basic principle of the matriarchal world. Or, mythologically speaking, he murders his mother and undertakes the patriarchal revaluation by which the son identified with the father makes himself the source from which the feminine - like Eve arising from Adam's rib - originated in a spiritual and antinatural way."(577) Under the encouragement of Miss Savage, Butler contrived in some fashion to murder his mother by portraying her, first as Mrs. Owen, then as Christina. In "The Fair Haven", the identification of the original was highly unlikely, and no conscious allusion to Butler's own mother was intended; but in the professedly autobiographical "The Way of All Flesh", recognition was bound to be immediate and inescapable, from the evidence of the attendant circumstances. Butler could not, and would not, unwrite what he had written, yet his guilt made him postpone publication, lest he should thereby underline the finality of his execution. He had achieved a symbolic act of emancipation, but with such reluctance that he could not endure to complete the process. For him there could be no true assumption of the father's power, although he tried to identify with the masculine principle; he failed precisely because the father cannot exist in isolation, but must be re-united with the mother if life is to continue. This Butler could not do, and therefore he remained an eternal son, never completely free from the maternal influence, even when he resented it most, never able to meet on equal terms with the feminine creative part of himself, and coming only towards the end of his life to a meeting with the trans-

forming power of the anima, which can bring conscious and unconscious together. For Butler, this reconciliation was a long and difficult process, and in the end imperfectly realised; but it was this conflict between the masculine orientation of consciousness and the dark unconscious feminine which appeared so often in his writing as the antithesis between the law and grace, the letter and the spirit; for "this male principle of consciousness," says Neumann again, "which desires permanence and not change, eternity and not transformation, law and not creative spontaneity, 'discriminates' against the Great Goddess and turns her into a demon. But in so doing the male consciousness totally overlooks the hidden spiritual aspect of the feminine principle, which through spiritual transformation exalts earthly man to a higher meaning."(576) Butler, the reluctant hero, was impelled towards the necessary matricide; but, like Macbeth, he had "but scotch'd the snake, not killed it", and the perpetuation of the old hostility precluded the attainment of new understanding. The conflict was complicated by the creative ability possessed, though imperfectly developed, by Butler; like many, perhaps most, creative men he was unduly open to domination by the mother archetype, by which the anima was overshadowed and denied the detachment necessary for the development of its transformative function. That such detachment should have been even partially possible was largely due to the part played by Miss Savage, whose influence is not to be understood merely in terms of friendly encouragement and literary criticism. At the begin-

ning of their acquaintance, she was associated with Butler's mother, as has been shown; in "The Way of All Flesh" she became a second, or god-mother; and finally, there is an unmistakable echo of her in the Authoress, that typical anima figure, though by this time Miss Savage herself was dead. Thus there is illustrated the gradual change of emphasis, from the elementary mother archetype to the anima, which Neumann has called "the vehicle 'par excellence' of the transformative character".(579)

Although Butler denied the creative feminine part of himself, it obstinately showed itself throughout his work. He acknowledged the real source of his inspirations and deepest beliefs when he admitted that he never went in search of any one of his theories. Instead, they came to him, as he believed, unsought and unbidden, but no more to be doubted than the words of God spoken to the prophets. This source he identified vaguely with the unconscious instinctual life, which is opposed to the clarity of masculine reason. For all his professed dislike of poetry, Butler in fact preached the same gospel as the poets; in the Homeric Question, he joined the line of poets, from Chapman and Pope to Lang and Arnold, who alone refused to degrade Homer to a thing of shreds and patches; and the doctrine of "Life and Habit" and the succeeding works on evolution is equally, if less obviously, one more usually expressed in other media than scientific argument. Butler's philosophy is not the categorising completeness of Aristotle, but rather akin to the visionary analogies of the poet-philosopher Plato; and while

the scientists who followed Butler continued to argue on the same points of inherited characteristics and the vibrations theory of memory, his more fundamental doctrines of a purposive force expressed in all forms of life, and an inherited collective memory which is not necessarily conscious, have been echoed in the thought of philosophers like Bergson and psychologists like Jung, neither of whom had any illusions as to the ability of science to comprehend mankind, but on the contrary incurred the reproach of being "unscientific" because they were able to embrace Hamlet's dual conception of man, both as "the quintessence of dust" and as "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals"(580). His views on the structure of society have been developed, not by the sociologists, but by authors like George Bernard Shaw, who gave theatrical life to Butler's extraordinarily fresh, free, and future-piercing suggestions". Butler himself chose to regard his writing as a means of communication rather than creation: "poetical prose is never tolerable for more than a very short bit at a time."(581) Yet from time to time he was betrayed into a passage of fine writing, like his picture of Paul among the sandbanks, crying out for grace after the flesh, his description of the conflicting clamour of the voices of the past, and especially his moving farewell to Hans Baesch, one of his few compositions in verse. In his translations, too, there are moments when his language and style assume an exquisite simplicity, only to be followed by the bathos of banality. He made no attempts to integrate such passages into the general

fabric of the works in which they occur; and their very unrelatedness serves to emphasise their peculiar significance. For they deal with those conceptions which were most precious to him, and yet which were least scientific in character; the grace which could be destroyed by conforming to law, the inheritance of the accumulated experience of the past, and the existence of an "other" world, such as is described in the famous passage from the Odyssey, which also inspired Tennyson, the land "where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly".(562) On occasions such as these, Butler yielded to the unconscious creative impulse, and satisfied a longing which made itself felt also in his most passionate enthusiasms. "His longing towards the Towneleys and the flower crowned pagans of late Victorian mythology," said Hugh Kingsmill, "was the groping of his crippled imagination towards the only region where grace always rules, the region of poetry."(563) It was also part of the imperfect and indirect expression of that creativity which he distrusted as Ernest had distrusted Christina, seeing only the inevitability of destruction and not the possibility of rebirth.

"In the creative individual," says Erich Neumann, "regardless of biographical details, reductive analysis will almost invariably discover mother fixation and parricide, i.e., Oedipus complex; 'family romance', i.e. the search for the unknown father; and narcissism, i.e. preservation of a relation to himself in opposition to love of the environment and of an outside object."(564) At first sight, Butler does not seem to fulfil all

these qualifications, yet all these factors are there. The reluctance of Ernest Pontifex to resist the blandishments of his mother; Butler's own reluctance to publish a work which seemed too unkind in its presentation of her; his inability, for most of his life, to form a mature and lasting relationship with any woman, and his preference for the prostitute type - these denote the power of the mother image. His anger against his father was more openly expressed, and Theobald, as well as Christina, was a victim of his murdering pen. Nor did his vengeance stop there; he attacked all that his father represented, and even the inoffensive Darwin received his share of vicarious punishment, while the paternal authority of the established order and the accepted tradition was his lifelong enemy. Within himself, too, he destroyed his father, by refusing to become another such, in profession, in creed, in behaviour, in taste, and most of all, in the physical fact of fatherhood. For his mother, he substituted the dream of uroboric containment, the world which was in the wholeness of the beginning, and which waits to receive again all weariness into itself; and again he attacked his father in the rigidity of law, the discipline of dogma which would keep him from the possession of such peace. Though outwardly he chose to conform to the demands of masculine consciousness, the duality of approach evident in his writings illustrates the inadequacy of his attempt. He sought for himself, and found, a new and higher authority, a panzootic divine force as far removed from his father's personal

God as possible, and in his last work he endowed his hero with a father divine, at least, in common assumption. Finally, he maintained, by his habit of annotation, a constant conversation with himself. He produced his books from his own resources, restricting more and more as he grew older the scope of his knowledge of the work of others, and revising instead the earlier expression of his own point of view, in a satisfied isolation reflected in the external circumstances of his life. He created little; but he possessed the undeveloped power of creation, which would not allow him to be content with superficial discussions of the nature of heredity, but impelled him to protest that life is more than "a chapter of accidents", as Shaw described "the Darwinian process". For Shaw, too, appreciated the vision to which Butler bore witness, and shared his repugnance to a scheme of things in which all effort was in vain: "your heart sinks," he wrote, "into a heap of sand within you. There is a hideous fatalism about it, a ghastly and damnable reduction of beauty and intelligence, of strength and purpose, of honor and aspiration, to such casually picturesque changes as an avalanche may make in a mountain landscape, or a railway accident in a human figure. To call this Natural Selection is blasphemy, possible to many for whom Nature is nothing but a casual aggregation of inert and dead matter, but eternally impossible to the spirits and souls of the righteous. If it be no blasphemy, but a truth of science, then the stars of heaven, the showers and dew, the winter and summer, the fire and heat, the mountains

and hills, may no longer be called to exalt the Lord with us by praise: their work is to modify all things by blindly starving and murdering everything that is not lucky enough to survive in the universal struggle for bogwash."[585] For Butler, "Nature" could never be "a casual aggregation of inert and dead matter". Neumann, again, has pointed out how "the history of the natural sciences shows that man's view of nature develops parallel to his experience of his own nature. When in a later phase of development man seems to be centred in consciousness, ego, and will, a patriarchal god of heaven 'governs' nature. But in the matriarchal unconscious phase, a feminine self creates an inner hierarchy of power."[586] The same is true of the individual, and Butler was bound on both counts to ascribe order and purpose to nature; inasmuch as he clove to masculine consciousness, he saw the manifest power of a spiritual force from without, and his yet unsevered attachment to the maternal image also revealed to him the purposive drive from within. These two conceptions were imperfectly reconciled in his attempts to define what sometimes appeared to him as a "glimpse into an unknown world", and at other times as the unconscious memory inherited with life itself. But if he was not wholly consistent in his definition of the power at work in the universe, he was as sure of its existence as the philosopher-poet Goethe:

"Es soll sich regen, schaffend handeln,
Erst sich gestalten, dann verwandeln;
Nur scheinbar steht's Momente still,

Das Ewige regt sich fort in allen:
Denn alles muss in Nichts zerfallen,
Wenn es im Sinn beharren will."[567]

To suggest that Butler, by reason of his early experience and of his own predisposition, was caught in an archetypal net from which he was never able completely to escape, is not to imply an excessive weakness or lack of initiative on his part, still less to invite the patying comment of "poor Butler". The forces against which he had to contend are not contemptible, and their power is derived from an inexhaustible reservoir to which the conscious mind has only limited access. He survived a struggle to which his own brother and countless others succumbed, and succeeded in coming to a workable compromise with necessity. The wonder is not that he achieved less than he might, but that he achieved so much. Endowed with a creative faculty which he refused to develop or even to acknowledge, he attempted to express in terms of scientific argument the "visionary gleam" which science was forced to deny. His recoil from the fantasies of Christina, with their suggestion of devouring cruelty and power, warped his own gift of fantasy into the destructive forms of satire and ironic parody; and his fear of the unknown not only held him fast within the safe confines of his own experience, but led him to attribute a similar limitation to others, so that the terrors of the great mysteries of life were resolutely shut out. In this way, Butler missed the most moving experiences of all, those moments of

awareness of something "other", which from time immemorial have invested the commonplace with the numinous quality of the holy. For him, there was no "dark night of the soul", but equally there was no vision of the sublime; his belief in the "unseen world" was more of an aspiration than a reality, and derived rather from the memory of an original state of effortless contentment than from a lively hope for the future. Among others, the great releases of religious experience were thus denied to him, and the cross of suffering and the crown of immortality alike had no reality. And, as Jung has said, "although we like to use the word 'doctrine' for these - psychologically speaking - extremely important ideas, it would be a great mistake to think that they are just arbitrary intellectual theories. Psychologically regarded, they are emotional experiences whose nature cannot be discussed . . . Original sin, the meaning of suffering, and immortality are emotional facts of this kind. But to experience them is a charisma which no human art can compel. Only unreserved surrender can hope to reach such a goal."(see) Such surrender meant, for Butler, the complete annihilation of himself and the triumphant resumption of the original all-sufficing maternal governance; and his whole life, as well as his literary work, is the history of his attempt to endure what Neumann has called "the archetypal tension between Spirit Father and Virgin Mother", reduced in normal development "to a tension between consciousness, which by way of the patriarchal world comes into the inheritance of the Spirit Father, and the unconscious, which

becomes the living representative of the Great Mother." Butler's deliberate decision was to follow the path of normal development, which "leads to a dominance of consciousness or of the father archetype, and to an extensive repression and inhibition of the unconscious and the related mother archetype. But in the creative man . . . this reduction of the archetypal tension between the First Parents is impossible or incomplete."(589) In spite of himself, therefore, Butler could not eliminate the feminine element of unconscious irrationality, though he denied it expression in the literary and artistic forms which were most fitted to its inspirational nature. Instead, he allowed strange digressions to erupt into his most closely reasoned dissertations, and strove to prove after the manner of the scientists his own answers to questions which he was well aware were in the realm of faith; so that he fell into the error he hoped to avoid, of falling between two stools, which, as he said in "Life and Habit", "would be serious. To fall between two stools, and to be hanged for a lamb, are the two crimes which - "Nor gods, nor men, nor any schools allow'."(590)

By this same reason, Butler's theories partake of the sterile nature of hybrids, and have produced little in the way of direct progeny, however numerous their collateral descendants. In his own words, too, "we should also expect that a cross should have a tendency to introduce a disturbing element, if it be too wide, inasmuch as the offspring would be pulled hither and thither by two conflicting memories or advices, much as

though a number of people speaking at once without previous warning were to advise an unhappy performer to vary his ordinary performance . . . and he were suddenly to become convinced that they each spoke the truth. In such a case he will either completely break down . . . or . . . he may yet be so exhausted by the one supreme effort of fusing these experiences that he will never be able to perform again; or if the conflict of experience be not great enough to produce such a permanent effect as this, it will yet . . . probably damage his performances . . . through his inability to fuse the experiences into a harmonious whole, or, in other words, to understand the ideas which are prescribed to him; for to fuse is only to understand."[690] To some degree, such a conflict must be resolved by every individual; but for the creative man the task is made more difficult, and like Prometheus, he must pay in human suffering for his audacious assumption of the divine prerogative. In him, according to Neumann, "this feminine principle, this motive of transformation, which in the normal adult becomes discernible as an 'anima', is usually associated with the image of the maternal. It makes the child receptive, open to suffering and experience, but also to what is great and overpowering in the world; it keeps alive the stream that pours in on him from without . . . a great struggle is often required before it can be overcome by an education oriented toward the sexually one-sided cultural values. But on the other hand, the preservation of a certain receptivity is at the same time a preservation of

one's own individuality, an alertness toward one's own self - whether experienced as hardship, or mission, or as necessity - which now comes into conflict with the world, with convention, with the cultural canon, or, according to the ancient pattern of the hero myth, with the traditional father image." (592) Butler could not follow the path of normal development which leads to identification with the father and hence to conformity with cultural convention, because in him the mother archetype retained enough predominance to bar that possibility; yet he was also denied the compensation of creative activity, for he was estranged not only from the father and the world he represents, but from the mother, to whom he could not submit and from whom he could not escape. His denial of the feminine principle, with its quality of relatedness, set him apart from his fellows in an isolation unrelieved by a fruitful contact with the maternally creative archetypal world. He could not achieve Darwin's concentration upon the conscious sphere of scientific argument and observable fact, to the exclusion of all else; more happily, he was able to endure without seeking relief in the frenetic dissipation and degradation which were his brother's choice. He looked out upon a world in which he saw his own struggle writ large, without recognising that it was indeed his own; for the conflict between science and religion, or between science and the arts, is only the conflict between consciousness and the unconscious, the masculine logic and the feminine fantasy. Though Butler wrote of natural history and of biological theory,

he agreed with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man": "I would, therefore, strongly advise the reader," he wrote, "to use man, and the present races of man, and the growing inventions and conceptions of man, as his guide, if he would seek to form an independent judgment on the development of organic life. For all growth is only somebody making something." (593) Yet Butler himself made very little. He showed a keen perception of the social evils of his time, and he traced to man himself the origin of the dangers that threatened him; but he had no remedy to offer, and little consolation to give, beyond the example of his own endurance. He was a man of great courage, as his last letters show, written as they were in the full knowledge of imminent death; and there is in Butler more than a trace of that stoicism which has formed a refuge for so many others, including the poet Matthew Arnold, who also, as Sir Henry Newbolt has said, stood apart from the main march of the human affections. Now, sixty years after his death, Butler's written words still have the power to arouse controversy, exasperation, and angry argument, and yet also a compassionate respect for a man so gifted, and yet so blinded that he could not reply to Miss Savage's impatient demand - "can't you see what you are?" "In the generating and nourishing, protective and transformative, feminine power of the unconscious," says Neumann, "a wisdom is at work that is infinitely superior to the wisdom of man's waking consciousness, and that, as source of vision and symbol, of ritual and law, poetry and vision, intervenes, summoned or unsummoned,

to save man and give direction to his life."[594] Butler was aware of this power, though not of its source, and it was not by choice that he could not wholly ignore its demands, with their intensification of his inner conflict; yet "vocatus atque non vocatus deus aderit". He desired no tombstone, and no monument other than his books, and whatever life he might continue to have "in the thoughts and deeds of those I loved, into which, while the power to strive was yet vouchsafed me, I fondly strove to enter"[595]; yet perhaps his most fitting epitaph is the aphoristic comment attributed to Madame: "il sait tout; il ne sait rien; il est poète."[596]

Notes:-

I.

1. Notebooks, p. 377
2. Ibid., p. 159
3. Ibid., p. 164
4. Memoir, ii, p. 49
5. Notebooks, pp. 393-5
6. Further Extracts, p. 336
7. Notebooks, p. 108
8. Preface to Major Barbara
9. Samuel Butler, pp. 186-7
10. Samuel Butler, p. 17
11. Father and Son, chap. 5
12. Memoir, i, p. 59
13. Unconscious Memory, p. 11
14. Memoir, i, p. 100
15. Letter to Reynolds, 3rd. May, 1818
16. Hammelfarb: Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution, p. viii

II.

17. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xx
18. Ibid. chap. xxii
19. Ibid. chap. xx
20. A.F. Hort: Life and Letters of Fenton J.A. Hort, i, p.119
21. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xx
22. Ibid. chap. xxi
23. Ibid. chap. xx

24. Memoir, i, pp. 20-1

25. Origins and History of Consciousness, p. 186

26. Family Letters, p. 76

27. Ibid. pp. 96-7

28. Ibid. p. 101

29. Memoir, i, p. 167

30. Further Extracts, p. 219

31. Ibid. p. 182

32. Op. cit. p. 172

33. Hort, op. cit. p. 118

34. Father and Son, Epilogue

35. Lady Tweedsmuir: The Lilac and the Rose, p. 125

36. Op. cit. p. 187

III.

37. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xlv

38. Ibid.

39. Ibid. chap. xlvii

40. Mansfield Park, chap. xxiii

41. Cambridge MSS. quoted Hammelfarb, op. cit. p. 54

42. Wm. George Ward, condemned and degraded by Convocation of the University of Oxford, 1845

43. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xlvii

44. Ibid.

45. The Cambridge Magazine, 1st. Mar., 1913

46. Ibid. Reproduced in A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, 1914 ed.

47. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xlvii

48. Ibid. chap. l

49. Ibid.

50. J.F. Pollock: A Cambridge Movement, p. 3

51. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xx

52. Op. cit. i, p. 120

53. Mr. Hawke's sermon, The Way of All Flesh, chap. xlix

54. Op. cit. i, p. 118

55. Memoir, i, p. 61

56. Further Extracts, p. 307

57. Family Letters, p. 73

58. Life and Habit, p. 111

59. Mind-Energy, p. 11

60. Collected Works, vol. 7, p. 233

61. Coll. Works, vol. 17, p. 158

62. Ibid. p. 157

IV.

63. Notebooks, p. 377

64. Erewhon, chap. 18

65. Notebooks, p. 121

66. The Authoress of the Odyssey, p. 259

67. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xvi

68. Ibid. chap. xii

69. Origin of Species, 1917 ed., pp. 402-3

70. Hallam Tennyson: Lord Tennyson, p. 464

71. Origin of Species, 1860 ed., p. 481

72. Dublin Review, 1860, vol. xlviii, p. 51

73. Essays on Religion and Literature, p. 51

74. Memoir, i, p. 56

75. Notebooks, p. 43

76. Ibid. p. 50

77. Unconscious Memory, p. 16

78. In The Humour of Homer and other essays, p. 108

79. Notebooks, p. 112

80. Memoir, i, p. 104

81. Ibid. pp. 96-7

82. Ibid. p. 96.

83. Ibid. pp. 96-7

84. Ibid. p. 97. Cf. also Further Extracts, p. 331

85. Ibid. p. 98

86. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lix

87. Ibid.

88. Memoir, i, p. 120

89. Ibid. p. 118

90. Ibid. p. 117

91. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lx

92. Memoir, i, p. 119

93. The Fair Haven, pp. 214-5

94. Letter to Rev. F. Fleay, in Appendix to Hoppe: A Bibliography, etc.

95. Letters between Butler and Miss Savage, p. 27

96. Letter to Rev. F. Fleay, as above

97. Further Extracts, p.63

V.

98. The Authoress, p.208

99. The Way of All Flesh, chap. 1

100. The Fair Haven, p.15

101. Ibid. p.17

102. Ibid. p.18

103. Ibid.

104. Ibid.

105. Further Extracts, p.80

106. Ibid. p.139

107. The Fair Haven, p.20

108. Ibid. pp.1-2

109. Ibid. pp.8-9

110. The Way of All Flesh, chap.xx

111. The Fair Haven, pp.9-10

112. Ibid. p.224

113. Further Extracts, p.69

114. Ibid. p.274

115. Ibid. p.117

116. The Fair Haven, p.45

117. Memoir, i, p.53; Further Extracts, pp.214-5

118. Further Extracts, p.268

119. Notebooks, p.310

120. Jung: Collected Works, vol. 16, p.34

121. Further Extracts, p.280

122. Erewhon, chap. 15

123. Ibid.

124. Further Extracts, p.19

125. Notebooks, p.188

126. Further Extracts, p.140

127. Quoted Reynolds: Three Cardinals, p.42

128. Life and Habit, p.40

129. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lxviii

130. Notebooks, p.351

131. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lxv

132. Ibid. chap. lxviii

133. Erewhon, chap. 15

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134. Unconscious Memory, p.16

135. Herbert Spencer: Principles of Psychology, p.553

136. Further Extracts, p.94

137. Life and Habit, p.18

138. Ibid. p.33

139. Op.cit. p.526

140. Life and Habit, p.20

141. Op.cit. p.526

142. Ibid. pp.526-7

143. Ibid. p.530

144. Form and Function, p.336

145. Life and Habit, p.306

146. Further Extracts, p.221

147. Notebooks, p.73

148. Further Extracts, p.241

149. Ibid. p.256

150. Ibid. p. 244

151. Ibid. p.191

152. Ibid. p.266

153. Luck or Cunning, p.51

154. Life and Habit, p.268

155. Further Extracts, p.104

156. Life and Habit, p.270

157. Ibid. pp. 271-2

158. Ibid. p.272

159. Clark and Hughes (ed): Life and Letters of Adam Sidgwick, i, pp.160-1

160. E.S. Russell: op.cit. p.336

101. Cambridge MSS. quoted Hammelfarb, op.cit. p.149

162. Darwin: Life and Letters, ii, p.29

163. Op.cit. p.147

164. Notebooks, p.263

165. Op.cit. p.361

166. Ibid. p.362

167. Neumann: op.cit. p.186

168. Complete Works, vol. xvii, p.119: "There remain two problems . . . which seem to me to deserve special emphasis. The first relates to the phylogenetically inherited schemata, which, like the categories of

philosophy, are concerned with the business of 'placing' the impressions derived from actual experience. I am inclined to take the view that they are precipitates from the history of human civilization. The Oedipus complex, which comprises a child's relation to his parents, is one of them - is, in fact, the best known member of this class . . . We are often able to see the schema triumphing over the experience of the individual."

169. Unconscious Memory, p.135

170. Cf. Himmelfarb, op.cit. chap.9, note 2, p.391

171. Life and Letters, ii, p.245

173. The Times, Jan. 17, 1877

174. Memoir, ii, p.41

175. Letter to Rev. F. Fleay, as above

176. Ibid.

177. Memoir, i, p.264

178. The Fair Haven, p.68

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179. Letters to Miss Savage, p.190

180. Memoir, i, p.264

181. Luck or Cunning, p.51

182. Life and Habit, p.5

183. Ibid. p.21

184. Ibid. p.294

185. Ibid. p.295

186. Luck or Cunning, p.51

187. Unconscious Memory, p.17

188. Life and Habit, p.243

189. Unconscious Memory, pp.163-4

190. Ibid. p.167

191. Ibid. pp.165-6

192. Lamarck and Modern Genetics

193. Unconscious Memory, p.164

194. A Defence of Idealism, p.17

195. Ibid. p.22

196. Ibid. pp.25-6

197. Life and Habit, pp.49-50

198. Letters to Miss Savage, p.240

199. Jung: Coll. Works, vol. 8, p.350

200. Ibid. vol. 16, p.34

201. Ibid. vol. 8, p.349

202. Ibid. vol. 16, p.34

203. Life and Habit, p.52; cf. also Notebooks, p.30

204. Further Extracts, pp.36-7

205. Memoir, i, pp.60-1

206. Notebooks, p.366

207. Life and Habit, p.294

208. Unconscious Memory, p.179

209. The Earnest Atheist, p.84

210. Life and Habit, p.294

211. Further Extracts, p.106

212. Op.cit. p.275

213. Further Extracts, p.167

214. Notebooks, p.73

215. Further Extracts, p.256

216. Ibid. p.322

217. Life and Habit, p.307

218. Further Extracts, p.95

219. Ibid. pp.41-2

220. Ibid. p.146

221. Ibid. p.135

222. Ibid. p.244

223. Ibid. p.155

224. Ibid. pp.141-2

225. Notebooks, p.80

226. Ibid. pp.329-30

227. Further Extracts, p.322

228. Ibid.

229. Notebooks, pp.319-20

230. Further Extracts, p.215; also Memoir, ii, p.53

231. Further Extracts, p.244

232. Memoir, i, p.258

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233. Life and Habit, pp.59-60

234. Op. cit. pp.276-7

235. Further Extracts, p.291

236. Life and Habit, p.216

237. Op.cit. p.24

238. Coll. Works, vol. 17, pp.144-5

239. Life and Habit, p.299

240. Notebooks, p.73

241. Further Extracts, p.245

242. Op.cit. p.280

243. Neumann: op.cit. p.284

244. Notebooks, pp.58-9

245. Introduction to Unconscious Memory, p.xvi

246. Unconscious Memory, p.137

247. Ibid.

248. Erewhon, chap. 16

249. Notebooks, p.333

250. Erewhon, chap. 16

251. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lxviii

252. Notebooks, p.324

253. Further Extracts, p.226

254. Memoir, ii, p.41

255. Notebooks, p.332

256. Further Extracts, p.208

257. Ibid. p.244

258. Life and Habit, p.111

259. Coll. Works, vol. 8, p.351

IX.

260. Evolution Old and New, p.395

261. Ibid. pp.403-4; cf. also letter to the Bishop of Carlisle, Memoir, i, pp.344-5

262. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lxv

263. Ibid. chap. lxviii

264. Evolution Old and New, pp.398-9

265. Ibid. p.396

266. Ibid. p.397

267. Ibid. p.398

268. Coll. Works, vol. 16, pp.232-3

269. The Way of All Flesh, chap. liii

270. Ibid. chap. lxv

271. Evolution Old and New, p.399

272. Ibid. p.398

273. Ibid. p.395

274. Notebooks, p.371

275. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xxvi

276. Notebooks, p.274

277. Ibid. p.260

278. Ibid. p.274

279. Further Extracts, p.233

280. Letter to Earl of Shrewsbury, p.16

281. Darwin and Butler, p.109

282. Evolution Old and New, p.402

283. Ibid. p.403

284. Ibid. pp.404-5

285. Coll. Works, vol. 9i, pp.62-3

286. Notebooks, p.104

287. Ibid. p.105

X.

288. Aspects of Literature, p.109

289. Memoir, i, p.160

290. Op.cit. p.119

291. Notebooks, p.184

292. Luck or Cunning, pp.24-5

293. Op.cit. p.330

294. Introd. to Unconscious Memory, pp.xxiii-xxiv

295. Samuel Butler, p.187

296. Life and Habit, p.2

297. Ibid. p.7

298. Notebooks, p.183

299. Life and Habit, p.36

300. Ibid. p.32

301. Ibid. p.36

302. Ibid. p.34

303. Ibid. p.36

304. Ibid. p.38

305. Ibid. pp.38-9

306. The Great Mother, p.278

307. Notebooks, p.319

308. Further Extracts, p.322

309. Ibid. p.280

310. Coll. Works, vol. 5, p.29

311. Unconscious Memory, p.178

312. Memoir, i, p.303

313. Darwin and Butler, p.109

314. Jung: Coll. Works, vol. 5, p.20

315. Ibid. pp.28-9

316. Evolution Old and New, p.405

317. Unconscious Memory, p.178

318. In Memoriam, lv

319. Evolution Old and New, p.405

320. Life and Habit, pp.41-2

321. Studies in Homer, 1, p.79

322. The Problem of Knowledge, p.10

323. Ibid. p.15

324. The Advancement of Learning, ii, 6, 1

325. Life and Letters, ii, p.139

326. Homeric Synchronism, pp.56-7

327. True Intellectual System, p.243

328. Ibid. p.238

329. Natural Religion and Christian Theology, p.117

330. J.A. Stewart: The Cambridge Platonists, Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, iii, p.172

331. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lxv

332. Ibid.

333. Notebooks, p.347

334. Coll. Works, vol. 11, p.6

335. Notebooks, p.346

336. Further Extracts, p.284

337. Ibid. p.285

338. Notebooks, p.339

XI.

339. Ibid. pp.375-6

340. Clara Stillman: Samuel Butler, chap. xv; W.C. Bekker: A Critical and Biographical Survey, pp.209-214; C.E.M. Joad: Samuel Butler, pp.127-8

341. Further Extracts, p.269

342. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xx

343. Ibid. chap. lx

344. Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p.102

345. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lx

346. Jung: Coll. Works, vol. 5, p.330

347. Origins and History of Consciousness, p.153

348. The Way of All Flesh, chap. lx

349. Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p.102

350. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xli

351. Op.cit. p.112

352. Ibid. pp.114-5

353. The Fair Haven, p.14

356. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xxi

357. The Fair Haven, pp.2-3

358. Origins and History of Consciousness, p.186

359. Ibid. p.187

360. Op.cit. p.111

361. Further Extracts, p.38

362. Samuel Butler (1835-1902), p.21

363. Ibid. p.25

364. Coll. Works, vol. 9i, pp.60 and 65

365. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xvi

366. Ibid. chap. xxi

367. Ibid. chap. xli

368. The Fair Haven, p.14

XII.

369. Further Extracts, p.336

370. Notebooks, p.183

371. Further Extracts, p.308

372. Memoir, ii, p.35

373. Notebooks, p.197

374. Further Extracts, p.280

375. Classical Review, May, 1901

376. Classical Weekly, Oct. 27, 1924

377. Op.cit. p.114

378. Classical Education in Britain, p.91

379. Further Extracts, p.275

380. Notebooks, p.193

381. e.g. in his translation of v, 255, Butler assumes the mention of the rudder given by Odysseus to his raft to be due to the naivete of ignorance, whereas it emphasises the navigable nature of his craft; he also assumes that Odysseus is to find growing timber seasoned, whereas the wood is in fact dry and withered.

382. The Athenæum, Dec. 18, 1897

383. The Authoress, p.107

384. Translation of Odyssey, p.85

385. The Authoress, p.205

386. Ibid. p.131

387. Cf. Mircea Eliade: Myths, Dreams, and Mysteries, p.164: "We know that in many cultures the father played a subordinate part; he only legitimised the child, and gave it recognition. 'Mater semper certa, pater incertus.' And this principle was long maintained; as they used to say in monarchic France: 'The King is the child of the Queen'."

388. The Authoress, p.129

389. Ibid. p.130

390. Translation of Iliad, p.vi

391. Cf. F.M. Cornford: From Religion to Philosophy, pp.44-5: ". . . . there remains embedded in the very substance of all our thoughts about the world and about ourselves an inalienable and ineradicable framework of conception, which is not of our own making, but given to us ready-made by society - a whole apparatus of concepts and categories, within which and by means of which all our individual thinking, however original and daring, is compelled to move . . . This mass of collective representation is, of course, constantly undergoing gradual change, largely due to the critical efforts of individual thinkers . . . Hence the error of supposing that human

nature is much the same at all times, and that, since non-human nature is the same too, the Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C., studying his inner and outer experience, was confronted with the same problems seen in the same light as the English philosopher of to-day. The difference - the immense difference - between the two lies in their several inheritance of collective representations . . . "

392. The Authoress, p.144

393. Ibid. p.205

394. Further Extracts, p.269

395. Ibid. p.286

396. Circe is a daughter of Helios, the sun, who has, however, connections with the underworld of darkness. As Mircea Eliade points out, "Helios is 'pythios' and 'paian' - two attributes which he shares with Leto, one of the Great Goddesses of the Mediterranean - 'chthonios' and 'plouton'; . . . the sun, which, looked at superficially from the point of view of reason alone, might be thought to be supremely an 'intelligible' hierophany of the sky, and of light, was being worshipped as a source of the 'dark' energies . . . the entry into Hades is called 'the gate of the sun'." (Patterns in Comparative Religion, p.143) In Homer, of course, Hades is not a place, but a person, and the name is derived from the verb 'to see' with the prefix of alpha privative.

397. Eliade again compares Calypso to the divinity Siduri in the Gilgamesh epic. "Like Calypso, Siduri had the appearance of a young girl, wore a veil, carried bunches of grapes and dwelt in the place from whence the four springs came; . . . Calypso was one of the innumerable theophanies of the Great Goddess, revealing herself at the 'centre of the world' . . . " (Patterns in Comparative Religion, pp.284-5)

398. Cf. Stanford: The Ulysses Theme

399. Memoir, ii, p.105

400. The Authoress, p.8

401. Notebooks, p.227

402. The Authoress, p.142

XIII.

403. Notebooks, p.227

404. Memoir, ii, p.128

405. The Earnest Atheist, p.168

406. Family Letters, p.179

407. Memoir, i, p.438

408. Samuel Butler, p.7

409. Quoted Henderson, op,cit, p.78

410. Origins and History of Consciousness, p.186

411. Coll. Works, vol. 91, p.85

412. The Authoress, p.257

413. A significant point is that the stock epithet applied to Telemachus, πεπνυμένος (wise) is not used until after

his conversation with Athene. Butler, however, omitted to translate this epithet, regarding it, like the others, as merely "otiose".

414. Dial, vol. lxviii, Jan.-June, 1920

415. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xxxiv

416. Ibid.

417. Letters to Miss Savage, p.17

418. Ibid. p.28

419. Ibid. pp.28-9

420. Ibid. p.36

421. Ibid. p.38

422. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xxxii

423. Letters to Miss Savage, p.22

XIV.

424. Cf. Neumann: Leonardo and the Mother Archetype, Art and the Creative Unconscious, pp.3-80

425. Op.cit. p.120

426. Cf. Further Extracts, p.306, The True Life

427. Letters to Miss Savage, pp.40-1

428. Ibid. p.42

429. Ibid. p.77. The episode is related in The Fair Haven, pp.10-2

430. Ibid. p.78

431. Notebooks, p.227

432. Ibid.

433. Memoir, i, p.445

434. Cf. Jung: Coll. Works, vol. 5, p.204: " . . . when the regressing libido is introverted for internal or external reasons it always reactivates the parental images and thus apparently re-establishes the infantile relationship. But this relationship cannot be re-established, because the libido is an adult libido which is already bound to sexuality and inevitably imports an incompatible incestuous character into the reactivated relationship to the parents."

435. Letters to Miss Savage, p.122

436. Memoir, i, p.236

437. Letters to Miss Savage, p.373

438. Ibid. p.372

439. Ibid. p.374

440. Ibid.

441. Ibid. p.372

442. Ibid. p.373

443. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xxxii

444. For convenience, Miss Savage used to leave her umbrella beside the men's umbrellas at the British Museum: "A lady I know was quite shocked when she saw me one day getting my umbrella there, and said the authorities would not like my doing so. I told her that although no doubt the indiscriminate association of male and female umbrellas might in a general way be productive of evil, yet my umbrella having become imbued with my personal

qualities, she might be trusted to conduct herself with the most perfect propriety." (Letters to Miss Savage, p. 300)

445. Ibid. p.301

446. The Way of All Flesh, chap. xviii

447. Coll. Works, vol. 8, p.394

448. Letters to Miss Savage, pp.363-4

449. Ibid. pp.80-1

450. Ibid. p.363

451. Cf. Jung: Coll. Works, vol. 9i, p.28: "The anima believes in the καλὸν κἀγαθόν, the 'beautiful and the good', a primitive conception that antedates the discovery of the conflict between aesthetics and morals."

452. Letters to Miss Savage, p.310

453. ἀλήθεια = truth

454. Erewhon Revisited, chap. 1

455. Ibid.

456. Ibid. chap. 9

457. Op.cit. p.221

XV.

458. Coll. Works, vol. 8, p.395

459. Memoir, ii, p.172

460. The Fair Haven, p.249

461. Further Extracts, p.269

462. Quoted Jebb: Introduction to Homer, p.106, note

463. Animus and Anima, p.56

464. The Authoress, p.288

465. Op.cit. p.169

466. Op.cit. p.211

467. Coll. Works, vol. 17, p.198

468. Ibid. vol. 7, p.195

469. Ibid. vol. 9i, p.69

470. Memoir, i, p.284

471. Erewhon Revisited, chap. 9

472. Coll. Works, vol. 17, p.200

473. Heroic Poetry, p.492

474. The Authoress, p.x

475. Notebooks, p.107

476. Ibid. pp.191-2

477. Jung: Coll. Works, vol. 17, p.199

479. The Authoress, p.119

480. Ibid. p.256

481. Ibid. p.220

482. Classical Review, May, 1901.

483. Memoir, ii, p.273

484. The Authoress, p.147

485. Notebooks, p.193

486. The Fair Haven, p.59

487. The Authoress, p.208

488. Memoir, i, pp.310-1

489. Dial, vol. lxviii, Jan.-June, 1920

490. Memoir, ii, p.106

491. The Authoress, p.226

492. Language and Literature of Antient Greece, i, p.404

493. The Authoress, p.164

494. Ibid. p.163. Elsewhere, however, Butler described the same episode as being "impossible as a man or a matron's writing. It was very kind of Polyphemus, drunk though he was, to stay without moving a muscle, till Ulysses and his men had finished boring out his eye with a burning beam that was big enough for a ship's mast, but Baron Munchausen is the only male writer who could offer us anything of the kind, and his is not a case in point." (The Authoress, p.147) In 1904, Oscar Hackman published one hundred and twenty-five versions of the same folk-tale.

495. Ibid. p.164

496. Ibid. p.161

497. Homeric Essays, p.448

498. Notebooks, p.370

499. Further Extracts, p.120

500. The Authoress, p.229

501. W.B. Stanford: The Ulysses Theme, p.191

502. Odyssey, vii, 117-121, 127-131; vi, 201-205

503. Quis Desiderio, in The Humour of Homer and other essays, p.104

504. The Authoress, p.267

505. Notebooks, p.96

XVI.

506. Memoir, ii, p.357

507. Ibid. pp.353-4

508. Ibid. p.353

509. Ibid. p.393

510. Ibid. p.338

511. Patterns in Comparative Religion, p.413

512. Ibid. p.431

513. Family Letters, p.76

514. Memoir, ii, p.382

515. Ibid.

516. Samuel Butler and his Family Relations, p.13

517. Coll. Works, vol. 17, pp.78-9

518. Memoir, i, p.23

519. Further Extracts, p.211

520. Notebooks, p.366

521. After Puritanism, p.107

522. "Why cannot we be buried as eggs in neat little cells with ten or twenty thousand pounds each wrapped round us in Bank of England notes, and wake up, as the sphex wasp does, to find that its papa and mamma have not only left ample provision at its elbow, but have been eaten by sparrows some weeks before it began to live consciously on its own account." (The Way of All Flesh, chap. xviii)

523. Erewhon Revisited, chap. 23

524. Art and the Creative Unconscious, p.185

525. Memoir, ii, pp.381-2

526. Erewhon Revisited, chap.25

527. E.g. in his plan of the Homeric house, Butler understood the αἴθουσα to be the main entrance to the courtyard, but in the plural he took it to refer to "the covered sheds that ran round the outer courtyard". Helen Lorimer, in her authoritative work, "Homer and the Monuments", suggests that such identifications are extremely probable (p.415). Butler's further conjecture that the bedroom of Odysseus was a vaulted room in the outer court has also been borne out by recent excavations, cf. J.L. Myres, "Homer and his Critics", pp.167-8. On the other hand, Butler's ignorance was responsible for his placing of the hearth against a wall, like its Victorian counterpart, with a complete disregard of its religious and social significance in ancient times.

528. Cf. "Jove in the Odyssey takes man's nature upon him far more effectually than Jesus Christ did." (Further Extracts, p.269). The colloquial language of Butler's translations may perhaps be an illustration of this awareness, but there is little consistency in its use. His translation of the Odyssey includes such phrases as "you precious idiot", "you don't say", and "giving me the wink", while his description of Polyphemus as crying "shoo, shoo" to his sheep is merely ludicrous.

529. History of Western Philosophy, p.864

530. Memoir, i, p.407

531. Cf. Semon: Mnemic Psychology, p.26; Rignano: Biological Memory, pp.34,79; Reinheimer: Symbiosis, pp.19-20,79, 94 foll.; Symbiogenesis, pp.xvii, 355 foll.

532. E.C. in Gertrude Himmelfarb's "Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution", there are only four references to Butler in all, including quotations from others.

533. Samuel Butler and the Odyssey

534. Notebooks, p.335

535. Further Extracts, p.310

536. The Authoress, p.3

537. Fifty Years of Classical Scholarship, ed. Platnauer, p.9

538. From Religion to Philosophy, pp.213-4

539. Natural Religion and Christian Theology, pp.162-3

540. Notebooks, p.76

541. Cornford, op.cit. p.214

542. Life and Habit, p.111. Cf. J.B.S. Haldane, Essay on Science and Ethics, in The Inequality of Man, p.113: "Now, if the co-operation of some thousands of millions of cells in our brain can produce our consciousness, the idea becomes vastly more plausible, that the co-operation of humanity, or some sections of it, may determine what Comte calls a Great Being."

543. The Phenomenon of Man, p.110

544. Notebooks, p.339

545. Unconscious Memory, p.178

546. Op.cit. pp.56-7

547. Further Extracts, p.196

548. Ibid. p.244

549. Ibid. p.224

550. Luck or Cunning, p.221

551. Further Extracts, p.221

552. Ibid. p.303

553. Notebooks, p.310

554. Ibid. pp.351-2

555. Coll. Works, vol. 7, p.97

556. Life and Habit, p.296

557. Coll. Works, vol. 17, p.173

558. Men and Ideas, p.32

559. Ibid. p.34

560. Further Extracts, p.269

561. Unconscious Memory, p.174

562. Further Extracts, p.256

563. Unconscious Memory, p.174

564. Life and Habit, pp.304-5

565. Coll. Works, vol. 4, p.287

566. Life and Habit, p.42

567. Ibid. p.34

568. Ibid. p.36

569. Translation of Odyssey, p.139, footnote

570. Life and Habit, p.41

571. Op.cit. p.118

572. Op.cit. pp.90-1

573. Coll. Works, vol. 16, p.45

574. Life and Habit, pp.52-3

575. Further Extracts, p.301

XVIII.

576. Life and Habit, p.37

577. The Great Mother, p.58

578. Ibid. pp.233-4

579. Ibid. p.33

580. Act II, sc. ii

581. Notebooks, p.197

582. Butler translates the passage thus: "Minerva went away to Olympus, which they say is the everlasting home of the gods, Here no wind blows roughly, and neither rain nor snow can fall; but it abides in everlasting sunshine and in a great peacefulness of light, wherein the blessed gods are illumined for ever and ever"; and ends in bathos: "This was the place to which the goddess went when she had given instructions to the girl." (Translation of Odyssey, p.75)

583. Op.cit. p.95

584. Art and the Creative Unconscious, pp.185-6

585. Preface to Back to Methuselah

586. The Great Mother, p.277

587. "First it must stir in self-creation,

Shaping itself for transformation,
And merely seems at moments still.
The Eternal energises all;
Each into nothingness must fall,
If preservation be its will."

588. Coll. Works, vol. 16, pp.81-2

589. Art and the Creative Unconscious, p.17

590. Life and Habit, p.304

591. Ibid. p.174

592. Art and the Creative Unconscious, pp.182-3

593. Life and Habit, p.256

594. The Great Mother, p.330

595. Further Extracts, p.344

596. Memoir, ii, p.130

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